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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

ART. I.—*Art and Nature under an Italian Sky.* By M. J. M.D.  
Edinburgh. 8vo. 1852.

IT is fortunate that, at a time when cheap postage has enabled too many people to write badly with the greatest ease, the effusions of returned tourists should be less in vogue than formerly. All the information that aspires not above the useful, with much more beside, is now admirably arranged and condensed in the *Handbooks*; and whoever would snatch a grace beyond them must bring no common abilities as well as opportunities to the task. In short, nothing but a new country can now carry down a poor book. This is as it should be. Yet it is no less true that, however old the theme, a new mind will freshen it—however over-described the region, one good description more is always welcome. This, we do not hesitate to say, the work before us offers. A grand-daughter of Beckford's, while travelling in his steps, had a claim of no common kind to be heard, and she has fully justified her claim. We will not say that she is deficient either in the knowledge or poetic feeling of her grandsire, though she makes a display of neither; but her merits rather consist in turning to unusual account that weakness in which lies a lady-tourist's strength, namely, the absence of that medium of acquired lore which, in the best hands, will as often intercept as enhance the prospect. Descriptions of Italy by time-honoured names—scholar, poet, and painter—rank among the highest works in the English language, and he or she must be bold who would compete with them on their own ground; yet we may unreservedly own that some of them present as little of real Italy as Dr. Johnson does of real Scotland. In this elegant volume the slight element of personal association, if not worth much, is soon swept away, and nothing remains between our mind's or memory's eye and a most unusually distinct view of Italy itself.

There are as many creeds in scenery as in religion, and as exclusive too. The thorough, out-and-out Highland-worshipper, for instance, is seldom converted to any other form of natural beauty; but,

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but, though our authoress's life seems to have been chiefly cast among Scottish scenes, she is truly catholic in her love of nature, and depicts every gradation, from the rugged to the soft, with a kind of joyful precision we have seldom found surpassed. A lively sketchy chapter of Introduction prepares the reader for that stamp of traveller least likely to feel fatigue herself or to impart it to others. She hoists the banner of real enthusiasm at once—begins with a thrill of delight at 'the Rhine! the Rhine!' and takes us on in rapid stages of ecstasy at the first sight of the Alps, along the Lake of Geneva, and over the Simplon Pass, till she culminates in an appropriate transport at the sudden transition to the southern beauties of the Val d'Ossola.

The entrance into Genoa is the occasion of another burst, and also the scene of an adventure.

'The approach to Genoa greatly delighted me. Villas and gardens full of orange-trees and flowering shrubs on either side of the road, with trellised vines supported upon ranges of stone pillars. These are often placed tier above tier, and their rich ornaments contrast beautifully with the craggy rock from which they seem to spring. Altogether there is something peculiar and appropriate in this approach, preparing one, so to speak, for the magnificent scene which greets the traveller, when, on turning one of the abrupt declivities which jut upon the road, *Genoa la Superba* bursts upon the view! It is built nearly in the form of a crescent, at the foot of mountains of various heights, some of the lower eminences being crowned with forts and ramparts, and their sides gay with palaces and terraced gardens. At each end of the crescent-shaped city are two noble piers, with lighthouses terminating both. One is particularly fine, rising between three and four hundred feet from the solid rock. Splendid houses line the principal streets, which, though narrow, convey no idea of gloom, while the shade they afford from the glare of the noonday sun is most grateful. I was delighted with Genoa, even by the time we reached the *Albergo d'Italia*, a very good hotel, with a most attentive and obliging landlord. Our rooms were quite charming, but at such a height! Nos. 65 and 66! However, the heat was so intense, we were glad to have large airy apartments, even at the expense of climbing up to them. We arranged to go out and see the church of *L'Annunziata* and return to tea before going up to our nest again. Well may people talk of the extraordinary magnificence of this church. It is one mass of gold and blue and gorgeous marble of every colour. Bright pictures set in golden panels look down from the roof, and lapis lazuli is the ground wherever they are not. In the dome, which is lighted by windows all round, are paintings which, at that distance at least, are perfectly beautiful. The windows are set in massive gold frames, and the effect of crimson silk curtains, on which the setting sun was shining, was nothing less than glorious. . . . We looked in vain for a painting I had heard was in this church, and which I wished to see.

Observing

Observing a priest walking in one of the aisles, I ventured to accost him, asking him if he could tell me where was the *Cena*. He replied that he was himself a stranger, but, pointing to a door not far from where we stood, he told me I should there find the sacristan. We followed his directions, and, passing down a long dark passage, unhesitatingly opened a door which seemed to terminate it. Not finding this the case, and meeting no one, we still advanced until we came to a large stone hall; this was empty, and we were just about to turn back when, through a partially opened door, I perceived a monk sitting at a table writing. Concluding him to be the sacristan, I advanced towards him; at the sound of footsteps he raised his eyes, and instantly starting up, uttered a most vehement exclamation of horror. His sudden motion completely startled me, and I stood where I was, in vain attempting to make known our request. His gesticulation became so violent, and his screams—for indeed I cannot call them words—so wholly unintelligible, we could only gaze at his frantic excitement with surprise. At length the oft-repeated “*la Signora*” threw some degree of light upon the subject, and my immediate retreat produced a more soothing effect than all my efforts at explanation. In fact, I had unconsciously entered the sacred precincts of the monastery belonging to the church; and his horror at seeing a woman where probably none had ever appeared before had taken from him all presence of mind. His distress, however, was so real, that I could only most humbly express my regret, informing him that a priest had directed us to seek the sacristan by the door at which we had entered. He seemed pacified when he learned these particulars, and yet more so when he saw us fairly into the church. When all was over, we enjoyed a hearty laugh.—p. 58.

We should like to know *what* place is sacred from the innocent audacity of an exploring Englishwoman! Let them laugh who can; we are inclined to take part with the poor monk thus recklessly tricked into transgression and out of peace. Nor is this by any means a singular example. We know another most charming Englishwoman driven out of a garden, where of course she had no business, with this emphatic repudiation of her society—*qui non ci vogliono donne—sturbano la nostra tranquillità!* But it is of little use shutting the convent door after the lady has been in. Doubtless, if the truth were known, the repudiation came too late for the *tranquillità*. We resume where we broke off.

‘As we were leaving the church, however, we saw a party of strangers accompanied by a man who proved to be the sacristan. He took us to a small dark corner behind one of the aisles, and pointed out the painting we had sought. I was exceedingly disappointed, having heard that this Last Supper by Procaccini was much celebrated. I am afraid I may sometimes seem almost presumptuous in thus venturing to form my own opinion about many of these famous works of the old masters;’—[We were not aware that this *Cena* was a famous



famous work, or Procaccini an old master whom it was any heresy not to admire ;]—‘ but, in the first place, I can only speak of the impression they make on my own mind, and, moreover, I never can admire anything because I am bid. I once overheard a party discussing various paintings. They evidently wished to do their duty scrupulously ; but one of them ventured to express a doubt as to the degree of admiration to be bestowed on a very dark, fearful-looking picture—one an artist might appreciate, but which none else could possibly regard with pleasure. The very doubt seemed to astonish the rest of the party, and one exclaimed, “ Oh ! how can you ? Murray says so.” Many a time since has the expression recurred to me, “ Murray says so ; ” and therefore perforce it must be “ beautiful ! exquisite ! ” &c. But to return. We retraced our steps to the hotel, and greatly enjoyed a really comfortable meal after the wretched fare of the last few days. The heat, even during the night, was overpowering, and, combined with the torments of *living animals*, effectually put sleep to flight. I rose and looked out between one and two o’clock in the morning upon a strange and beautiful spectacle. The lights sparkling like gems all round the bay—the rich glow of the ruby beacon-light upon the Molo Vecchio, like a star watching over the slumbering city—the phantom-like vessels dimly revealed in the darkness, with here and there a twinkling light on the waters—the marble whiteness of the houses near, and the utter stillness around—nothing to be heard save the breaking of the swell against the rocks.’—p. 59.

We have purposely left those two ominous words in italics standing. A few pages further on we are indulged with an amplification of the same theme. The lady describes a night of horrors rather minutely—succeeded of course by a burst of injured innocence from the landlord next morning :—‘ Madame was the first person who had ever seen anything of the kind in his house.’ The subject is not attractive, but it is curious. These protesters of injured innocence are like the Devil-worshippers. They cannot, it is true, conceal the existence of their idol (would that they could ! ) ; but they deny it as religiously. Differences of climate, country, and race vanish before the mysterious bond which unites all landlords and landladies in one unfailing falsehood—they are one people, speaking one language all over the world. No matter where the traveller may be assailed—in Naples, Archangel, Madrid, or London—on couch, divan, French bed, or four-poster—the same wonderfully concerted answer meets your ear the next morning ;—host or hostess are ready to pledge their souls that you are the first person ever so disturbed under their roof. You protest that you never closed your eyes—they are perfectly unmoved : you show the burning fires which the enemy have kindled in their passage—fires, alas ! which no ingenuity can quench until they expire of themselves—your friends suggest gnats or ants ;—  
finally,

finally, you display a trophy of fallen foes—but the defence is ready—you brought them with you! The stronger your evidence, the bolder their denial. Never was there a community whose unity was so complete, or whose idol so abominable! You may possibly hope to reclaim a cannibal, convince a Brahmin, or convert the Pope; but you need never dream of inducing one of these detected householders to own the truth.

The departure from Genoa is another beautiful moving panorama, set to music too.

‘On leaving Genoa we entered upon the loveliest drive, I believe I may say, in the world! the Riviera di Levante. The road begins almost immediately to ascend after passing the environs of the city, and from the first summit of the overhanging mountains there is a magnificent view of Genoa with its harbour and ships, its towers, domes, and spires, with thousands of white houses dotting the sides of the hills which surround it.’ We stopped here and looked back on the proud city below, and out upon the blue Mediterranean, impressing that panorama on our memory as perhaps lovelier than we had ever seen or were likely to see again! and yet, as we proceeded, new scenes of beauty opened upon us, such as do indeed baffle description, though one cannot help at least trying to convey an idea of what has given such intense enjoyment. The sides of the hills, abruptly sloping to the coast, are covered with the brightest vegetation, and shrubs that seem more suited to tropical climes grow in the richest profusion. There are olive and fig trees, with their many sweet and scriptural associations, carrying one’s mind to the times of our blessed Lord—his beautiful parables and lessons of heavenly wisdom; vineyards casting garlands and festoons from tree to tree, and giving added grace to each; orange and lemon groves, with their dark green leaves and golden fruit; pomegranates and palms; cypresses, like tall spires, towering above; and the stone pine, beautiful in itself, but still more so from its associations in one’s mind with the lovely landscapes of Claude Lorraine. Hedges of the sword-like aloe, and everywhere the cactus or Indian fig, grow in the greatest luxuriance on the very ledges of the rocks which rise from the sea-shore. Here and there the rich berries of the *Arbutus* appear like bunches of coral, while sweet roses bloom from every little nook; and all this but as the minute finishing of the grander features of the landscape. One lovely bay succeeds another:—some soft and still, with a pebbly beach on which the waves seem to flow gently, as though whispering sweet music; others again have bold and rugged shores, overhung with dark rocks and precipices, the hidden breakers underneath only revealed by the angry foam of the receding waves, urged by the swell of the sea upon them; while the hardy pine hangs over the very brink, as though vainly seeking its reflection in the troubled waters below. Stretching far away in its calm bright loveliness till lost in a flood of dazzling light, is the blue, the ever beautiful Mediterranean. The houses and villages with gay painted gables, scattered here and there, stand sometimes so high on the

the mountains, that it seems a marvel how human power could have placed them there. The terraced gardens, with statues peeping out from the flowers and other gay decorations, strike one at once as so in harmony where all is bright, and where sky and earth and sea seem enjoying a continual holiday. Onward we went through this paradise, till, after climbing a very steep part of the mountain, we stopped at a little inn most beautifully situated on the side of a wooded bank, with a grove of acacias before it. Here the view already enjoyed as we ascended, opened out still more magnificently; such a panorama of varied picturesqueness I never looked on. The air, too, not only breathed fragrance, but seemed pouring forth its joyous notes. It was just twelve o'clock when we reached the village inn, and all the bells of the churches were chiming.'—p. 66.

Rome and Naples, with all the beauties and wonders in and around each, pretty much divide this volume. There is plenty of temptation to quote, but we must content ourselves with this description of an angry Vesuvius by night, witnessed, it may be, by many, but seldom described so accurately. Prognostications of a coming eruption had been afloat for some weeks—the mountain had been uneasy, rumbling noises had been heard, the wells at Resina were dried—and at length, on the 31st of January (1846), a stream of lava was reported to have burst forth on the side next Naples. This was the time for English spirit and daring to inspect the menacing volcano, and accordingly a party was arranged to ascend and remain above till the darkness of night. The day was misty, but as they approached the Hermitage the smoke from the descending lava became visible.

'Leaving our animals upon the level platform above the Hermitage, to which has been given the name of the Sala di Cavallí, we started amid the good-humoured cheers of the guides on our toilsome way. About a fifth of our ascent from this point had been accomplished, when, on pausing and looking upwards, we could very plainly both hear and see the slow downward progress of a body of lava, hissing and rattling among the loose cinders as it overwhelmed or dislodged them, and occasionally sending huge pieces bounding down the steep declivity in a way that endangered not a little those below. Soon after, we came opposite the lower end of this smoking stream, and approached cautiously to obtain a nearer view of it. Even here it was of a glowing red heat upon the surface, though often so covered over with floating cinders and enveloped in smoke that the actual deep red of the fire was obscured. On looking to the summit we could see against the sky—as one does on looking from below up to the *shoot* of a cataract above—the stupendous torrent slowly lipping over the edge of the large crater, like a huge, hissing, fiery snake deliberately crawling forth from its lair down upon its victims beneath. The motion is peculiarly steady and slow, even where the angle of its descent is most abrupt, and accompanied, from the movement of the  
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loose cinders which impede or attend its progress, with a kind of tinkling sound, somewhat resembling that caused by fragments of ice hurstling each other in a half-frozen river. On reaching the summit we found a considerable change in the appearance of the large crater since our former visit. Instead of the comparatively level platform of hard lava, lying 10 or 12 feet lower than the edge on which we stood, and extending to the cone of the active crater in the centre, we found the whole surface greatly elevated, broken up and heaved into irregular piles, evidently from the recent throes of the volcano beneath. Across this space, slowly winding among its chasms and irregularities, on came the moving lava towards the outer verge, where, after making a circuit almost beneath our feet, it swept round the mound on which we were stationed, and poured over the edge, sending up a heat and a sulphuric atmosphere almost intolerable within a few yards. After a little breathing space here, we went round the verge to a spot at some distance from the running lava, where the surface was not too hot to tread on, and there bivouacked comfortably, producing our basket-stores wherewith to beguile the remaining hours till sunset. After this event takes place, an Italian twilight does not long try the patience of those who long for darkness, as on this occasion we did. And now it was we found the fog amid which we had ascended an advantage to the scene. As evening drew on, the darkness was rendered by it doubly obscure, and the reflection of the lava upon the misty atmosphere, dispersing a fiery tinge above and all around, was beautiful and grand beyond description. Hitherto, during the time we waited, the volcano itself had been peculiarly quiet and inactive—only one slight explosion occurring,—so much that we feared a disappointment, and a party who had arrived before us actually took themselves off in despair. A hint from our good friend Salvatore made us act more wisely, and we were abundantly rewarded.

At six o'clock we were startled from our resting-place by a tremendous outburst, which seemed the beginning of a continued series for the whole evening. We sprang to our feet, and, stumbling with great difficulty over the jagged masses of lava, scarcely half-cooled, and through an atmosphere at times pungent and stifling to an intolerable degree, we traced the fiery stream to its fearful source. Taking up our position immediately below the crater, we stood in breathless admiration, watching its convulsive throes succeeding each other at intervals of one or two minutes. At times it seemed to pause a little as though for breathing space, then to increase in fury, sending up its roaring volleys of blood-red stones and dazzling meteors five or six hundred feet into the deep black night of the sky, rendered yet more black and dark by the smoke of the volcano, which at this hour usually collects in murky clouds about the mountain-top. These brilliant messengers, after describing a graceful parabolic curve, fall round the sides of the cone in a shower of splendour—mingling much of the beautiful with the terrible. The scene and our position were extraordinary indeed, and the feelings of awe, fascination, and subdued excitement, such as are likely to be but seldom called forth in the same degree

degree during a lifetime. Again and again the idea arose, "Can we ever forget the sensations of this moment?" And yet there was little mingling of fear or nervous apprehension, though surrounded by objects that might well have caused such. We were conscious rather of an elevation of spirit corresponding in some degree with the sublimity of the scene, and the vastness of the power whose operation we witnessed—a more than ordinary realisation of the presence of Him to whom earth and air, fire and water, yea, all the powers of heaven and earth, are but ministers of His will! Yet it were presumptuous to say that there is no danger to spectators in such a position—danger there must always be from the perfect uncertainty at what moment or in what place the volcano is next to find a vent. We were made to feel this especially as we stood on a little mound of lava near the mouth of the crater. On one side of this mound, and not above eight or ten feet from us, the eye looked directly into a cavern of fire—not of flame, but of clear, quivering, glowing fire, like the heart of a fierce furnace seven times heated. This aperture might be about six feet in diameter;—its depth—that of the mysterious world of terrors below! It was not a little appalling to discover, by looking at the ragged edges of this opening, how thin and slight is the crust interposed between the foot and the abyss over which it treads. Indeed, this had already been evident from the innumerable rents and chasms that seamed the surface over which we had passed, and through which the red fire was often visible at the depth of not more than two inches; and yet so firm and metal-like feels the resistance to one's step that without this awful proof the fact could scarcely be believed. From somewhere between this mound and the foot of the volcanic cone, although invisible for a few yards from what must have been its actual source, oozed forth, slowly and quietly, with a motion and consistency not inaptly likened to that of thick honey, the deep red glowing river of lava, winding its deliberate but irresistible way over the black rugged surface of the large old crater, which, as already explained, forms the whole table summit of the mountain—creeping over the precipitous ledge—and then down, down—far into the thick darkness of the world below. No description, no painting can give an idea of the intense and glowing red of this molten lava as it issues fresh from the bowels of the earth. Liquid metal flowing from the furnace of an iron-foundry is the only thing that conveys an idea of it, yet falls short of its vivid glare. A thin white vapour rose from the surface, and the light reflected from it, and colouring its ascending wreaths with a deep, rich, ruddy tint as it rose into the darkness, marked its downward course, rendering it visible from a great distance, and lending a strange wild awful character powerfully affecting the imagination. One can approach as near the running lava as the overpowering heat will permit, without the slightest apparent danger. We approached quite to the edge of it, and, holding the ends of staves, with which we were provided, to the lava, they flamed even before touching the liquid fire. One of our party availed himself of it to light a cigar—another did his best to roast an apple, but found the heat too great to complete the operation. Of course, in our cautious movements over the crackling

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surface,

surface, we were implicitly led and assisted by our guides, who bore flaming pine torches to light our footsteps—little needed, indeed, while the artillery of the mountain was flashing in the sky, but very necessary in the deep darkness of the intervals. Strangely picturesque were the figures of these men, seen in the flickering torchlight, standing in various attitudes upon the little eminences around, leaning on their long white staves, or grouped together round some fiery chasm, the ruddy glare of the fire thrown upwards on their swarthy visages and strange dresses. At times, too, one of them would start the first notes of a simple air, and then those around would catch it up, and conclude each verse with a burst of one of those wild and most musical choruses which characterise the old native airs of Italy.’—p. 154.

Nothing can take from the impressiveness of this description, the reality of which gives only a wider field for the imagination: we may, therefore, venture to wind it up with a *finale* in a very different key—namely, the descent from the mountain on an earlier and that a daylight visit:—

‘Every one knows there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and this every one must have experienced who has made the usual descent from Vesuvius. The guides conducted us to a place where there was no lava or cinders, but only loose sand, in which the feet sank deep, and which yielded under the step. It is as nearly perpendicular as the place of ascent. The manner in which we set off, by the direction of the guides, who *must* have all done according to use and wont, was more like the act of casting one’s self headlong from a stupendous precipice than anything else; yet, in truth, it is an act of wisdom, and of some degree of pleasure too. One has but to throw the feet forward, and the downward impetus of the body does the remainder of the work. The soft yielding sand completely breaks the shock. The fresh exhilarating air seems half to bear you on its wings. The sensation is one something between skating and flying, and, while strength and breath endure, decidedly a pleasant one. This is the poetical part of the proceeding to those actually engaged in this Ras-selas-like adventure. But to a looker-on—the foolish, frantic, headlong pace—the involuntary, but most lunatic-like gesticulation of arms and legs—the breezy fluttering of ladies’ dresses, dishevelled hair, and bonnets with cracking strings straining to be left behind—the giant strides, streaming coat-tails, and clenched teeth of the sterner sex—all laughing, shouting, leaping, and anon precipitated helplessly on each other’s shoulders, forms a picture of the most unmingled absurdity.’—p. 112.

As a describer of ‘Nature under an Italian sky,’ our authoress is sufficiently vindicated. The refreshing difference between Nature and Art, in the mental power of judging of each, is that with the first no one can admire amiss. All that glitters with her is gold. She has nothing meretricious to mislead the eye. We may not admire  
enough—

enough—we never can admire enough; but though our homage reach but to our great mother's commonest gifts, they are sure to be more than worth the tribute. Knowledge, therefore, though it may immeasurably increase our pleasure by widening our view, yet can never be called strictly necessary in a study where there is no wrong road. But where the judgment is to be applied to Art, education becomes indispensable because discernment is so, for, wherever man has part the false is sure to mingle with the true. Here there are traps for the ignorant, delusions for the ardent, and false coin for the rash. We are caught at first with that which we learn afterwards to despise; and though a fine natural taste may frequently discriminate those objects deserving homage, yet, as a rule, whatever the ignorant admire in art, and all its branches, is generally, if not the wrong, the inferior thing. The lady's 'Art beneath an Italian sky' is therefore not to be compared with her 'Nature,' though by no means without its merits—for the gallery at Hamilton Palace, and doubtless other opportunities, had not left her totally untaught. Nor will her taste be arraigned for having been caught by a style of art which has recently attracted great popularity here. We allude to those two examples of what Eustace calls 'the patient skill of the sculptor'—the *Pudor* and the *Disingannato*, by Corradini, at the chapel of S. Severo at Naples. The *Pudor* will be recognised as the original of those 'veiled figures' so much admired in the Great Exhibition, though those have carried what may be called the *trick* much further than their model. Where the effect is so pleasant to the eye it is difficult to persuade ourselves that it requires no great art, and therefore presumes no high merit, to produce it—but whoever observed these heads very attentively will have discovered that the apparently mysterious process is a very simple one. A head is modelled by the sculptor in a general form, and strips of clay in the shape of folds disposed at intervals over it, leaving cavities between, through which portions of the features are seen, but which the eye, carrying on the idea suggested by the folds, imagines to be covered with the most transparent medium; whereas they are covered with nothing at all, but only duly deficient in sharpness. A highly-finished and well-expressed head thus concealed would be labour lost;—in point of fact, therefore, instead of overcoming the difficulties inseparable from a fine work of art, the sculptor has only avoided them: the veil is much easier to execute than the human countenance divine. The 'patient skill' is more properly attributable to the other figure—a man enveloped in the meshes of a net; yet this again is only intended to conceal the absence of a higher

higher artistic power, for the sculptor was not capable of modelling a figure correctly, and therefore cast this covering of mere labour over his ill-understood forms. The covering, it is true, is a marvel of labour and manual dexterity, but, if this be art, the workman in Bacon's studio who carved a bird in a cage has as high a claim to the title of artist, and the Chinaman who sends us a nest of balls, one within the other, and each with a surface of the most exquisite fret-work, a better claim still.

In treating of pictures tourists would do well to acquaint themselves a little with the usual phraseology. 'The Madonna Seggiola' has no meaning whatever, and 'The Ascension of Mary,' instead of 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' is a needless novelty, and might be called a profane one, since the word Ascension is only applied to our Lord. A little attention to correcting the press also is not beneath such an able writer's notice. The 'lingua Toscano in bocca Romano' might induce an ill-natured reader to think she did not know better.

We would remind a tourist also, that nothing requires greater discretion than the introduction of private persons and affairs into a narrative intended for the public. Individuals may be very interesting and dear, but unless they are famous for something more than rank they should never be directly paraded, but treated rather as abstract beings, with no more of personality attached than just to whet the curiosity of the reader.

But these errors in judgment will be soon forgotten by this lady's readers:—not so the vivid impressions of reality which she well understands to conjure up.



ART. II.—*History of the War in Afghanistan.* By J. W. Kaye.  
2 vols. 8vo. 1851.

UPON several recent occasions we have expressed a very decided opinion as to the publication by private individuals of official despatches; and now, we must at once say, we should have been disposed to comment upon the use made of similar documents by Mr. Kaye, but that we have understood that the Court of Directors, soon after the appearance of his *History*, ordered forty copies of it. Supposing such to be the fact, we do not consider it necessary to dwell severely on the licence assumed by a writer whom his former employers have, on whatever special grounds, forgiven. It may, however, be very safely stated



stated *in limine* that the work is one in which, after all our vast series of *blue books*, the reader will find many important particulars disclosed which had hitherto been wholly, and peradventure studiously, concealed.

The country which was the scene of the events described is one of great and particular interest.

In geographical position Afghanistan bears a resemblance to Switzerland, and there is even in the political condition of these mountainous regions as close a similarity as any parity in outward circumstances can possibly bring about between two nations, the one of European and the other of Asiatic race. The grouping of the Afghan tribes, and their distribution under chiefs, ruling independently of each other, and yet held together by the ties of a common origin, a common faith, and in some respects a common interest, gives to their internal economy a sort of rude likeness to that of the Helvetic Confederacy; while, with regard to external politics, the Afghans, like the Swiss, have preserved themselves by their own energies from permanently sinking under either of the great powers between whom they have for so many ages stood.

Looking back to the early history of the two countries, we may perhaps find that, notwithstanding the advantage enjoyed by Helvetia in having Cæsar for its first chronicler, Afghanistan has more in it to excite and reward the diligence of the antiquary. We confess that we should but recently have feared to incur ridicule by even alluding to the opinion of those who find in the Afghans the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel; but we must say that we think no man need feel sensitive on that head since the appearance of the late statement of the arguments *pro et contra* by the Right Hon. Sir George Rose. We cannot go into his details at present; but, to glance merely at a few leading points, the fact of their own universal tradition, their calling themselves collectively 'bin Israel,' children of Israel (though they repudiate with indignation the name of 'Yahoudee' or Jew), the to us new fact that one particularly warlike tribe style themselves Yousufzie—or the tribe of Joseph—and several others, taken together with the strongly Jewish cast of the modern Afghan physiognomy, seem to rebuke the levity hitherto prevalent in essays alluding to this conjecture about their origin.\*

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\* We are very sensible that an apology may seem due to Sir G. Rose for such a merely passing reference to his work (*The Affghans, The Ten Tribes, and Kings of the East*, &c. London. 8vo. pp. 162. 1852); but his own pages contain many allusions to points of the highest importance, which he admits not to have been as yet properly

As the seat also of that Bactrian kingdom created by Alexander, and subsisting through several centuries—to disappear at last like a vessel sinking in the ocean—Afghanistan presents a field for the researches of those who may desire to trace the connexion between Ancient Greece and India, and to discover what influence either of these countries may have exercised over the other in regard to mythology, literature, or manners. To the period of Grecian ascendancy, ‘dim with the mist of years’ and barely discernible as it now is—even with the light thrown upon its numismatic records by the genius of the late Mr. James Princep and the toils of other antiquaries—there succeeds a long term of total darkness, whence Afghanistan emerges in the tenth century in the form of a Mahommedan State, with Ghuznee for its capital, and Mahmood, the son of Subactagee the Tartar, for its sovereign. With him commenced those inroads upon India which ended in the substitution of a Mahommedan for a Hindoo Empire in that country; whence its rude and arrogant conquerors little dreamt that, in the reflux of political power, an army was one day to issue, before whose skill and courage this their mountain citadel itself should fall, as if by the stroke of a magician’s wand.—But if, in its relation to the past, Afghanistan be so replete with interest, there is still more in the chances of its future destinies to occupy the thoughts of Englishmen.

In these days of many-volumed publications we are loth to blame Mr. Kaye for the conciseness of his introductory chapters; yet with his store of materials we wish that he had said more than he has done about the Afghans, as seen in their social and domestic sphere. In the following passages, however, the main lights and shades of their national character seem to be exhibited with discrimination and fairness.

‘ Few and far between as were the towns—the kingdom was thinly populated. The people were a race, or a group of races, of hardy, vigorous mountaineers. The physical character of the country had stamped itself on the moral conformation of its inhabitants. Brave, independent, but of a turbulent vindictive character, their very existence seemed to depend upon a constant succession of internal feuds. The wisest among them would probably have shaken their heads in negation of the adage—“Happy the country whose annals are a blank.” They knew no happiness in anything but strife. It was their delight to live in a state of chronic warfare. Among such a

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properly worked out—more especially the question as to the degree of Hebraic element in the Afghan language. His Appendix affords so much hope of speedy additional information on that and other matters, that we think it better to wait for an enlarged edition of his singularly interesting treatise.

people

people civil war has a natural tendency to perpetuate itself. Blood is always crying aloud for blood. Revenge was a virtue among them; the heritage of retribution passed from father to son; and murder became a solemn duty. Living under a dry, clear, bracing climate, but one subject to considerable alternations of heat and cold, the people were strong and active; and as navigable rivers were wanting, and the precipitous nature of the country forbade the use of wheeled carriages, they were for the most part good horsemen, and lived much in the saddle. Early trained to the use of arms, compelled constantly to wear and often to use them in the ordinary intercourse of life, every man was more or less a soldier or a bandit. Their very shepherds were men of strife. The pastoral and the predatory character were strongly blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war.

‘But there was a brighter side to the picture. Of a cheerful, lively disposition, seemingly but little in accordance with the outward gravity of their long beards and sober garments, they might be seen at evening tide, playing or dancing like children in their village squares; or assembling in the Fakir’s gardens, to smoke and talk, retailing the news gathered in the shops, reciting stories, and singing their simple Afghan ballads, often expressive of that tender passion which, among them alone of all Oriental nations, is worthy of the name of Love. Hospitable and generous, they entertained the stranger without stint, and even his deadliest enemy was safe beneath the Afghan’s roof. There was a simple courtesy in their manner which contrasted favourably with the polished insincerity of the Persians on one side and the arrogant ferocity of the Rohillas on the other. Judged by the strict standard of a Christian people, they were not truthful in word, or honest in deed; but, side by side with other Asiatic nations, their truthfulness and honesty were conspicuous. Kindly and considerate to their immediate dependants, the higher classes were followed with loyal zeal, and served with devoted fidelity, by the lower; and perhaps in no Eastern country was less of tyranny exercised over either the slaves of the household or the inmates of the zenana. Unlettered were they, but not incurious; and although their more polished brethren of Persia looked upon them as the Bocotians of Central Asia, their Spartan simplicity and manliness more than compensated for the absence of the Attic wit and eloquence of their western neighbours.’—vol. i. pp. 11–13.

This is, we really believe, far from being too favourable a picture; nay, we must even demur to some of the deductions made from the praise which Mr. Kaye concedes.—Can the Afghans, we would ask, be fairly described as being altogether unlettered? If so, then polished manners are attainable without any tincture of what has been declared to be most efficient in divesting the human race of rudeness. Every one who conversed with Dost Mahommed during  
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his exile in India must have observed the tone of high breeding, the perfect self-possession evinced in his intercourse with a society differing so entirely from all to which his previous experience had been confined. How did he and other Afghan chiefs whom we could name, if totally unlettered, acquire those outward graces of manner and deportment which certainly among ourselves never exist in total separation from all inward culture?—But whatever their acquirements, we are convinced that their natural susceptibility of improvement is far above the ordinary Eastern level; and we suspect that there is a lurking vein of poetry in their character, such as is rarely to be detected in the workings of the remoter Asiatic mind. We cannot quote the passage, but we remember to have read in one of the latter diaries of Sir A. Burnes a description of a gorgeous sunset witnessed by him in the country to the north of Cabool, while in company with several Afghans. • He particularly mentions the exclamation that burst from the lips of one of the party as he gazed on the scene before him: ‘che sultanut’—what majesty! In these two words there was evinced a perception of the sublime and beautiful, probably not to be paralleled by anything ever uttered by the most highly cultivated native of India. In harmony with this capacity of receiving impressions from the beauty and majesty of outward nature, is their delicacy of feeling remarked upon by Elphinstone, and which the preceding extract notices as characteristic of their ballads and love-songs.

Of a people so likely, if better known, to prove far more interesting objects of study than the generality of the tribes of the East, we wish to be told more than it has pleased our author to communicate. We want some information on the details of their domestic life—the social position of their women especially—what part they take in the regulation of the household and in the early instruction of their children. We also are curious about what establishments for education in youth, and employment for maturer years, may be afforded by their religious and municipal organization. We want to know, in short, what the Afghans do when they are not fighting; since the most pugnacious of races must have intervals of repose from the business of bloodshed and strife. On all these points our author tells us little; so, with a hope of some day seeing a treatise ‘*de Moribus Afgha-norum*’ from his pen, we pass on to the more immediate object of his present work, the history, namely, of our own dealings with that extraordinary and most picturesque people.

After-dinner eloquence is not always commonplace or meaningless, and perhaps the most distinctive peculiarity of our Eastern

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Empire

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Empire was never more happily hit off than in the speech delivered by the Prussian Ambassador at the entertainment given by the Court of Directors to his friend Lord Hardinge, on the return of that eminent person—(*spes altera Romæ*)—from his triumphs on the Sutlej. 'India,' said the Chevalier Bunsen, 'has been the conquest of the middle orders;' and we may add that to this circumstance is owing much of what there is of anomaly in the system, and of practical good in its working. To the middle orders mainly did the merchants, who first formed the Imperial Company, of course belong; and it is to a Court chosen by the shareholders that the primary direction of its affairs was long in fact, and is still in name entrusted. The persons thus elected, and whose peculiar privilege it is to appoint young men to the civil and military branches of the Indian service, belong with rare exceptions to the middle orders, and consequently it is from that class that their nominees are for the most part taken. But as our Empire expanded and its importance became more visible, ministers and parliament began to assert their claims to exercise a political control over the general administration of its affairs. Hence arose the double government both at home and abroad. Here we have a Court of twenty-four Directors, men generally of Indian experience, sitting in the City of London, to govern in subjection to the revising authority of what is called a Board, but in reality is a Minister of State sitting at Westminster. In India we see a body of civil and military servants, men trained from their youth to the duty of Eastern Government, acting in subordination to a few high functionaries who represent the Ministry rather than the Company, and for the most part know nothing of the language and little of the character of the millions under their sway. The good sense and public spirit of the parties employed on both sides have prevented the jarring which might have been apprehended from this systematic subjection of local knowledge and professional experience to ministerial power and aristocratic ascendancy. On the whole the two classes have co-operated heartily—each supplying in some degree the defects of the other. If on the side of the Directors and their nominees there is to be found minuter knowledge derived from personal acquaintance with the details of local administration, it is from the Board of Control and those who usually fill the places of supreme authority in the East that more enlarged views of enlightened statesmanship might reasonably be expected.

The machinery for combining these advantages is simple. The governor-general is associated with a Council consisting of

of a commander-in-chief,—as fresh from Europe as himself,—with two members of the civil and one of the military service,—men who may be presumed to be thoroughly possessed of that knowledge in which the two superior members are most likely to be deficient. In all ordinary matters the voice of the majority of this Council is decisive, but on any extraordinary occasion the governor-general is free to act as he pleases—on his own responsibility. All that the other members can in such cases do is to record their opinion for the information of the authorities in England. A better plan than this for reconciling despatch with deliberation, local knowledge with more comprehensive views of general policy, could not, we think, be devised.—The Governor-General is free to *act* as he pleases; but the circumstance of three or four well-informed and experienced men being required to record their opinions upon the course which he may announce his intention to pursue, imposes precisely the degree of restraint necessary to insure the circumspection of a statesman resolved on acting upon his own undivided responsibility. It was by perhaps the ablest person who has ever governed India that the example was set of nullifying this provision; and this precedent having been followed, the consequences have been such as generally ensue when men of inferior capacity are tempted to imitate any irregularity of a more gifted predecessor. If it were in almost dispensing with his Council that one governor-general achieved the triumphs of the Mysorean and Marhatta campaigns, it was in attempting the same line of independent conduct that another incurred the calamities of the Afghan expedition.—We say ‘attempting:’ because, in fact, though the very superior man may acquire the liberty of acting upon his own unbiassed opinion, such freedom is denied to all of inferior powers, and a ruler of merely average capacity, who ventures to detach himself from his authorized and responsible colleagues, in doing so generally falls into the hands of other advisers of less responsibility and authority.\*

Simla has, like Capua, many sins to answer for; among others, that of enticing away from the proper scene of their duties too many of the high functionaries of British India—especially the very highest—those who in their hearts own less allegiance to Leadenhall than to Downing-street and the Horse-Guards. No governor-general will ever, it is to be feared, resist the fascinations

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\* It is true that an Act of the Indian Legislature—that is, of the Supreme Council collectively—is necessary to legalize the separation of the Governor-General from his Council; but this can hardly be withheld when the Governor-General himself proposes the law and declares the safety of the State to demand its immediate enactment.

of that favoured spot, or consent to sit perspiring at the head of a troublesome council-board in Calcutta, when he can reign cool and unquestioned in the delicious atmosphere of the Himalaya. A good view of Simla would accordingly form a significant frontispiece to a history of the Afghan War; for it was there that the manifesto announcing the intention of interfering in the affairs of the countries beyond the Indus was signed by the hand of supremacy on the 1st October, 1838.

This composition of the irresponsible cabinet, whence that manifesto in our author's opinion issued, is thus stated :—

‘Just as Mahomed Shah was beginning to open his batteries upon Herat, and Captain Burnes was enterering Caubul, Lord Auckland, taking with him three civilians, all men of ability and repute—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin—turned his back upon Calcutta.

‘Mr. Macnaghten was at this time Chief Secretary to Government. That he was one of the ablest and most assiduous of the civil servants of the Company all were ready to admit. With a profound knowledge of Oriental languages and Oriental customs, he combined an extensive acquaintance with all the practical details of government, and was scarcely more distinguished as an erudite scholar than as an efficient secretary. In his colleague and assistant Mr. Torrens there were some points of resemblance to himself; for the younger officer was also an accomplished linguist and a ready writer; but he was distinguished by a more mercurial temperament and more varied attainments. Perhaps there was not in all the presidencies of India a man—certainly not a young man—with the lustre of so many accomplishments about him. The facility with which he acquired every kind of information was scarcely more remarkable than the tenacity with which he retained it. With the language of the East and the West he was equally familiar—he had read books of all kinds and in all tongues; and the airy grace with which he could throw off a French canzonet was something as perfect of its kind as the military genius with which he could sketch out the plan of a campaign, or the official pomp with which he could inflate a state-paper. Mr. Colvin was the private secretary of the governor-general, and his confidential adviser. Of all the men about Lord Auckland, he was believed to exercise the most direct influence over that statesman's mind. Less versatile than Torrens, and less gifted with the lighter accomplishments of literature and art, he possessed a stronger will and a more powerful understanding. He was a man of much decision and resolution of character; not troubled with doubts and misgivings; and sometimes, perhaps, hasty in his judgments. But there was something noble and generous in his ambition: he never forgot either the claims of his country or the reputation of his chief; and if he were vain, his vanity was of the higher, but not the less dangerous class, which seeks rather to mould the measures and establish the fame of others, than to acquire distinction for self. Such were

were the men who accompanied Lord Auckland to the upper provinces.'—i. pp. 303–306.

No fair 'hanging Committee' could present this spirited sketch, and omit its *pendant*—which sets before us a less dashing group—to wit, the responsible Council then sitting in Calcutta, to be kept in official ignorance of all which was being planned by its lively counterpart at Simla, until the season for either suggesting or objecting should be long past and gone.

This Council then consisted of three members (the Commander-in-Chief, the late Sir H. Fane, being absent in Upper India on duty), of whom the senior was one now well known and much respected in our Northern Capital, Mr. Alexander Ross. That gentleman had passed through the various grades of the civil service, having filled with distinction situations in every department. He was a favoured friend of the late Lord William Bentinck, whose character in the grand points of honesty and firmness his own resembled. The next was the late member for Kinross and Clackmannan, Major-General Sir William Morrison, of the Madras army, whose reputation as a soldier and a man of business had led to his being the first person promoted under the provisions of the Charter of 1833, by which military men were eligible to a seat in the Supreme Council. The third and last was Mr. Wilberforce Bird, of whom it may be enough to say that throughout his subsequent career he had maintained the high character acquired at a very early period by the judgment and energy with which, while magistrate of the populous and turbulent city of Benares, he quelled two of the most serious *émeutes* recorded in the history of our Eastern Empire.

Between these Councils which should counsel best might have formed an amusing subject for an *à priori* speculation. With our present information we can only guess what the one would have urged had it been allowed a voice in time—but we can see very clearly from the measures pursued what must have been the advice of the other. Of the comparative merits of two such bodies we can only speak with hesitation; but we suspect that the Simla Cabinet was in some senses the cleverer one; and we mean no disrespect to the Calcutta conclave when we express a doubt whether it could boast of a single member qualified to 'turn a French canzonet,' or even translate one into either Arabic or English verse. But then the Calcutta Council had a certain advantage in its responsibility—its members receiving 10,000*l.* a year each in consideration of their giving advice when necessary, and that too in writing, with their signatures thereunto affixed.—It is, we humbly conceive, no imputation upon the integrity of a public servant to say that advice thus officially



recorded is likely to be better weighed than what is communicated in the course of conversation with a superior, upon whose mood at the moment it must depend whether the party advising shall be silenced or suffered to proceed. The merely permissive counsellor may, through a common infirmity of human nature, be more acceptable to a personage of lofty rank and pretensions than the independent functionary who speaks as a colleague—but it may be doubted whether his advice may not be less safe for the very reason which makes it palatable.

It was before a Government thus constituted and thus dispersed that the mighty question came to be decided, of what was to be done to save Herat from falling before the army which in the summer of 1837 was put in motion against it from Persia.

The British authorities had ever since 1835 been aware of the approaching difficulty, and our Envoy in Persia had even urged the Indian Government to lend Dost Mahommed and the other chiefs the aid of a few officers and drill serjeants to give a tincture of discipline to their Afghan levies. In discussing this proposition Lord Metcalfe—then Governor-General for the interim, awaiting the arrival of Lord Auckland—replied to a friend who thought rather well of the envoy's suggestion, 'Depend upon it that the surest way to draw Russia upon ourselves will be for us to meddle with the countries beyond the Indus.' Clearly, however, as this shows that Lord Metcalfe would not have sanctioned the step which was afterwards taken, it does not in our opinion prove that, if the direction of affairs had been providentially suffered to remain in his hands, he would have

Seen, unmoved, old Herat's wall  
Before the arms of Moscow fall.

Out of deference to the feelings of our Muscovite friends, we have softened the words of the old Turk in the *Bride of Abydos*—but we must nevertheless maintain that the expedition against Herat was virtually theirs, for they furnished both the cash and the counsel—they despatched a general or two to guide its operations—they even let one or two of their regiments, under the designation of Polish deserters, serve in the ranks of the invading army—and they deputed a diplomatist for the express purpose of thwarting the efforts of our ambassador towards an accommodation between the besiegers and the besieged. If any of our readers object to receive these facts upon our authority, we refer them to the second chapter of Mr. Kaye's second volume for the removal of their doubts. They will also find there an animated description of perhaps the most important siege, in its immediate bearing upon British interests, since that of Gibraltar.

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This complicity of Russia would have rendered the whole affair doubly serious if the place threatened had been one of secondary importance; but this was very far indeed from being the case.

‘To the mind of the military observer both the position and construction of the place were suggestive of much interesting speculation. Situated at that point of the great range of mountains bounding the whole of our northern frontier, even to Assam, which alone presents facilities to the transport of a train of heavy artillery, Herat has, with no exaggeration, been described as the Gate of India. Within the limits of the Heratee territory all the great roads leading on India converge. At other points, between Herat and Caubul, a body of troops unencumbered with guns, or having only a light field artillery, might make good its passage, if not actively opposed, across the stupendous mountain ranges of the Hindoo-Koosh; but it is only by the Herat route that a really formidable well-equipped army could make its way upon the Indian frontier from the regions on the north-west. Both the nature and the resources of the country are such as to favour the success of the invader. All the materials necessary for the organization of a great army, and the formation of his depôts, are to be found in the neighbourhood of Herat. Its mines supply lead, iron, and sulphur; the surface in almost every direction is laden with saltpetre; the willow and the poplar trees, which furnish the best charcoal, flourish in all parts; whilst from the population might at any time be drawn hardy and docile soldiers to recruit the ranks of an invading army. Upon the possession of such a country would depend, in no small measure, the success of operations undertaken for the invasion or the defence of Hindostan.’—vol. i. p. 203.

Not to rest, however, on any one writer's assurance, let us draw attention to the following passages from printed papers, open to all, though probably consulted by few.

In a Report drawn up while on his mission at Cabool, and dated 7th February, 1838, Sir A. Burnes observes of Herat that ‘the importance of its situation is very great, and it has always exercised considerable influence over the affairs of Central Asia.’ He then cites from Erskine's *Life of the Emperor Baber* a remark that ‘the most polished court in the west of Europe could not, at the close of the fifteenth century, vie in magnificence with that of Herat.’ In a despatch from the same place, dated the 26th of October, 1837, Sir A. Burnes had occasion to report the arrival and proceedings at Bokhara, a year after his own visit to that city, of a special agent from Russia, of whose sayings and doings information had been received from merchants trading to Toorkistan:—

‘In the course of the agent's stay at Bokhara he frequently conversed with the Koosh Begge on the commercial views of the Russian Government, and their great anxiety to extend their commerce into  
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Central Asia, and particularly towards Herat. Many of his observations were made publicly in presence of the merchants, who always assembled round the Koosh Begee in his caravansery. He likewise continually dwelt on the position of Herat being such that it was through it alone that the Emperor hoped to realize his wishes, for it was the entrepôt of Persia, India, Cabool, and Toorkistan.'

We have said enough on the importance of Herat—let us now turn to the measures adopted to avert its fall.

These were twofold: an immense army was assembled on the Sutlej, destined to march, with the Commander-in-Chief of all India, Sir H. Fane, at its head, to meet at a distance and repel a force which, if suffered first to fix itself at Herat, and then to roll on towards the Indus, must menace not only the tranquillity but the very permanence of our empire. The other and apparently more insignificant measure was the despatch from Bombay of two steamers and some vessels of war, with a small detachment of native troops, to take possession of the island of Kurrack in the Persian Gulf. Strange to say, it was this last movement which had far the most influence in the saving of Herat:—

'The demonstration was an insignificant one in itself; but by the time that intelligence of the movement had reached the Persian camp, the expedition, gathering new dimensions at every stage, had swollen into bulk and significance. The most exaggerated reports of the doings and intentions of the British soon forced themselves into currency. The Persian camp was all alive with stories of the powerful British fleet that had sailed into the Gulf, had destroyed Bunder-Abassy and all the other ports on the coast, taken Bushire, and landed there a large army, which was advancing upon Shiraz, and had already taken divers towns in the province of Fars. Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of these reports. Mr. McNeill [our Envoy in Persia, now Sir John McNeill, G.C.B.] was making his way towards the frontier, when intelligence of the Karrack expedition met him. About the same time he received letters from the Foreign Office, issued in anticipation of the refusal of Mahommed Shah to desist from his operations; and thinking the hour favourable, he resolved to make another effort to secure the withdrawal of the Persian army, and to regain for the British mission the ascendancy it had lost at the Persian court.

'Fortified by these instructions, Mr. McNeill despatched Colonel Stoddart to the Persian camp with a message to the Shah. The language of this message was very decided. The Shah was informed that the occupation of Herat or of any part of Afghanistan by the Persians would be considered in the light of a hostile demonstration against England;—that already had a naval armament arrived in the Persian Gulf, and troops been landed on Karrack; and that, if the Shah desired the British Government to suspend the measures in progress  
for

for the vindication of its honour, he must at once retire from Herat, and make reparation for the injuries which he had inflicted upon the British mission.'—vol. i. p. 272.

Colonel Stoddart delivered the envoy's message on the 12th of August, and, after some weeks of hesitation and demur, the Sovereign of Persia, on the morning of the 9th of September, 1838, mounted his horse Ameerj, and set his face towards his own royal seat—thus terminating a siege which had lasted for as many months as years had been consumed in that of Troy. But there was nothing done from without which could have saved Herat, if it had not been stoutly defended from within—and if its energies had not been quickened and directed by the presence of one of the most remarkable of the many young Englishmen whose names have become famous in the stirring events of the last twelve years in India. This was Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, who, having been despatched by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, then the Resident in Sind, to collect information, had traversed Afghanistan under various disguises, and at last found himself in Herat—in native dress but avowedly as an Englishman—at the very time (17th of September, 1837) when Kamran, returning from an unsuccessful expedition against a neighbouring fortress, re-entered his capital in state, to prepare in his turn for the siege with which he was menaced. We are thus introduced to the ruler of Herat, and his minister, at their first meeting with the Bombay Subaltern :—

'Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mohammed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in the spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East.'—i. 214.

From this passage to the end of the chapter the narrative flows on with a vigour and freshness which do great credit to the author. Choosing his own point of view as from within, and having himself served in the Artillery, he brings his professional knowledge to bear upon the scene before him, and writes as if he

he had been an eye-witness of all that he narrates. Though not professing to have been personally intimate with Mr. Pottinger, he dwells upon that young hero's achievements with the interest of a brother officer. It is, indeed, difficult to exaggerate his merits. Measuring them by the pecuniary standard only, by what he saved, or put it in the Government's power to save, we venture to say that his services at Herat would have been cheaply purchased at the cost of one or two millions of money. Nor will this statement be thought extravagant by any who remember that the Afghan campaign cost upwards of fifteen millions; and that this English Lieutenant, by saving Herat, removed the only real necessity that ever had existed for an offensive movement on our part across the Indus.

The grand attack of the besiegers took place on the 24th of June, 1838. How completely successful, but for Pottinger, this onset would have been, will be gathered from Mr. Kaye's striking description of its repulse:—

'Startled by the first noise of the assault, Yar Mahommed had risen up, left his quarters, and ridden down to the works. Pottinger went forth at the same time and on the same errand. There was a profound conviction on his mind that there was desperate work in hand, of which he might not live to see the end. Giving instructions to his dependents, to be carried out in the event of his falling, he hastened to join the Wuzeer. As they neared the point of attack the garrison were seen retreating by twos and threes; others were quitting the works on the pretext of carrying off the wounded. These signs wrought differently on the minds of the two men who had hitherto seemed to be cast in the same heroic mould. Pottinger was eager to push on to the breach; Yar Mahommed sat himself down—the Wuzeer had lost heart. Astonished and indignant at the pusillanimity of his companion, the English officer called upon the Wuzeer again and again to rouse himself—either to move down to the breach, or to send his son to inspire new heart into the yielding garrison. The energetic appeal was not lost upon the Afghan chief. He rose up, advanced further into the works, and neared the breach where the contest was raging. Encouraged by the diminished opposition, the enemy were pushing on with renewed vigour. Yar Mahommed called upon his men in God's name to fight; but they wavered and stood still. Then his heart failed him again. He turned back, said he would go for aid, sought the place where he had before sat down, and looked around irresolute and unnerved. Pointing to the men, who, alarmed by the backwardness of their chief, were now retreating in every direction, Pottinger, in vehement language, insisted upon the absolute ruin of all their hopes that must result from want of energy in such a conjuncture. Yar Mahommed roused himself; again advanced, but again wavered; and a third time the young English officer was compelled, by words and deeds alike, to shame the unmanned Wuzeer. He reviled, he threatened;

threatened; he seized him by the arm and dragged him forward to the breach. The game was almost up. Had Yar Mahommed not been roused out of the paralysis that had descended upon him, Herat would have been carried by assault. But the indomitable courage of Eldred Pottinger saved the beleaguered city. He compelled the Wuzeer to appear before his men as one not utterly prostrate and helpless. The chief called upon the soldiery to fight; but they continued to fall back in dismay. Then seizing a large staff, Yar Mahommed rushed like a madman upon the hindmost of the party, and drove them forward under a shower of heavy blows. The nature of the works was such as to forbid their falling back in a body. Cooped up in a narrow passage, and seeing no other outlet of escape, many of them leaped wildly over the parapet, and rushed down the exterior slope full upon the Persian stormers. The effect of this sudden movement was magical. The Persians, seized with a panic, abandoned their position and fled. The crisis was over: Herat was saved.—i. 264.

We will not disturb the effect of this narrative by any comments; but before quitting Herat we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following note, where, along with an allusion to Lieutenant Pottinger's singular modesty of character, another noble-minded officer appears—Captain Arthur Conolly, of the Bengal Cavalry. How it must stir the blood and raise the moral bearing of our young countrymen in the East, when they see, by anecdotes like these, to what an extent for good or evil the character of England is in their keeping:—

‘Pottinger, who is in his Journal provokingly chary of information about himself, does not say whether he appeared at these interviews in his true character of a British officer; but I conclude that he did not, on these occasions, attempt to conceal his nationality. Nor does it seem that in his intercourse with the higher class of Heratees he wore any disguise, for we soon find him taking part in a conversation about Arthur Conolly, and addressed as a countryman of that fine-hearted young Englishman. I cannot transcribe, without a glow of pleasure, the following passage in Pottinger's Journal:—“I fell in with a number of Captain Conolly's acquaintances. Every person asked after him, and appeared disappointed when I told them I did not know him. In two places I crossed Mr. Conolly's route, and on his account received the greatest hospitality and attention—indeed, more than was pleasant, for such liberality required corresponding upon my part, and my funds were not well adapted for any extraordinary demand upon them. In Herat Mr. Conolly's fame was great. In a large party, where the subject of the Europeans who had visited Herat was mooted, Conolly's name being mentioned, I was asked if I knew him, and on replying, ‘Merely by report,’ Moolah Mahomed, a Shah Moolah of eminence, calling to me across the room, said, ‘You have a great pleasure awaiting you. When you see him, give him my salutation, and tell him that I say he has done as much to give the English nation  
fame

fame in Herat, as your ambassador, Mr. Elphinstone, did at Peshawur; and in this he was seconded by the great mass present."—i. 214.

Our fame ought indeed to be well established at Herat, for nowhere else have so many good samples of Englishmen been exhibited to the people of Central Asia. Of Pottinger and Conolly it is needless to say more; but there were several others who there contributed to keep up their country's reputation, not merely for intelligence and courage, but also for private and Christian virtues. Among these were the too-impetuous but ever-conscientious Colonel Stoddart, to save whose life poor Arthur Conolly perilled and lost his own at Bokhara; Captain D'Arcy Todd, of the Bengal Artillery, a most accomplished Oriental scholar, who afterwards fell at the head of his troop on the field of Ferozeshah; Major Abbott, of the same corps, to whose interesting account of his own adventurous journey from Khiva, on the Oxus, along the shores of the Caspian to Orenburg and St. Petersburg, we hope soon to find occasion of calling our readers' attention; and Sir Richmond Shakespear, also of the Bengal Artillery, who in the succeeding year had the gratifying duty of conducting along the route explored by Abbott about 400 Russians, men, women, and children, whose liberation from apparently hopeless bondage was effected by the joint exertions of those two young officers. The favourable impression made on the fierce and fanatic race among whom these youthful representatives of their country's honour were thrown was such as, we feel confident, not all that has since happened in other quarters can have effaced.

We turn from the only scene in the whole course of the Afghan war on which an English eye can rest with unalloyed pride or satisfaction, to follow our author down the stream of his general narrative of the origin, progress, and close of that instructive expedition.

Dazzled by the brilliancy of the Herat episode, we have almost lost sight of the dangers alluded to at the commencement of this article as inseparable from such a task as Mr. Kaye has undertaken. But if the task be perilously delicate as well as difficult, our author brings to its performance some rarely united qualifications. He has been in India long enough to make him a competent judge of Indian evidence, and not so long as to contract any Anglo-Indian officialism of thought or style. He has accordingly escaped the besetting sins of most of our Eastern chroniclers. His characters are all active living agents, giving origin and impulse to the events which pass before the eyes of the reader. The Afghan war, in short, is now presented to

to us with an approach to dramatic unity of form and purpose—the development of the plot subserving to the legitimate end of all dramatic composition—the enforcement, namely, of some one great principle or moral truth. That principle, in this case, is the certainty of retribution following hard upon the footsteps of any deliberate disregard, by even the most powerful State, of the plain dictates of justice and prudence. But, while thus devoutly recognising an overruling Providence, our author is not one of those who, seeing nought but the finger of God in all that happens, go far, with that tendency to approximation which marks extremes, to countenance the antagonist and far more pernicious extravagance of Mignet and others of his nation, who treat of the greatest crimes as if they were only moral phenomena of inevitable occurrence. Historians of either of these schools appear to ply a useless trade—for where is the advantage of recording what has been done or suffered, if the world is literally so directed from on high as to render man a creature of no potency whatsoever, or if events are really huddled one upon another in such a resistless sequence as can leave to him no choice but to ‘roll darkling down the torrent of his fate’?

Such are not Mr. Kaye's views—and therefore, when he jots down with scrupulous but unflinching fidelity every fact brought to his knowledge by an anxious scrutiny of a mass of authentic documents, he evidently does so with the honest motive of enabling those who are to follow to see more clearly what there was either to imitate or avoid in the planning and prosecution of our expedition. His laborious researches seem to have been prompted and guided by a love of truth, powerful enough to divest his mind of all personal partialities, and to leave him free to bestow praise or blame upon deeds and actions, undisturbed by any feeling either for or against the agent. There was a time when to have praised a work upon an Indian topic for freedom from *party spirit* in the ordinary sense of the term, would have been absurd—for then India was of no party. But those days are gone by; and now Indian questions may be forced within the category of political events to influence and to be influenced by the rise and fall of ministries in England. There are many who incline to account this a drawback upon the great advantages resulting from the accelerating agency of steam; and they have on their side the authority of the late Lord Metcalfe, who was of opinion that if India shall ever be lost it will be by the party spirit of the House of Commons being brought to bear upon the administration of its affairs.

But to proceed with our narrative. Every valid pretext for the advance of our army beyond the Indus had been removed by the



the King of Persia's retreat from Herat. Up to that period the resolution to meet an approaching danger by a forward movement might be defended as not exceeding the bounds of prudent daring ; but it comes before us under a very different aspect when that ground of justification was removed. Herat is saved ; the Russo-Persian army has gone back ; and this is known at our headquarters before a single soldier has crossed our frontier. Here was a *locus penitentie*, such as rulers who have taken a hazardous and questionable step, are rarely so lucky as to find. Why did not our statesmen profit by the opportunity ? For an answer on that point we must refer our readers to the third chapter of the second volume of this history. They will there see how, in the month of June, 1838, we had thought proper to endorse an old agreement between the ex-King of Cabool and the ruler of the Punjaub, whereby the latter engaged, upon certain conditions, to restore the former to his throne. They will see also that, to acquit ourselves literally even of the obligation thus incurred, it would have sufficed to have lent only our indirect support to any attempts the ex-king might make to recover his long-lost Crown.—But our government thought it necessary to do more than was in the bond—more indeed than the ex-king himself perhaps desired. They entered upon the desperate experiment of trying to create an ally by substituting for an able ruler, to whom the people of a great part of Afghanistan were accustomed if not attached, a luckless old exile, who had been living in our dominions for nearly thirty years. This policy of thankless intervention, to elevate or restore sovereigns, is not new to the English either in Europe or Asia. It was even thought of during the war with the Burmese in 1826—but was then successfully opposed on the grounds of the uselessness of a king of our own setting up, whose very obligations to us would, by making him odious to his subjects, destroy his efficiency as an ally. No such considerations, however, were allowed to affect our policy towards Afghanistan ; and on the 8th of November, 1838, the same order which proclaimed the raising of the siege of Herat contained a notification that the government of India would ‘still continue to prosecute with vigour the measures which have been announced with a view to the substitution of a friendly for a hostile power in the eastern provinces of Afghanistan, and to the establishment of a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression upon our north-west frontier.’

‘The expedition had no longer any other ostensible object than the substitution of a monarch whom the people of Afghanistan had, in emphatic Scriptural language, “spued out,” for those Baruckzye chiefs who, whatever may have been the defects of their government, had

had contrived to maintain themselves in security and their country in peace with a vigour and a constancy unknown to the luckless Suddozye princes. Had we started with the certainty of establishing a friendly power and a strong government in Afghanistan, the importance of the end would have borne no just relation to the magnitude of the means to be employed for its accomplishment. But at the best it was a mere experiment. There were more reasons why it should fail than why it should succeed. It was commenced in defiance of every consideration of political and military expediency; and there were those who, arguing the matter on higher grounds, pronounced the certainty of its failure, because there was a canker of injustice at the core.'—i. p. 371.

To show that these are no after-thoughts, but were the opinions entertained and expressed by the men of the most extensive Indian experience, we must go back a few pages:—

'The oldest and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement, and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe.'—*Ibid.* p. 363.

To these weighty names our author might have added more—among others that of the late Mr. St. George Tucker, whose minute as chairman of the Court of Directors against our whole trans-Indus policy is said to have been a masterly production. Indeed, it will be found that from first to last the Court of Directors acted up to the spirit of their own warning, sent to the Governor-General in a despatch dated 20th September, 1839, 'to have no political connexion with any state or party in those regions—to take no part in their quarrels—but to maintain, so far as possible, a friendly connexion with all of them.'—(p. 364.) But we must conclude this topic by citing some remarks of the very highest of all authorities on Indian matters—the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone—as conveyed in a private letter—which Mr. Kaye, we are to presume, has had proper leave for producing in his book:—

'You will guess what I think of affairs in Cabool: you remember when I used to dispute with you against having even an agent in Cabool; and now we have assumed the protection of the state as much as if it were one of the subsidiary allies in India. If you send 27,000 men up the Durra-i-Bolan to Candahar (as we hear is intended), and can feed them, I have no doubt you will take Candahar and Cabool, and set up Soojah; but for maintaining him in a poor, cold, strong, and remote country, among a turbulent people like the Afghans, I own it seems to me to be hopeless. If you succeed I fear you will weaken  
the

the position against Russia.<sup>1</sup> The Afghans were neutral, and would have received your aid against invaders; they will now be disaffected, and glad to join any invader to drive you out. I never knew a close alliance between a civilized and an uncivilized state that did not end in mutual hatred in three years. If the restraint of a close connexion with us were not enough to make us unpopular, the connexion with Runjeet and our guarantee of his conquests must make us detested. These opinions, formed at a distance, may seem absurd on the spot, but I still retain them notwithstanding all I have yet heard.' — vol. i. p. 363.

While these gloomy forebodings, shared by many though expressed by few, were depressing the spirits of the thoughtful, our army moved off, undisturbed by any feeling save one of regret at the diminished importance of the expedition, in consequence of the retrogression of the worthier foe with whom they had hoped to grapple at Herat.

Sir Henry Fane declining to put himself at the head of the reduced force *now* considered sufficient to drive out Dost Mahommed and set up Shah Soojah, the command devolved upon Sir John Keane, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, who, advancing with a division from his own presidency, met the Bengal column in Upper Sinde, and thence led the united army up the Bolan pass to Candahar. Our choice of a line of march did not escape the malicious sarcasms of our Mahomedan subjects, who used sneeringly to ask why the English gentlemen went by so roundabout a route, while the straight road to Cabool, across the territory of their ally Runjeet Sing, lay open before them?

In Candahar Shah Soojah met with a welcome calculated to confirm him, and his friends among ourselves, in the belief of his still retaining some hold on the affections of his countrymen. It was, however, the last gleam of popularity that shone upon the poor puppet king, whom the Afghans even then began to say that the English carried about with them like a corpse in a coffin.

Sir John Keane again advanced, and the fortress of Ghiznee, which, strange to say, he wanted the means to reduce by any ordinary process of siege, fell before the bold plan of blowing open one of its gates, suggested and executed by Major George Thompson, of the Bengal Engineers. Dost Mahommed, who had been hovering near, drew off in dismay at the sudden fall of the citadel of the Afghan race, and allowed our army to march into Cabool without further opposition. Into that city, the goal of all his hopes, Shah Soojah entered on the 7th of August, 1839, escorted by our troops, and uncheered by the slightest semblance of a greeting from the inhabitants:—

No man cried, God save him;  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.

Thus

Thus far everything had happened precisely as predicted by Mr. Elphinstone in that powerful though simply worded note which our readers have just perused. But now began a course of delusion, such as not only he could not have anticipated, but such as is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of the follies of the wise. It spread like a moral epidemic—affecting often the brightest and the clearest intellects. It was weakest in the lowly and most virulent with the lofty. It affected the envoy on the spot, the Governor-General and his attendant satellites in India, spreading from them across the ocean to Cannon Row and Downing Street, but passing innocuously over the mansion in Leadenhall. There, it is evident, from the following passages, as well as from that cited a few pages back, the delusion was stayed:—the intellects of its inmates were not to be bewildered even by any casual gleam of success which shot across the troubled scene of our Afghan policy.—On the 31st of December, 1840, the Court of Directors had written out to the supreme Government:—

“We pronounce our decided opinion that for many years to come the restored monarchy will have need of a British force, in order to maintain peace in its own territory and prevent aggression from without. We must add that to attempt to accomplish this by a small force, or by the mere influence of British residents, will, in our opinion, be most unwise and frivolous, and that we prefer the entire abandonment of the country and a frank confession of complete failure to any such policy.—To whatever quarter we direct our attention, we behold the restored monarchy menaced by dangers which cannot possibly be encountered by the military means at the disposal of the minister at the court of Shah Soojah, and we again desire you seriously to consider which of the two alternatives (a speedy retreat from Afghanistan, or a considerable increase of the military force in that country) you may feel it your duty to adopt. We are convinced that you have no middle course to pursue with safety or with honour.”

Six months afterwards the Court again wrote (June 2, 1841):—

“The surrender of Dost Mahommed does not alter the views contained in our late letter; and we hope that advantage will be taken of it to settle affairs in Afghanistan according to those views.”—vol. ii. p. 256.

The delusion we have spoken of consisted in a real sincere belief in the friendly feelings towards Shah Soojah, and towards ourselves as his supporters, of the majority of the people of Afghanistan. So late as in the month of September, 1841, the country was stated, in letters from Cabool, to be quiet from Dan to Beersheba; and on the very eve of the outbreak—as we are told by Mr. Kaye (vol. ii. p. 3)—Burnes ‘congratulated Macnaghten on his approaching departure at a period of such profound tranquillity.’

During

During the two years of our precarious footing in Afghanistan, the partisans of the policy pursued were wont to smile compassionately at the weakness of those who saw danger to an army separated by nearly forty marches, by five broad rivers, and an independent state of a fickle character, from every means of support. If the instances which occurred in the war with Nepal in 1816, and in that with Ava afterwards, of the risk attending the permanent detachment of a small force, were urged against the prudence of leaving single battalions at such places as Ghiznee and Charikar—it was replied that the wisdom of our administration was winning on the esteem of the Afghans, and that ordinary rules did not apply to a people over whom we were establishing an empire not of force but of kindliness.—Even in England a taunting parallel was drawn, in an election speech, between the harsh sway of the French in Algiers and our own affectionate tenure of Afghanistan!—But there was a party, and that one by no means the least interested, who, if our information be correct, as we believe it is, took a view of affairs infinitely less cheering than that adopted by the optimists of the East or the Hustings orators of the West. That party was Shah Soojah himself. He is said to have ere long declared, after the fashion of Asia, in a metaphor at once ludicrous and pathetic, that unsupported by the British Government he was and could be nothing but a radish—the least rooted of plants. The poor old King's own finger traced the characters on the wall—but they were not regarded.

At length, on the 2nd of November, 1841, the explosion came—and a clear narrative of what ensued occupies the second volume of this book. The performance hardly admits of being epitomised. Though many of the leading events have been already recounted in separate publications, still much will there be found that has only been brought to light through Mr. Kaye's research; while even the best known details acquire something of the freshness of novelty from the skill displayed in weaving them into one connected history.

The two political authorities, Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes,—the two military commanders, Generals Elphinstone and Shelton,—and the two most prominent among the Afghan chiefs, Shah Soojah and Akbar Khan, are not merely made to sit for their portraits, but are exhibited before us in action with that dramatic power which communicates so stirring an interest to the whole work. If among those vivid portraiture there be any one of which we would fain soften the outline, it is that of the amiable and gallant officer whose greatest fault was his not having had the moral courage to disregard the fancied professional

professional obligation to accept a command for which he was physically disqualified. Our author, we think, goes too far when he pronounces General Elphinstone to have been 'fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India' (vol. ii. p. 44):—for we have understood that while at the head of the most important division in Upper India, that of Meerut, he exhibited no want of talent for command, and was distinguished by his judicious firmness in maintaining the moral discipline of the troops under his charge. The fact of his being so afflicted with the gout as to render active movement in a hilly country an impossibility was so notorious, that the selection of him for the service of Afghanistan is only to be accounted for from the delusion already spoken of as prevailing in the highest quarters. That Afghanistan was as tranquil as any province in our empire was the main tenet of the then dominant creed; and in conformity with this supposition, the first upon the roster, be he who he might, was to be preferred to Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Pollock, or any other of the hale and able generals who were at hand for the duty. Of the fatality which gave to such a chief such a second as General Shelton, we can only speak as we would of the inscrutable provisions of Heaven for the chastisement of erring rulers and nations. Their several qualities are contrasted with impartial severity in the following passage:—

'They were both of them brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one, and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe that they would have exhibited sufficient constancy and courage to rescue an army from utter destruction and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabool cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seemed to have been sent there by superhuman intervention to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means. Elphinstone knew nothing of the native army; Shelton was violently prejudiced against it: Elphinstone, in a new and untried position, had no opinion of his own; Shelton, on the other hand, was proud of his experience, and obstinately wedded to his own opinions. It would have been impossible, indeed, to have brought together two men so individually disqualified for their positions, so inefficient in themselves, and so doubly inefficient in combination. Each made the other worse. The only point on which they agreed was unhappily the one on which it would have been well if they had differed. They agreed in urging the envoy to capitulate.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

This last line by itself almost suffices to convey the correctest idea of the fearfully difficult position of that high-minded man, whose memory some even in the senate have sought to load with the blame of all that happened through the incapacity and weak-

ness of his military associates. Sir William Macnaghten's real error may be told in a very few words. While Secretary to the Governor-General, he had contributed to create the delusion regarding the kingship of Shah Soojah and the loyalty of the Afghans, in which, as Envoy, he afterwards so largely shared. This prevented his seeing or hearing aught that made against a policy originating in some measure with himself, and subsequently adopted by the head of the Government in India, and by the Governor-General's ministerial friends. Hence arose his disregard of the monitory symptoms of the very danger with which, when it did come, he immediately showed how fitted he was to grapple. He perhaps clung too long to the cantonments, though, when forced to give up all hope of preserving that position, we have now the clearest proof that he did his utmost to persuade—for unfortunately he could not compel—his military coadjutors to move into the Bala-Hissar.

Mr. Kaye describes with rare energy the last tragic hour of this accomplished gentleman's career. In conclusion he says:—

‘ Thus perished William Hay Macnaghten, struck down by the hand of the favourite son of Dost Mahomed. Thus perished as brave a gentleman as ever in the midst of fiery trials struggled manfully to rescue from disgrace the reputation of a great country. Throughout those seven weeks of unparalleled difficulty and danger he had confronted with steadfast courage every new peril and perplexity that had risen up before him; and, a man of peace himself, had resisted the timid counsels of the warriors, and striven to infuse, by his example, some strength into their fainting hearts. Whatever may be the judgment of posterity on other phases of his character and other incidents of his career, the historian will ever dwell with pride upon the unfailing courage and constancy of the man who, with everything to discourage and depress him, surrounded by all enervating influences, was ever eager to counsel the nobler and manlier course, ever ready to bear the burthen of responsibility and face the assaults of danger. There was but one civilian at Cabool, and he was the truest soldier in the camp.’—vol. ii. p. 155.

The gloomy interval which followed the death of the Envoy—the re-appearance, and ever with additional claims upon our admiration, of Eldred Pottinger—the sad exode from the cantonment—the strange clinging of men in that hour of agony, even at the risk of life, to their household goods—the admirable conduct of our countrywomen—the massacre of the unresisting mass—the undaunted but unavailing resistance of the few—the gradually diminishing number of the fugitives, till at last one single man alone escapes to carry to Julalabad the news of the destruction of fifteen thousand of his fellow-creatures with whom he had started a few days before from Cabool;—all of these incidents

incidents have, it is true, been told already, but never we think with such effect as in this the first connected history of the war.

We feel that we have quoted much—but cannot omit the following passage in the description of the terrible scene at Jugdulluck, happily expressive, as it appears to be, of our author's sympathy with that noble corps whose uniform he has had the honour to wear.

‘Here too fell Captain Nicholl, of the Horse Artillery, who with his men, all through the dangers of the investment and the horrors of the retreat, had borne themselves as gallantly as the best of English soldiers in any place and at any time. Ever in the midst of danger, now charging on horse and now on foot, were these few resolute artillery-men. With mingled admiration and awe the enemy marked the desperate courage of the “red men,” and shrank from a close conflict with what seemed to be superhuman strength and endurance. There is not much in the events of the outbreak at Cabool, and the retreat to Julalabad, to be looked back upon with national pride; but the monumental column on which are inscribed the names of the brave men of Nicholl's troop who then fell, only displays the language of simple unostentatious truth when it records that, “on occasions of unprecedented trial officers and men upheld in the most noble manner the character of the regiment to which they belonged.” And years hence, when it has become a mere tradition that Dum-Dum\* was once the head-quarter station of that distinguished corps, the young artilleryman standing in the shadow of the column will read how Nicholl's troop, the oldest in the regiment, was annihilated in the fearful passes of Afghanistan, will dwell on the heroic conduct which preceded their fall, and glow with pride at the recollection that those brave men were a portion of the regiment which now bears his name upon its rolls.’

The Indian Artillery have indeed cause to look back with pride upon a war in the course of which there issued from its ranks such men as Pottinger, D'Arcy Todd, Abbott, and Shakespear—all, as we have shown, distinguished at Herat; George Macgregor, the able political coadjutor of Sir Robert Sale at Julalabad; and lastly, Sir George Pollock, of whose skilful advance from Peshawur to Cabool to retrieve our military character, and liberate our captive countrymen and countrywomen, we would, but that our limits forbid, gladly follow out our author's able narrative. However pleasing too it might be to dwell upon the tale of our reviving fortunes, it is from the record of our disasters that the most useful lessons are to be drawn.

In looking back upon the part of Mr. Kaye's work which we have most closely examined, we are struck with three conclusions as directly deducible from the vivid narrative. These are, firstly,

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\* The artillery-station about ten miles from Calcutta.



the mischievous consequences to India of its affairs being in any way linked with the oscillations of party-struggles in England; secondly, the mischief which may flow from the secret and irresistible sway exercised by the Board of Control over the deliberations of the Court of Directors; thirdly, the dangers attending the systematic separation of the Governor-General from the other members of the Supreme Council in India.

If it were but an idle vaunt once heard in India, that it was to the authors of the Afghan war the Whigs owed their return to power in 1839, there is no doubt of this expedition having been regarded by many as the war-horse of their party—or that Lord Auckland, in disregarding the admonitions of the Court of Directors, and the warnings of the Commander-in-Chief on the perilous position of our force beyond the Indus, was greatly influenced by the fear lest, by withdrawing from the enterprise, he should damage his political friends in England. In regard to the sway exercised by the Board of Control over the Court of Directors, all we can gather from the history before us is, that it must in the instance of the Afghan war have operated to stifle or to render of no effect much sound and sensible counsel which the Directors were anxious to impart to their servants abroad. As concerns the separation of the Governor-General from his Council, we have shown at the beginning of this article what its effects are likely to be; and all the facts detailed in these volumes tend to make good Mr. Kaye's assertion, that, if Lord Auckland had not quitted Calcutta, 'he would have followed a line of policy more in accordance with his own feelings and opinions, and less destructive to the interests of the empire' (i. 304).

The time draws near when Parliament will again have to decide upon the future government of India; and to those who would in the interim acquire some knowledge of the working of the present system we can recommend no better study than that of the annals of the first great event which has occurred since, by the power of steam, India has been brought nearer to England, and consequently more under the influence of home-bred politicians.

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- ART. III.—1. *A Primer of the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland, from the Introduction of Christianity to the Formation of the Modern Irish Branch of the Church of Rome.* Third Edition. By the Rev. R. King, A.B. Dublin. 1851.
2. *The Experiment of Three Hundred Years. A Statement of the Efforts made by the English Government to make known the Gospel to the Irish Nation.* By the Rev. H. B. Macartney, Vicar of Kilrock. Dublin. 1847.
3. *A Report on the Books and Documents of the Papacy, deposited in the University Library, Cambridge, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1840.* London. 1852.

IF reports which have taken public attention by surprise are to be credited, elements of almost marvellous change are fermenting in Ireland:—Romanism is in process of breaking up—life and thought are stirring and struggling within it; and not alone in some peculiar locality, or in one passionate sally of secession, but in variously circumstanced districts, and in a continuous outpouring, which has deepened and widened until the rivulet has swelled into a stream that promises to become a flood. Multitudes upon multitudes are represented as passing away from a Church, ‘out of which,’ they used to believe, ‘there was no redemption’—and we, Protestants, that there was no deliverance.

Leading organs of the Press, British and Irish, Protestant and Romanist, are agreed as to the fact. Strangers, prejudiced and unprejudiced, who have visited that country for the express purpose of exploring its religious condition, report to the same effect. Speakers at public meetings grow eloquent in praise or in censure of *the New Reformation*. A ‘Catholic Defence Association,’ under the presidency of Archbishop Cullen—special nominee of the Pope—is employed to put this Reformation down. A Society is established by the Lord Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately) to protect converts against Papist persecution. And, after ample consultation with the heads of the Established Church, the Lord Bishop of Tuam (Dr. Plunkett) has announced his resolution to dispense with the University testimonials usually required of candidates for Holy Orders, that he may provide for Irish-speaking congregations, converted from Rome, ministers with whom they can hold converse in the language they best understand. No trivial movements could have led to such results as these.

The debate, in truth, is now limited to the circumstances under which so many have quitted the Church of Rome—the instrumentalities

instrumentalities that have been at work—the worth of the avowed proselytism. The Association over which Dr. Cullen presides maintains that unscrupulous zealots have abused the confidence and charities of England to the base purpose of seducing starving men into a simoniacal abandonment of their religion. We quote the words of the Rev. James Maher, one of the most prominent speakers at the second meeting of this body :—

‘Missionaries have of late visited every part of England to raise a fund for the conversion of Ireland. The money was wanted to buy up converts—to bribe men to abandon the faith of their fathers—in order to fill up the empty churches of the Establishment. At first the missionaries took so little trouble to conceal their real object, proselytism by bribes, that *Dr. Whately* deemed it necessary, in an address to his clergy in 1847, to *reprove such practices*. “*There cannot be (he said) a more unsuitable occasion for urging any one to change his religion and adopt ours, than when we are proposing to relieve his physical necessities. We present ourselves to his mind as seeking to take an ungenerous advantage of his misery—as converting our benefactions into a bribe to induce him to violate his conscience.*”—The charge of proselytism by bribes has been established by the *best evidence the case admits of*.—*Weekly Telegraph* [a Popish organ], Jan. 31, 1852.

But the charge against the Protestant missionaries was by no means left to the hazards of popular declamation, and permitted to evaporate as the effervescence of an excited meeting subsided. It was deposited in a form of more permanence than the priest’s harangue, or at least in a statement for which the ‘Catholic Defence Association’ rendered itself more directly responsible. We extract from the published Address of its Committee.

‘Meetings are held and money is collected in England from Protestants of every class, and often at much sacrifice on the part of the givers, who imagine that they are extending by lawful and honourable means the religion which they have been taught and think to be true. We are sure that many of the contributors to these funds little know how they are expended. The local agents, in many instances Catholics, who have been raised from poverty to abundance by the salaries which they receive as Protestant ministers, &c., have to earn those salaries by reporting lists of converts, attendants at Protestant congregations, and scholars at Protestant schools; and, not content with grossly exaggerating those whom they have, they have been utterly unscrupulous as to the means employed to obtain more. Bribery has been used with much effect among the starving peasantry; and wherever the agents [of the landlords] are upon their side, intimidation has been freely combined with bribery, especially towards parents who refuse to send their children to schools in which they are taught to blaspheme with infant voices the  
most

most sacred objects of our faith. These things are so notorious in Ireland—it is so well known that multitudes have died of hunger and pestilence, who might have saved their lives by a pretended conversion—that hypocrisy has been endowed, that unbelief in all religion has been suggested and fostered by this monstrous system of education, in opposition to the solemn convictions of the people; that Irishmen in general assume that the money was given with this intention, and are too indignant to expostulate. The Association fear that in fact too many of the subscribers are willing that parents should falsely simulate apostacy, so that their children may be brought up aliens at least from the Catholic religion, and (as they vainly flatter themselves) believers in Protestantism. Still they are sure that others would sincerely recoil from the vile use made of their money if they knew it, and that all would be heartily ashamed to have it generally known and exposed; and this the Association purposes to secure.’—*Ibid.*

‘This the Association purposes to secure.’ That feigned proselytisms are effected through agencies of bribery and intimidation is, they declare, notorious in Ireland; and it is their purpose and boast that England also shall be made aware of the flagitious and abominable uses to which its bounty is thus turned.

Charges so boldly advanced would lead to an expectation that they could be, in at least some plausible degree, substantiated. The Society which made them had ample facilities for procuring the evidence by which, if well grounded, they could be proved. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, and their supporters and agents in and out of Parliament, distributed, as they were, through all parts of Ireland, could not fail to have opportunities of detecting the iniquitous practices which it was a declared object of that Association to expose; and it would be rational to conclude that, where so menacing an announcement was solemnly made by such a body, the testimonies it relied on had been previously collected and arranged. Proofs were soon called for. The meeting which adopted the inculpatory Address was on the 29th January. On the 31st the Rev. A. Dallas, on the part of the Irish Church Missions Society, published a reply to it, and challenged his accusers to the proof. Very shortly after, an invitation to the same effect was issued by the Rev. E. Nangle, Superintendent of the Achill Missions. This was speedily followed up by the Rev. P. Hanlon, an agent of the London Irish Society, who undertook not only to exculpate that Society from any accusation that could be brought against it within the sphere of his ministry, but also to establish against the priesthood of Rome in Ireland the very charges with which they had aspersed Protestants.

Mr. Dallas proposed that the allegations of the Defence  
Association

Association should be tried before a court of arbitration, to be held in London. We subjoin his words, addressed to Mr. Henry Wilberforce, Secretary to the Defence Association, and that gentleman's reply:—

*Mr. Dallas to Mr. Wilberforce.*

‘ You bring a charge in general terms. I meet that general charge by a distinct and unqualified denial. Both you and I are Englishmen; the charge affects the character of an English society; the parties stately sought to be influenced by your charge are the Protestant population of England. We will then change the venue to English ground. I am willing that two eminent English lawyers shall be nominated, one by you and another by me; that these two persons shall themselves select a third, of eminence and public character; that before these three men, as a court without appeal, you shall bring forward any individual instance and all the evidence you may be able to collect. *If in the judgment of this court, so constituted, there can be produced one single instance in which anything is proved which can be characterised as bribery or as intimidation on the part of the Irish Church Missions, I will bind myself to acknowledge that I am wrong, to make such apology as the same judges may appoint, and to pay all the expenses of the process.*’—*Dublin Evening Herald, February 2, 1852.*

*Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Dallas.*

‘ While there is nothing which I should more highly value than the opportunity of exposing these proceedings before the people of England in the most public manner possible, *I am (as you well know) quite unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England, even upon your promise to repay me at the end of a long process, if given against you.* Neither is it necessary, however desirable, that I should do so, because I intend to take less expensive means of making the facts of the case as widely known as possible. I will, however, gladly agree that two persons nominated, as you propose, with the power of naming a third if necessary, should themselves visit Ireland, and there ascertain by their own observation, and by examining witnesses, the whole facts of the case, and report thereupon; the express understanding being that you or your employers shall pay, as you propose, the whole expense of the inquiry, if any case of bribery or intimidation is discovered.’—*Ibid.*

Such is the reason for a refusal, on the part of Archbishop Cullen's Association, to prove before an impartial tribunal the truth of charges—for which every bishop and priest of their Church and every Roman Catholic gentleman of their party was to be held responsible—wantonly circulated through all the organs of public opinion—against individuals who defy them to show that, even in a single instance, their accusation is well founded.

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It is scarcely necessary to observe that the latter part of Mr. Wilberforce's letter contradicts the former. He was, he says, '*unable to meet the expense of bringing witnesses to England*'—yet he was, he owns, able to provide for the much larger expense attendant on the circuit of commissioners through Ireland. The real objection was not to the cost, but the place of trial.

For a moment the thought passed through our minds to lay before the reader some further extracts from Mr. Wilberforce's part in this correspondence. We forbear. Old associations restrain us—a feeling deeper, but akin to that with which one might see a Howard or Russell *cleaning shoes*. One observation, however, we feel bound to make. The moral eccentricities, of which we have had so frequent proof, are peculiarities not of a *race* but of a *school*. A Saxon or Norman of purest blood, surrendering himself to the discipline and culture which have too long been busy with the Irish Celt, will, after no long time, attain equal proficiency in the same ignoble practices, and, as was said of yore, become *ipsis Hibernis Hibernior*. We make no further comment on the part assigned to Mr. Wilberforce by his new masters. That we have touched upon it even thus far was perhaps a superfluous labour. The body of which that gentleman is the instrument must necessarily be regarded as responsible for the acts to which it abases him. The response to Mr. Dallas which he subscribed was, however, *formally adopted* by the Defence Association—and that at a meeting over which Archbishop Cullen presided in person.

So much for that marking instance. But was no species of proof ever tendered in support of those accusations? We do not say so; our readers have already seen, indeed, that in one case it was otherwise. Let us do justice to that case—as we believe, the sole exceptional one. When the charge of bribery was hazarded by Mr. Maher, it *was* supported by what that orator called 'the best evidence the case admits of'—viz. a citation from Archbishop Whately. This citation, however, was a fraud! The Archbishop had permitted the publication of two documents on the same matter, but different in time and object—one containing a monition to persons engaged, or likely to engage, in missionary exertions—the other offering his Grace's testimony to the manner in which such parties *had* conducted themselves. In the former, published in 1847, he strenuously *advised* that, in the administration of the funds intrusted to them to relieve the physical wants of the poor, the agents should never abuse their opportunities to the promotion of a spurious proselytism. Three years later, in 1850, his Grace drew up the second document, bearing *testimony* that, to the best of his belief, *in no one instance had*  
*the*

*the offices of charity been so degraded.* I advise, said he *prospectively* in 1847, that your relief of bodily distress shall not seem a bribe to induce outward conformity. I *testify*, said he, *retrospectively*, in 1850, that I have not been able to detect a single instance in which an Irishman was bribed to renounce the creed of Rome. But it pleased Mr. Maher to ignore the latter document, and ascribe its character to the totally different one of earlier date. It is proper to insert Archbishop Whately's *testimony* of 1850 in its authorized form :—

‘The Archbishop of Dublin has authorized the Committee of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience to publish the following statement, being the substance of his reply to a gentleman who wrote to him respecting the conversions, and attributed them to direct or indirect bribery by persons availing themselves of *the famine*.

‘His Grace stated, he would not undertake to prove that no instance of bribery had occurred—but he had made *a most rigid inquiry*, and none had come to his knowledge; that, as a general rule, the very reverse was the fact; *that he was prepared to prove that the greater number of the converts had not only obtained no temporal advantage, but had been exposed to the most merciless persecution.* He could also prove that several priests had given out that such and such bribes were offered as the price of conformity; and had been so far believed, that people had come to the Protestant minister, offering to conform for “a consideration,” though there was no foundation for any such notion except the priest’s assertion; and that he could produce instances of a bonus having been offered to the converts to induce them to return to the *Romish communion*.—When the author of this charge was intreated to *specify* any case that had come to his knowledge, he adduced one, and only one, such case of supposed bribery, which was one that had occurred *above sixteen years before the famine began.*’

Thus far, it may be said, this New Reformation is acquitted of the crimes laid to its charge by the exposed repugnance of its accusers to submit to the issues of a fair trial, and by the true testimony of the one unexceptionable witness whose words they had garbled. It has had an acquittal in another form also. It could not obtain a trial in London or Dublin; but it was inculpated elsewhere. In the parish of Doon, in the diocese of Cashel, six distinct charges of violence and aggression were brought against the police force, by whom converts had been protected, and in every instance the accused parties were honourably acquitted. In Tuam similar charges were advanced, not only against the constabulary but also against the Protestant clergy, and with no better success. The proceedings on these occasions are too instructive to be overlooked.

When Monsignor Cullen somewhat irreverently classed ‘Bibles and

and Intimidation' together as twin agencies on which proselytism was dependent, there was a general persuasion that he spoke inadvertently. It is hard to imagine the Church of Rome, in such a state of society as that of Ireland, under such a government as that of late years, complaining of *intimidation* in any other spirit than the exuberance of a rude hilarity.

'Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.'

But if in any part beyond another the charge would be like 'a jest with a sad brow,' it must be when the spot is Tuam.

This name, at least, is familiar to all our readers. The town is the residence of a bishop (formerly an archbishop) of the Church, and also of a prelate located there by the Vatican, who assumes, contrary to law, the old archiepiscopal title. Here this intruder, the celebrated Dr. John M'Hale, has a cathedral and a seminary graced with the name of the first bishop of the see; and here, in attendance on the college and church of St. Jarlath's, and under orders of that most apostolical personage, a strong force of ecclesiastics appears to have been brigaded—

'Whetted for war and eager for the fray.'

We find that, at the date of the last census, the Protestant congregation in Tuam cathedral amounted to two hundred and fifty, and *was diminishing*; while that in its Romish rival was 'about eight thousand at the three services,' and was 'increasing.' It was not marvellous that a stronghold so garrisoned—John M'Hale, styled in the Orientalism of Irish eloquence the *Lion of the Fold* or the *Lion of Judah*, at its head—numbering as its inhabitants more than fourteen thousand vassals of the Pope—should be among the last places of the province into which the Reformation made its way. That missionaries dared to invade such a fortress at any time is the only matter of wonder. They did so, however. The Lord Bishop of the diocese promoted to the honourable peril of ministering in this parish a clergyman who could speak the Irish language, and Mr. Seymour was well aware how the gift would find its most profitable employment. Mark the speedy results of thus bearding the lion in his den. So soon as this grim 'monarch of all he surveyed' was roused by rumours of change—heard of doubts confirmed into estrangement, and beheld the *vestigia retrorsum*—the danger awoke a spirit adequate to the emergency. Tuam was speedily in a state of siege. Detectives—inquisitors, perhaps—made their way into suspected abodes, kept strict watch on the movements of every Protestant supposed to be engaged in the work of reformation, and surprised, as best they might, the secret of every Roman Catholic



Catholic to whom a Scriptural truth had been illicitly imparted. The rabble were easily stimulated to disorder. Neither rank, nor age, nor sex, gave protection against brutal violence, and through this savage commotion were to be seen sailing about in all directions—‘stormy petrels of the hour’—Dr. M’Hale’s priests;—some unschooled in their vocation, and showing excitement in their countenances; some with the composed visages of men whom habit had hardened.

It would scarcely be thought credible that complaints of intimidation and outrage could be raised against *the sufferers* from this violence. But such complaints were paraded at first in the press;—then, in the wantonness of that drunken petulance so well described by Juvenal—as if tyranny would ‘seek sport in the mock solemnities of a judicial investigation’—were audaciously brought before a bench of magistrates—most of whom are said to have come from unusual distances to hear them.

‘Libertas pauperis hæc est:

Pulsatus rogat, et pugnâ concisus adorat,

Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.’

Such was the poor man’s liberty in Pagan Rome; such the Protestant’s in Dr. M’Hale’s Tuam. The persecuted party, however, met assault in its judicial form no less firmly than in the streets. They brought their own charges before the tribunal of justice, and volunteered facilities for prosecuting the charges against themselves. At length, after various delays and disappointments, a day came when the complaints on both sides were to be investigated. On that day a surprise was prepared for the Protestants. The charges against them were all withdrawn. We will not enter into the details of this strange procedure. It is enough, perhaps, to observe that the Earl of Clarendon was Lord Lieutenant when the informations were sworn—and that the Earl of Eglinton had become his successor when they were to be put to proof.

Since the day when the judicial mockery was thus interrupted persecution has changed its character. The vulgar atrocities of the highway have not yet been discontinued. Protestants, lay and clerical, male and female, are still hooted, insulted, assaulted. The streets of Tuam still afford evidence that barbarism and malignity can avail themselves of language which, one would think, could be learned only in scenes where profligate vices are putrifying; but we have not heard that the sufferers are any longer summoned before the magistrate. We have learned that Protestants are still sustained by their cause and their Master to prosecute their mission in the face of these cruel  
terrors

terrors and assaults:—nor have they been of avail to prevent avowals of conversion. Out of the mass of Romanism, from time to time, a liberated spirit goes forth. Within that mass inquiry is incessantly making progress.

The charges advanced by the priests of Doon had no happier result than those at Tuam. They were preferred against policemen, sent thither to protect converts from violence. An investigation was ordered by the late Government; the accused parties were praised for their conduct, and in every instance the charges against them were dismissed.

This parish of Doon had earned, in days past, a very unenviable notoriety in Irish disorder. Lying on the confines of Limerick and Tipperary, it afforded harbourage to the outlaws and the lawless of both counties, and became conspicuous for predial and political outrage. Once it had had a Scriptural school—but the school was closed; it had a rector who performed admirably the duties of a country gentleman—but it became necessary to surround him perpetually with an armed guard—his glebe-house was converted into a police barrack. At the date of the last Census the Protestant congregation amounted to forty-seven; but we are informed that, during the stormy years which followed, it became reduced to nine. This was the condition of Doon when the Irish Society commenced operations in it.

The first step taken by the Readers was to seek the tolerance of the priests, who examined the books in which they were to instruct the people—including as they did an Irish version of the Scriptures—pronounced—in the mere rashness of pride perhaps—a favourable judgment on the books in general, and said they saw no reason why the men should not ‘earn an honest penny.’ The Readers acted on this sufficiently scornful toleration with such success that it was speedily withdrawn. Their converts were denounced, and the congregation warned to hold no intercourse with them. Soon after, ‘the faithful’ were instructed to follow them with hootings and groans. Such were the arguments with which the priests defended their cause. The clergy of the Established Church exerted themselves after a different fashion; and in about three years, in Doon and the neighbouring parishes, there were ‘added to the Church’ about eight hundred. Generally speaking, as each convert declared his conviction, he became subject to grievous persecution. If he had been dependent on Roman Catholics for employment, he lost it; while Protestants—fearful of incurring an unworthy suspicion, or distrustful of the sincerity of converts—acted accordingly. It was not until deaths from famine, under circumstances not to be misinterpreted, had enforced local attention, that they awoke from their  
their

their unhappy jealousy. Then they began to feel that men were not to be left to perish under the anathemas of Rome, in a country calling itself Christian, because they dared to read Holy Scripture. The clergy in Doon and its neighbourhood sought aid, in Ireland and elsewhere, to assist them in raising schools, enlarging churches, providing teachers, and employing at very low wages converts in danger of perishing under the malediction of the Romish altar. In this case, as at Tuam, the statements of the Protestants were contradicted; and, as usual, sins of bribery and intimidation were laid to their charge. It was even threatened that an attempt would be made to substantiate those accusations by proof. Liverpool was chosen as the place where the trial was to be had, but—*ecce iterum*—on the day appointed the accusing parties made *no appearance*. A plea having been set up that sufficient notice of the day had not been given—a plea which was shown to be wholly without foundation—a second day was named—and the priests again declined to appear, alleging that they had engagements which *might* occupy them on that day, but *not naming another*.

Thus, in every instance in which charges were made against Protestants, the accusers declined the challenge to prove them.

For these details some apology may seem requisite. We are well aware how many persons of name and influence have brought themselves to think the domination of Romanism an inevitable condition of Ireland, and that the public interests will be best served by endeavours to conciliate that power and mitigate, if possible, its intolerance. They dwell upon the fact that more than three hundred years have elapsed since the Papal Supremacy was legally abolished. They adduce the long-enduring perplexities of our Government as proof that there is a part of the empire in which, whether by 'a fatal destiny of the land,' or 'by the genius of the soil,' or (in the words of Spenser) 'for some secret scourge which shall by *her* come to England,' Popery cannot be eradicated; and in some instances they scruple not to accept for their guidance the act (though not the policy) of certainly a very politic monarch, and to say of Romanism what Henry VII. said of a formidable grandee—'Sithence all Ireland cannot rule the Earl of Kildare, our judgment is that the Earl of Kildare shall rule all Ireland.' Statesmen of this stamp would be disposed to receive reports which bring ready conviction to the unprejudiced, as followers of Hume would regard the testimonies for a Scripture miracle. The three hundred years since Henry VIII. serve as their 'course of nature.' Hence the tedious minuteness of our details. We felt that the prepossession was strong, and the presumption plausible, against what we believed, nevertheless,

nevertheless, to be a blessed truth, established by evidence that only demands to be sifted.

But while the testimony is strong enough to overcome the highest degree of adverse presumption, we must observe that that 'course of nature' or term of prescription by which the incredulous are influenced is purely the creature of their own imagination. They assume that for three hundred years agencies have been at work which must have long ere now produced a complete Reformation—had such been possible. They overlook (or will not make themselves acquainted with) the fact that the course of true religion, in the remote past, as well as in recent times, has experienced heavy blows and great discouragements. If desponding politicians and philanthropists would interpret aright the voices of those monitory centuries to which they profess to listen, they would learn from them a lesson of better cheer. Harvests are not to be expected where seed has not been sown. This is the '*course of Nature*.'

Our relations with the sister island have subsisted for nearly seven hundred years—during which we have been concerned in two great enterprises or experiments. For more than three hundred and fifty years we laboured to govern her *with Rome for our ally*—during the latter term of the connexion that power *has been an adversary*. If it were required of us to prefix a motto to the history of England's first experiment in Irish rule, we would take Edmund Campion's version of perhaps the most important of the resolutions or Canons adopted at that synod or council which Henry II. caused to be holden (we dare not decide whether) at Cashel or Lismore—A.D. 1172:—

'That forasmuch as God hath universally delivered them into the government of the English, they should in all points, rites, and ceremonies, accord with the Church of England.'—*Campion's History of Ireland*, book ii. cap. i.

Here are two great announcements made: Ireland has lapsed, 'universally' under the government of England—she must be reduced under the ecclesiastical dominion of Rome. That yoke England had already taken upon herself—and the conquered country must submit to the same burden. The comment of an Irish historian, a Popish ecclesiastic too, we believe—(and one who 'trailed the puissant pike' as well as the pen in what he thought his country's cause)—on the compact of which this Canon is an exponent, may also be worth citing:—

'To root out Irish monks and plant English in their place, to keep a strict alliance with the Pope by an annual subsidy, was to wield the two-edged

two-edged sword of the spiritual and temporal power for the subjugation of Ireland.'—*Tuafé's History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 63.

Artful, however, as the policy of Henry II. may have been, it was artifice which higher art controlled and baffled. One part of his object was attained; in the other he was frustrated by the genius of Rome. The work which Henry pledged himself to the Pope to do was done; ruinously well done. The old religion was obliterated—so effectually that its only vestiges have faded into mythology, and that ecclesiastical Ireland has been justly described as a Palimpsest, where principles and practices of the Roman Priesthood, Regular and Secular, are inscribed over the effaced characters in which the earlier Church of the 'Island of Saints' had its records written. So fared it for the religion which Henry was under obligation to intrude into the conquered country. But how sped the projects of civil government? As Rome enlarged her power, that of England declined. The domain 'universally' delivered into her rule soon became narrowed to the twelve counties of the Pale. For the other districts—so Bishop De Burgh in his *Hibernia Dominicana* instructs us—'although the armies of England came there from year to year, her laws *never reached them* until the times of Henry VIII.' And within that interval—as Mr. O'Connell in his *Ireland for the Irish* not unjustly boasts—a further curtailment of power had been experienced. The government of England at length comprised under its jurisdiction four counties only; and 'they that lived by west of the Barrow, lived by west of the law.'—Such was the issue of our first experiment. It commenced when Ireland was *universally delivered* to our government, and was to be reduced into spiritual submission to the See of Rome. At its close the Papal aims were achieved—while England had shrunk to the occupation of a garrison upon the eastern coast. Everywhere Rome had her armies established and her laws in authority. A glance over the *Hibernia Dominicana*, or Archdall's *Monasticon*, will bring under view the net-work in which the various Regular Orders had covered the country and caused it to feel and tremble under the Italian influence. In this state of things, England repelled into her garrison, and fortifying herself there against the broad dominions which she had handed over to the Papacy, the second experiment commenced.

It seemed to have an auspicious opening. Henry VIII. abolished by law the Pope's supremacy, and assumed the title of King. The great mass of the Irish chieftains manifested favour for both these assertions of independence. They declared 'that they would accept and hold his said Majesty, and the kings his  
successors,

successors, as the Supreme Head on earth, immediately under Christ, of the Church of England and Ireland,' and 'that they will annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the Bishop of Rome.' 'It may be presumed,' writes the Roman Catholic poet and historian Moore, 'that neither by the clergy nor by the laity was this substitution of the supremacy of the Crown for that of the Pope considered as a change seriously affecting their faith, since *almost all the native lords and clergy came forward to confirm their allegiance by this form of oath,*' &c. (*Hist. of Ireland*, iii. 300). Various explanations have been offered of so ready an acquiescence on the part of the Irish chieftains in the claims, temporal and ecclesiastical, now put forward by the Sovereign of England. It appears to us by no means difficult to account for. The royal title took the fancy of a people who ages before had felt it soothing to the mortification of defeat to distinguish their invader by the cognomen *Fitz-Empress*. The Supremacy asserted by Henry VIII. was aptly associated with the rights of a *King*:—it had been so in the old native Church of Ireland—although not comprised among the privileges attached to the title of *Lord*. And while thus prescription and fancy lent their aid to magnify the authority of the King, the doctrine of Romanism had not yet ascribed to the Pope the high and absolute sovereignty which was afterwards usurped by him. At the time when Henry VIII. dissolved his partnership or coalition with the Pope, the Church of Rome was in that state of transition through which it passed from the mixed monarchy of mediævalism into the monarchical absolutism of modern days. More than twenty years were to elapse before the creed of Pius IV.—the charter of the actual Romanism—made its appearance. (A.D. 1564.)

While thus 'the King's name was an host,' the Papal ascendancy not altogether ascertained and absolute, and the exactions of Papal functionaries harassing to the Irish nobles, it was not wonderful that the bold proceedings of Henry were welcomed as the challenge and prelude to a great struggle, and that, even for the sake of the expected combat, they found favour with a turbulent people. More, it is evident, than the mere assertion of Supremacy was looked for:—

'Not content with his formal renouncement of Rome,' writes Mr. Thomas Moore, 'O'Brian, in a paper entitled *The Irishman's Requests*, demanded that there should be sent over some well-learned *Irishmen*, brought up in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, not being infected with the poison of the Bishop of Rome, and that, having been first approved by the King's Majesty, they should then be sent to preach the word of God in Ireland.'—*History*, iii. p. 323.

The hopes and wishes of many, it may be, spoke in these expressions of the potent Chief of Thomond; but they were doomed to disappointment. Little of the anticipated controversy took place until the accession of Elizabeth, and, in a few years after, Romanism assumed its modern character and organization. 'The Pope, he is the Church,' as Le Maistre insists—is the great principle of the existing Church of Rome:—a principle developed in the concluding Sessions of the Council of Trent, and to the assertion of which the Creed of Pius IV. was made subservient. When the controversy, which ought to have commenced twenty years earlier on the part of England, was opened languidly in the reign of this great Queen, the minds of Irishmen had been preoccupied against it—the elevated style and port of the Pope had effaced the impression produced by the bold assumption of her father—and her own formal deposition by a Bull found perhaps more favour with an excitable people than Henry's adoption of a title which had proclaimed the 'Lord of Ireland' an independent *King* in that island no less than in England.

The antagonist parties were now soon formed, and in action. On one side there were arrayed Ireland and the post-Tridentine Church of Rome; England and her Reformed Church on the other. This contest has been prolonged for nearly three hundred years, and its broad issues, thus far, may be regarded as in contradistinction to those of the former experiment. In that, England extended all over the land the religion of which she was the accredited champion, and, in recompense, had the mortification to find her government rejected by nine-tenths of the country once 'universally' delivered to her. In the latter experiment she has (fully in theory at least) won back dominion for her laws, but has failed in the propagation of her faith. There may seem something anomalous here—but in reality there is not. England in neither case failed to accomplish what she sedulously exerted herself to achieve.

Mr. M'Cartney, in 'The Experiment of Three Hundred Years,' pursues the stream of time from the Reformation downwards, and maintains with great ability his leading theses: viz. that the Established Church in Ireland has never had the opportunity to develop its power for spiritual good; that the efforts of its clergy were not only not seconded, but discountenanced and frustrated by the State; that what England wished the Irish Church to effect was the *subjugation* of Ireland, not her *conversion*; and that, accordingly, we never supplied her with the agencies through which, humanly speaking, conversions are to be effected. We commend this work to our readers, and willingly spare

ourselves the pain of reciting what can be found there compendiously and, as we believe, accurately stated. But there is one point on which we must dwell for a moment. The lesson of the day of Pentecost, even although recommended by the genius of Spenser and the wisdom of Bacon, may be almost said to have been lost upon England. From time to time, it is true, individual bishops and clergymen applied that great lesson, and could appeal to the beneficial consequences. Such men translated both Testaments and the Book of Common Prayer into the Irish tongue; they abundantly showed how practicable it would be to train up ministers competently instructed in the use of that necessary idiom;—but all this was disregarded by the State—and Rome was suffered to retain as her own, ‘without corral,’ the incalculable advantage of a gift by which she could turn to her sole benefit the feelings and prejudices of an ignorant people—whom it was but too easy to keep in ignorance.

The Church of Rome has as its allies in Ireland two principles, which in other parts of the world have often been found in antagonism. Elsewhere if the Papacy trench too closely on the privileges of the nation, Father-land asserts its power, and the Vatican learns caution. In Ireland the national and the papal are interfused. The religion of Rome is not a religion of love: its abhorrence of heresy is a far more powerful principle of action than its value for souls; and in Ireland it discerns, in the same individual, an object at once for doctrinal rancour and national vindictiveness. *The heretic and the invader are the same.* Many a difficulty arising out of the history of Irish Romanism will find its solution in this one characteristic.

The agencies which have produced and cultivated this state of feeling are described in some of our former volumes;—we refer especially to No. cxxxiv., March, 1841. That their effects were not undesigned, we learn from a witness who cannot be accused of a bias unfavourable to Rome—M. de Montalembert:—

‘The Priests knew,’ he says, ‘that to preserve the faith it should be made the life and only resource of a conquered and oppressed people, and that, to make it take root in their hearts, it should be joined with a fervent love of liberty and country. Always free and always poor, they preserved themselves from all contact with that English Civilization which was the offspring of the Catholic religion but revolted against its parent.’

Such, we are to understand, were the Priests in the days of penal laws and civil disabilities. They were ministers of a religion which, they knew, could not live on in its own strength. To preserve it, Civilization must be withstood, and something which M. de Montalembert calls Love of liberty and country must



be cultivated in combination with religion. \*To the Priests, therefore, according to this most accomplished ultra-montane authority, are to be ascribed the impediments to the progress of Civilization, and the ascendancy of affections or passions which, with whatever epithets the Count adorns them, have achieved for themselves a signal reputation in the Newgate Calendar of Ireland.

‘Let us now,’ proceeds M. de Montalembert, ‘consider the Irish Priest of *these* days, when the sword of persecution is sheathed, and when nothing remains to be overcome but poverty and the stupid opposition of power. He is the Depositary of the *Laws of the Community*—and knows where *they must bear the yoke*, and where they may *shake it off*. In many cases he decides their legal differences, and no one dares to violate his decision. And, finally, *it is he* who conducts the poor freeholder to the hustings to vote for a friend to the country or to the ancient religion.’

According to this pregnant testimony, the Irish Romanists are kept apart, as a *Community*, having *Laws* of which the Priest is the *Depositary*. As yet the State does not recognise and enforce these laws, but Romanism takes care that they shall be obligatory *on conscience*, and that *opinion* shall give them a sanction. Now what is the appalling phenomenon of Irish disorder? It is not the amount of crime. It is the *seared conscience and the vitiated public opinion*. The murderer will go through forms of prayer with a tranquil heart before the body of his victim is cold; and the renown of his worst atrocities will be an *open sesame* to every heart and home of his ‘Community.’ And the elegant Frenchman proclaims that this fearful demoralization is essential to the maintenance of the true Religion in Ireland, and blazons and boasts that it is solely the achievement of her Priests.

Beside the laws of ‘the *Community*’ there are other laws—those of the State;—and these, we apprehend, constitute the *yoke* which must sometimes be endured, may sometimes be shaken off. The Priest ‘knows the true moment when.’ How does he acquire this knowledge? Does his acquisition of it account for that remarkable allocation of the Romish Episcopate which assigns their appropriate spheres to men of apparently opposite temperaments, and thus keeps up a good understanding both with the Government and with ‘the Masses?’ In one department is placed the ‘Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer’—in another something which is regarded as the ‘*Mitis sapientia Læli*.’ And in all cases the disposition is wisely made—for ‘Jacob’s voice suits well with Esau’s hands’—when the one whispers smooth things in Dublin Castle, while the rest are scattering firebrands through the provinces.

It may perhaps be said that it is not just to cite the representations of a foreigner, as if they were to be considered important testimony touching the character of the Priesthood. It would not be just to *offer such testimony against them*. We have not done so. The passages now quoted have been adopted by the body to whom we apply them. We have not taken them from Montalembert's work, but from the 'Complete Catholic Directory—Revised by a Catholic Priest approved of for that purpose.' Its—of course distinguished—editor says—

'To the multiplied calumnies of apostates and interested bigots on our venerable clergy it is not necessary for us to reply. The convicted forgeries and self-evident falsehoods of the parties concerned form their best refutation. We cannot better conclude these few observations than in the words of a learned and noble foreigner, Count Montalembert, taken from his *Sketches of Ireland*.—*A Complete Catholic Directory*, 1837, p. 81.

There is one passage in the Count's 'masterly delineation' (so styled by the same reverend reviser) which it remains for us to cite:—

'Again, you may see him in his white robe standing before the altar, and speaking to his brethren on all their interests, spiritual and temporal, *in the old Irish*—a language so poetic, so pure, and so expressive—the only one of the European languages that has no trivial or unmeaning words—the only wreck that remains in Ireland of its original greatness and power. It is in this mysterious language, *unknown to the rich and the Protestant*, that the priest associates himself with all the wants and all the affections of the poor.'

Though the French Count's eulogy on a language of which or its monuments he knows probably nothing, may be much exaggerated, there is undoubtedly a great truth disclosed here—the main secret, peradventure, of the strength of Romanism in Ireland. By means of this spell the priesthood was enabled in times past to retard and resist the progress of wealth and civilization; to withstand the severity alike and the attractions of the laws; to bind together, and keep distinct from the population with which they intermingled, *the Community*; and to make them regard Ireland and the Church of Rome as one; to fuse into one passion against the Protestant and the Saxon all the rancour of race and sect, and thus to keep masses of the Irish people ever in readiness for a struggle, in which, when the hour is come, national hatred will hope to glut its revenge, and religious bigotry to indulge its darkest tyranny. The Irish language is no doubt a potent charm that protects these detestable passions against the better influences of the days we live in.

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There is an expression, however, in the passage, not to be interpreted literally—‘unknown to the rich and the Protestant.’ This is not altogether true. Protestants have made themselves acquainted with the Irish language. Roman Catholics, well versed in its eloquence, have become converts to a pure faith; and if we are rejoicing at the prospect held forth to us now, it is to be proclaimed that we owe the blessing very much to the instrumentality of a Society composed of such Protestants by education and choice, and acting in connexion with the Established Church. The *Irish Society* has been for nearly thirty years in active operation—and, making allowance for the opposition of professed friend and open enemy, its success has been, in fact, marvellous.\*

It is not necessary to offer proof that a change had been effected in the public opinion which prevailed at the commencement of this century, with respect to the policy which should be pursued towards the Church of Rome. The clumsy attempts at proselytism, previously made, had proved abortive: the inducements to leave the Italian Schism, ill seconded and strongly counteracted as they were, had been of but little avail; and, as if repose at any cost had become desirable, it was thought well to purchase it by a species of truce with the religion against which the State had long waged fruitless war. The establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth, and the discontinuance of a provision for Priests conforming to the Church of England—first made by an early Act of Queen Anne, and suffered to lapse in 1800—would have been, had they stood alone, sufficient signs that the Government wished to set at rest all controversy between the rival religions. The Church of Rome, however, would not acquiesce in the will of the State, or submit to its dictation. According to her fashion, she addressed herself to the duties, as she conceived them, of the season. The State had receded—her interest and duty were to advance. With the more obscure movements in which she laboured for her ends we

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\* The following sentences are from the first statement of the Society for Protecting Freedom of Conscience—a Society of which the Archbishop of Dublin is President:—

‘The Committee have taken every opportunity to inquire what has induced such numbers to expose themselves to suffering and persecution by joining our Church; and the result has been a conviction that, under God, it has been a *heartfelt* knowledge of the Holy Scriptures . . . . The exertions of the *Irish Society* have in many cases been the first means by which the hearts of the peasantry have been reached and their understandings enlightened. The Committee have strong reasons for believing that large numbers are prevented from openly professing themselves converts by the want of protection, and that an intimate knowledge of the evils and corruptions of Popery, and of the testimony of Holy Scripture against them, is far more general in many districts than the profession of Protestantism, even where converts are most numerous.’

do not concern ourselves here; but there were certain leading measures on which even in this sketch a line or two should be bestowed. In 1808, the 'Complete Theology' of Dens was pronounced by the Roman Catholic Bishops the best guide for their clergy; and in 1814 an edition of this work issued from the Irish press. Two years after, in 1816, came forth the Douay Bible—with the same annotations which had appeared in the Douay and Rheimish versions when first published—and asserting on its title-page the *approbation* of Dr. Troy, Archbishop in Dublin. The execrable principles enunciated by Dens are notorious. The notes of the Douay Bible are not less flagitious. The design they were to serve has been avowed with authority not to be disputed. In the second number of the most important of the Papist journals—at that time edited by Dr. Wiseman, Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Quin—we have this frank acknowledgment:—

'The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II.—the Armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sixtus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.—as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed—and *as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to destroy.*'—*Dublin Review*, No. II., p. 505, July, 1836.

Such was the design to which Holy Scripture was thus made subservient when comments of him 'who was a murderer from the beginning' were appended to its text by authority of the Church of Rome. As soon as the pestilent volume appeared, it attracted the strong censures of the press, aroused the indignation of the English people, and thus produced a disavowal from Archbishop Troy of his having had, knowingly, any complicity in the issuing of it. There was also an abortive endeavour, on the part of Mr. O'Connell, to have it condemned in the Catholic Board. The learned gentleman—influenced, as he subsequently acknowledged—by a fear that the publication might prejudice the Roman Catholic question in Parliament, described it as a book which taught that it was not merely permissible but '*essential* to believe that it was lawful to murder Protestants,' and that 'faith might be innocently broken with heretics;'—but he could not prevail on 'the Board' to disavow the book. For a time it would appear as if the disclaimer of Dr. Troy had some effect; but in 1818 the condemned work was again given to Roman Catholic readers, in a manner which might justly be called clandestine.

The perseverance with which this bad book was circulated is  
no

no trifling matter. There was no scheme of invasion, it is true, meditated in 1816; but there was another scheme, in preparation or in action, still more odious and formidable. The Ribbon Society, bound by oath to the extirpation of Protestants—a Society which Lord Plunkett prosecuted in 1822, and which, *when its existence and its purpose had become notorious*, Dr. Doyle made the occasion of a pastoral address—was preparing for a work of slaughter, when that Bible, which, in the reign of Elizabeth, had for its express purpose to convert Englishmen into traitors, was called forth from obscurity that it might teach its perilous doctrines in Ireland. We do not profess to find correspondence where coincidence only is manifest; but we have no hesitation to say—adopting, not inventing, the illustration—that when Cicero and Roscius essayed their respective arts, and the actor's gestures responded to the great orator's expressions, the harmony could not have been more perfect than that which subsists between the sentiments manifested by the annotators of Rheims and the ruffians of Ribbonism.\*

The Protestant clergy were now aroused into action; and the laity in various instances encouraged and aided them. The pulpit, the platform, the press, were employed in discussion of the great questions upon which, it seemed, all hearts were set; and, instead of the sullen rancour or the dull indifference with which subjects of controversy had been previously regarded—as if exposure to sun and air had extracted the venom from them, they were discussed in a spirit of 'stormy cheer,' in which antagonists became friends. Priests who shrank from such conflicts were compelled by their flocks to undertake the defence of their faith;† and some of them, for a time conspicuous in the contest, renounced by and by the errors they felt to be indefensible. Supernatural aid was called in. The bishops Doyle and Murray proclaimed marvels wrought at the intercession of

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\* We pass over this topic briefly. The history connected with it may now be studied in a satisfactory manner. At a public meeting in Huntingdon, the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee having detailed evidences as to the establishment of the Romish canon law in Ireland, a requisition most respectably signed was addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, praying that he would have the documents referred to by the speaker carefully examined. The requisition was complied with, and the Report has been published, with the verification of the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor—as well as of the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, as respects other similar documents to which Mr. M'Ghee then or soon after referred. This important publication is named at the head of our article.

† *Rev. Nicholas O'Connor.* You did not attend those meetings?—No, I did not attend them at all.—Could you trace any feeling of exasperation resulting from those meetings?—Yes, the people found fault with one for not going and fighting the battle.'—*Com. Com. on State of Ireland, 1832.* The meetings alluded to by the Rev. witness were those to which Capt. Gordon had invited the people. Anger was felt against the priest who declined the invitation, not against the giver of it. In many instances the priests respected the wishes of their flocks.

a German prince, in attestation of the exclusive mission of their Church; and parodies of prophecy were put in circulation, predicting not only the downfall of the Protestant Establishment but the extirpation of the Protestant people. All this was vain. The reports of miracles were carefully examined, the impostures exposed, and the truth, wherever there was truth, accounted for from natural causes. At length educated Roman Catholics began to intimate that the wonders were too empirical for the age, or not executed with sufficient dexterity. The miracles ceased. As to the prophecies, time tested them. 1817, 1818, 1821, 1825, were, each in its turn, named as *the year* which was to close upon Ireland cleansed of heresy. Dr. Doyle, when the Ribbon conspiracy was detected in 1821, warned its members against the interpretations of prophecy that had betrayed them, and which, he fairly said, could not apply to the Church of England, which they were carefully to distinguish from Lutheranism. 1825 was to be, then, the year; and, when much of it had passed away, Mr. O'Connell put back for four years more the shadow of death, declaring that, if the prophecy were to be received in its popular interpretation, 1829 was to be the date of its fulfilment—still, undoubtedly, a noticeable date!

During all this time the cause of the New Reformation had been growing—without attracting much notice in high quarters—through the influence of Scriptural schools and the unostentatious exertions of the clergy. It is to be observed that the power of the Established Church, as an instrument to diffuse truth, has been greatly augmented since the Union—the number of Protestant Episcopal Churches in Ireland having been in 1700, 492; in 1800, 626; in 1830, 1100; in 1848, 1354. The parochial clergy had been proportionally augmented in number, and had partaken largely in the improvement which has been experienced throughout the empire. The present venerated Lord Primate of Ireland, by his own act (cordially acquiesced in by the other heads of the Church), had *abolished* the vice of pluralities—and thus the evil of absenteeism ceased to be felt. In fact, while the State was legislating and governing as if the sway of Romanism were to be a permanent infliction on Ireland, the rightful Church of that country had been reforming itself, and recruiting its energies for the great work of deliverance which it is now accomplishing. The first decisive evidence of an altered spirit was afforded in the spread of Scriptural education. In 1812 there were six hundred schools in which the Scriptures were read, and four thousand in which they were not read. In 1826 the schools in general had increased to eleven thousand, and in *six thousand* of these Scripture was avowedly read—while in more than three thousand Scripture had

had not been introduced—and there were *two thousand* from which *no answers were returned to the query whether the schools were or were not Scriptural*. Every circumstance justified the persuasion that the Bible *was* read in this latter class of schools, but that the masters or mistresses were reluctant to make the avowal. The war which the Priests opened against this prospering system of Scriptural education introduced a new and powerful principle into the controversy. In many an instance, when the alternative was offered to withdraw from the Church of Rome or from the school, parents said their children must be instructed, and they would embrace the side of those who gave them education.

It was thus the movement commenced in 1827 at Askeaton—where the present Dean of Ardagh, Dr. Richard Murray, was then incumbent;\* but even within that year it became general. No province was without its scenes of stirring interest—scarcely a county without its list of conversions. The history of that memorable year occupied a striking paper in the *British Critic* for January, 1828. The number of converts made publicly known, in 1827, up to the month of September, was two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven. The article was written, we believe, by the Rev. Dr. Millar, ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and author of that valuable work, ‘*History Philosophically Considered*.’ The report of this accomplished divine, carefully compiled from communications which he courted in every part of the country, was remarkable for the sobriety of its tone. The progress made in 1828 has not, that we are aware of, been so accurately ascertained, but we have ground for believing that it exceeded even that of the preceding year. In truth, the failure attendant on the Hohenlohe miracles and the Pastorini prophecies seemed to have brought disaster on the cause that had recourse to them. Two or three years more might have very seriously thinned the ranks of Romanism; but that at best perilous—certainly ill-timed and ill-managed—experiment, the measure of 1829, which seemed to have in it the essence of a miracle, and to be the expected fulfilment of prophecy, changed the character of the struggle.

It will be said that if a real conviction had been created

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\* The then Bishop of Limerick was so hopeless of a beneficial result from Dr. Murray's labours, that he strongly remonstrated against the peril to which he was exposing himself, as well as the peace of the country; but when he learned the actual result of this pious minister's exertions, saw how he was loved among the people, and how his work prospered, he frankly avowed his altered feelings. His Lordship had arranged to visit Askeaton Church, and preach to the converts, when he was arrested by the visitation which disabled him for active duty.—See that interesting volume (now in a second edition), the *Life and Correspondence of John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick*, by the Rev. C. Foster, D.D.—The reader will not be surprised to learn that the Bishop's illness was represented throughout Papal Ireland as a *judgment*.

and diffused, no political incident could have prevented the avowal of it; and it is true, that, were minds influenced only by pure reason and faith, actions would be thus simple. But, it must be admitted, many elements combine in the arguments by which controversy is decided, and the outward success of a religion has ever had at least its due power in influencing men to profess it. When *the* two Statesmen most especially familiar to the public mind as opposed to the Romish claims, were found setting aside the wishes and opinions of the English people, coercing—it was said at the time, and we now know how truly—the royal will, and breaking up a great party, for the sake of carrying into effect what they had so long withstood; and when they acted thus, avowedly, not because they thought their new course was either just or wise in the abstract, but because, from *the state of parties*, they regarded concession as inevitable—it was not wonderful that those for whom this success had been achieved thought the hour at hand when Protestantism was indeed to be cast down in Ireland for ever.

For a time there was a ‘horrid stillness.’ It was as if, in a battle, some vast magazine had been suddenly blown up, and the armies stood at pause until the shock should have subsided.

Romanism soon resumed its activities—and it had now attained a vantage-ground from which it became practicable to alter the direction of its movements. The contest had previously been urged on two subjects intelligible to all—*the right to read God’s word, and the right of private judgment*. On these the Protestants had a clear advantage. Freedom of Scripture was now loudly proclaimed by the Priesthood. They appealed to the fact that *the Douay Bible* was open to their people. The right of private judgment, though for some time disputed, was also conceded in the end—the champions retreating upon the *abuse of the right*; and in that position Protestants left them unmolested. Such was the issue of the controversy up to the year 1829. The issue was *virtual Protestantism*—an issue not to be measured by the number of those *who came out of the Church of Rome*, but by the power also of the *new element introduced into it*. Romanism acknowledging the right to read the Bible and to exercise, with due restrictions, man’s privilege of reason, could not have long maintained a separate existence in the same country with our Protestantism. To expel this element of change, and to overthrow the agency by which it had been forced upon her, was the object to which Rome now *totis viribus* addressed herself. And her first essay was very dextrous—or else she obtained a random success ‘beyond the reach of art.’ The *Emancipation Act* gave the Irish Romanist party a direct and important



important weight and power—which was further increased by the *Reform Bill*. The British Government was influenced to withdraw its support from schools in which the Scriptures—in the authorised or in the *Roman Catholic* version—were, of necessity, read during hours when the children were required to be present; and to patronize schools wherein, during the same hours, the Scriptures, in whatever version, were interdicted. The advantage thus won to the Church of Rome was not granted to her by the legislature;—nor was authority for it to be found in the terms or the spirit of that well-known *letter* which has been called the Magna Charta of the National System. It was given only by a rule of the Commissioners of Education—a rule, however, which was soon found to have the effect of law. It gave a double advantage to Rome—adopting her principle on the subject of Scripture, and causing a disastrous separation between Government and the Established Church.—We have often signified our regret that the Irish clergy could not reconcile it to their sense of duty to take part in the management of the National Schools;—expressing the opinion of many reflecting laymen in Ireland itself that, under their management, the schools would improve, and become instruments of much good. The reply of the Clergy is, that—even putting out of view their conscientious objections to the principle of the National System—prudential considerations would have justified their adoption of a different course. They say that the abandonment, by the Government and Legislature, of the Kildare Place System taught what was to be expected whenever the National System should become unacceptable to the priests. It was *their* opposition which caused the overthrow of a system confessedly approved by the people, and faithfully administered. Similar opposition would have similar success against the National System—and the improvement which sanguine men looked for in the new schools would be the signal for so opposing *them*. In a word, the clergy were persuaded that any compromise of principle on their part could, after all, bring no assurance of an abiding recompence. We always did justice to their motives—though we thought their views, what experience has now proved them to be, short-sighted. Rome will never tolerate education. Education must inevitably lead to a free reading of the Scripture—and that is incompatible with her very existence. She never will, but as a blind and a delusion, consent that her children should learn to read—no matter what book—on the same bench with a Protestant class. Our Protestant clergy need not have been alarmed at the proposed union of the two religions in the National Schools. Rome would either keep away, or, if she came, there was *pro tanto* an end of Rome! The national grant would  
soon

soon have fallen, without any effort on the part of Protestants, to the exclusive support of the Scriptural education.

By this series of errors on the side of the Protestants, the Roman Catholic party had gained apparently a great advantage. To have won from England the adoption of their principle respecting Scripture—that very principle which is the distinguishing iniquity of their apostacy—was a grand trophy; and to alienate nearly seventeen hundred ministers of our Church from the favour of Government, and narrow very prejudicially the scope within which its ecclesiastical patronage would be exercised, was, as they imagined, to have gained protection against many a powerful antagonist. They, however, were mistaken. Our Irish clergy, in their suffering protest for the honour of Scripture, were perhaps as powerful as they had been in days of external prosperity. The conversions did not cease. •‘Emancipation’ had fallen like a great rock into the stream and checked its flow; but the waters formed a new channel at its base, and went on their free way again.

One of the incidents which most attracted attention when the Scriptural system of education was about to lose the support of Government was an Address, signed by a large number of Roman Catholics, praying that the grant to the Kildare Place Society might *not* be withdrawn. It was prepared in Kingscourt, and was signed by more than *three thousand* masters and scholars in the schools of the Irish Society. We must give one passage from this Address:—

‘In our humble sphere of life, mingling daily with that numerous peasantry of which we form a part, we have more *sure* means to ascertain the real sentiments of that peasantry, relative to Scriptural education, than any member of Government. We, therefore, *most truly* and *solemnly* declare that the Irish peasantry in general are *sincerely* and *zealously* attached to the Scriptures; that, instead of objecting to send their children to Bible schools, the very circumstance of the Bible being read in a school will induce many to prefer that school.’—*History of the Irish Society*, by H. J. M. Mason, LL.D. Dublin, 1844.

If discountenance could have frozen the Protestants into inaction, their cause would not have prospered. War was waged against the properties and persons of our clergy—until Insurance offices declined to grant policies on their lives. The Ribbon Confederacy—(alive and stirring under new names)—notified its resolution to keep down ‘heresy.’ Scripture Readers were pursued with ruthless violence—their protectors shared in the peril. One fanatic, made amenable to justice, boasted on the scaffold that he was not to blame for failing in *one* of his devout undertakings. His aim  
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had been true—and if the Bible in the purposed victim's pocket intercepted the slugs, he, the pious ruffian, was not accountable. Men of this stamp did their work so effectually that at one time, and for no brief space, intelligence of three murders on an average reached Dublin Castle every two days. *Menaces* were scattered abroad where the assassin was less likely to follow his vocation with impunity—the signal of the lighted turf spread alarm throughout all Ireland—friendly warnings conveyed to Protestants to show themselves in Romish chapels and make pecuniary offerings to the priests—conspiracies, also, to swear away in Courts of Justice the lives of faithful men, concerted with diabolical ingenuity, and in some instances only baffled by what we must call marvellous interpositions of Divine Providence—combined to form a system of warfare and persecution such as never yet was carried into effect, unless in a country where barbarism and bigotry were found co-existing with the worst vices of civilization.

Such were the agencies (which may be for form's sake termed lawless) at work in the cause of Rome. What was the course pursued by the constituted authorities? We will not dwell upon it. A majority from Ireland had turned the balance of votes in the Commons—had broken up two administrations, and dictated terms of agreement to the adventurous undertakers that succeeded; law and authority were not exerted to protect conscience or the liberty which order loves. The good which has followed so much suffering is ascribable to something better than the influence of human governments. Under all the horrors of their unshielded condition the clergy of the Established Church, in connexion with the various Protestant Societies, or independently, continued to labour on;—and the result is now before the empire.

The hope which has thus brightened around our way is vouchsafed at a time of trial. The papal nominee's great *Association* has proclaimed its designs; and we avow our conviction that, 'if England to herself be true,' it is well that the power and purpose of a hostile faction should have been so banded together and openly, under such authority, arrayed against the Constitution. Rinuccini was not a more inauspicious boon to Ireland in the days of Charles I., than Monsignor Cullen in ours; but the time when the Italian Prince came down upon the land was better chosen for evil. The intrusive Prelate's Association proposes to itself a bold enterprise, and beats up for recruits wherever various discontents have disquieted and embittered the minds of men. Its *defensive system* is an aggressive one. It proposes to break down the muniments of property—confiscating, as it were, Protestant

Protestant possessions. It proposes to destroy the Church Establishment—disclosing the nullity of those sworn engagements which were agreed to as security twenty-three years ago, and which are still renewed by members of Parliament and their constituents. It proposes to assail the Crown in its most vital prerogative, and to arrogate to the prohibited titles and distinctions of a foreign priest the eminence of dignity granted to favoured subjects by the Royal Majesty of England. Against Throne, Church, Property, the Catholic Defence Association pronounces open, and what with the usual audacity it calls ‘constitutional’ war. We repeat—we do not regret this bold defiance, nor do we dread the issue. It has entirely changed many opinions long favourable to a liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics. It has, we are not ashamed to confess, considerably modified our own.

Our conviction is, that the Popish Schism in Ireland has never yet been judged of in its proper character, nor tried by its merits. A vague notion has spread itself abroad, that the Church of Rome is virtually *the Church of Ireland*:—that the mass of the people love and honour it, and that for their sakes the State owes it deference and support. Further, it has been continually asserted, and the assertion has too largely passed without rebuke, that the revenues of the existing branch of the Church Catholic in that country were wrested from the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation. Light, however, is beginning now to break in upon these long-rooted misconceptions. It is already known to every man who investigates historical evidence, that no such confiscation or diversion of revenues took place. The Irish Church, as then established, *accepted the Reformation*, and accordingly *retained its revenues*. This is part of the answer: the other part is more important. The Church of Rome, no less than the Church of England, underwent at that epoch a signal revolution. It cannot, as respects what every statesman must consider to be of the first importance, be identified with the Irish Church of the period preceding the Reformation. As no man can hold a living in our Church who does not assent to the Book of Common Prayer, so, since A.D. 1564—but *only since then*—no Romanist priest can retain a benefice anywhere without swearing to the Creed of Pius IV. Here lies the point. The adjustment of revenue which took place in Ireland was, in fact, not a transfer of possessions from an old Church to a new one—but an *assertion* of the rights of the old Church, and a protection of them against the demands of that newly-formed system which chose to appropriate an ancient title. The Pope claimed for his new Church and for himself, that no ecclesiastic should hold possessions who would

would not swear an oath of *allegiance to him* in the form of a *profession of faith*. An oath, never proposed or framed until the year 1564, the British throne and Church resisted; and because they retained their possessions without adopting a *new creed* or taking an *oath of allegiance to a foreign power*, Irish ecclesiastics are charged with seizing upon the revenues of their predecessors. Should it be said that the obligations imposed in the Creed of Pius IV., although new in point of form, were old as matter of fact, the same may be said of the Anglican articles and service—but with this difference—the assertion as affecting our Church would be true; on the part of Romanism it would be a daring falsehood. The great articles of the Creed of Pius are those which regard the Bible and the Decrees of Councils—and these had never been promulgated in any form, in any branch of the Church, at any period of the world, before their appearance in fatal 1564!

The other fallacy to which we alluded has had a not less pernicious influence. It is assumed that *the religion of the priests and people is the same*, and power has been given to the priesthood because of the millions who are imagined to believe in their religion. Where the name is one, it is natural to think their faith the same. This, however, we take leave to say distinctly, is not the fact in the case of Ireland. To a vast extent, the multitudes boasted of by the priests are ignorant of the dominant peculiarities of the Papal Church. Until the year 1825, when a Parliamentary Committee made it public, we believe the creed of Pius IV. was as little known among those who all (it was said by one of their bishops) believed in it, as the Talmud; and even at this day, were it not for the exertions of Protestant controversialists, we are persuaded its doctrines would be unknown to the great mass of the people.

The genius of the Vatican organizes the three or the five thousand who constitute the ecclesiastical body; the *genius loci* has hitherto furnished the millions who gave that body consequence; nor has England ever made a persevering exertion to dissolve this alliance, but has contented herself with legislating or governing for the necessity of the hour, under paroxysms, as it were, of austerity and indulgence. It became, from the completion of the Council of Trent, the fixed policy of the Court of Rome to hold the Papists of Ireland in a state in which they must be regarded as foreigners, if not enemies, by the Crown. In the reign of James I. an oath of allegiance was condemned at Rome. All Irishmen were forbidden to take it—and ecclesiastics convicted of treason, to whom pardon was offered if they would swear that the Pope had not the power to depose sovereigns for heresy,

heresy, implored, in vain, permission to make this declaration; their piteous supplication was received with cold cruelty, and they died on the scaffold. In the reign of Charles II. a declaration of allegiance was circulated for signature, under the auspices of Ormond, and with the aid of some moderate ecclesiastics: it too was condemned at Rome, and the project was discomfited. Under Queen Anne, George II., and George III., efforts were made to bring Roman Catholics within the constitution, by administering to them an oath in conformity with *the principles they professed*; and the prohibition of Rome prevailed in every instance against the interests and wishes of the Roman Catholics themselves. At length, at an advanced period of the reign of George III. (perhaps when the influence of the House of Stuart had declined), the gentry of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland took the oath—the clergy to a very great extent adopted the same course of prudence and propriety; and although Rome to this hour has never given an express sanction to the oath—while *incidents elsewhere* indicate that the Papal law has not become more indulgent to such professions—the oath continues to be taken without hesitation in Ireland, by people, and priests, and bishops—with, it is reported, the solitary exception of Archbishop Cullen.

An allusion has been made to incidents in other quarters. We may note in particular the affair of the Bishop of Malta, who was, in 1835, invited to take his place at the Council Board of that dependency, and who, in deference to the judgment of Rome, declined the oath of qualification. On the 19th of December in that year, the Cardinal Secretary of State, Beretti, thus responded to the Bishop's letter of the preceding May:

'The form of oath having been examined, it is found that it is *not approvable by the Holy See*, and that it *never has been approved of*:—and likewise the resolution taken by Monsignor Quarantotti—whose letter, written as Vice-Prefect of the Propaganda on the 16th of February, 1814, to Monsignor Poynter, in the absence of the Pope from his See, was alleged in support of that form—has not been approved of.'

What follows from this announcement that the qualification oath of Roman Catholics is *not approvable by the Holy See*? One of two things. The oath is worthless as a security to the State—or else they who swear it *are not in communion with Rome*. Both these results may follow, and Romanism in this Empire may be rent in twain. The *Irish* party succeeded in their determination that the oath should be sworn. The *Papal* party may struggle sore to render the disapproved engagement a nullity. The Roman Catholics of the empire, of Ireland especially, are

on their trial. Dr. Cullen's Defence Association appeals to the constituencies and their representatives. The oaths of allegiance make also their appeal. The answer to both will be returned by the now near general election.

We have seen an Irish majority in the House of Commons avail itself of the state of parties so as to acquire a perilous influence. We have not sufficiently adverted to the fact that the British Government has exercised a similar power over Romanism. It was at the side of the *Irish party when the oath of allegiance was first taken*; of late years it has given preponderance to the *Papal party*, and must take its full share of responsibility accordingly. A negotiation recently brought to light, will illustrate our meaning. The abortive and monitory issue of the Maltese enterprise, it might be thought, would have protected the Crown against a repetition of it; but it is actually true, confessed, and boasted, that the late Government offered to a Popish Archbishop the rank, office, and opportunities of a Privy Counsellor in Ireland. While this continued matter of rumour merely, we had the charity to disbelieve it; but in the House of Commons, even while we write, all has been settled by Lord John Russell's reply to a question of the member for Armagh, Sir Wm. Verner. The noble ex-Premier's words, as reported, were—

'I have no hesitation in stating that the fact repeated by the hon. baronet is substantially correct; but I should have hesitated making that admission had I not been called upon formally to avow it. It was proposed to the late archbishop [Dr. Murray of Dublin] to take a seat at the Privy Council in Ireland, and the archbishop declined to accept it. Sir, I can only say that it gave me great satisfaction to make that proposal, which I did through Lord Besborough, and I much regretted at the time that it was not accepted by a prelate whose character I esteemed and whose memory I revere.'

We might ask why the Noble Lord, who took the step with 'great satisfaction,' avowed it with 'hesitation,' and only on a 'formal call.' But let this pass—the act itself is the important thing. 'Nos facimus—Deam.' These are the indulgences by which we make Romanism mighty, and these the prostrations by which we invite her to scorn us. With such indications of the secret good will or the craven spirit of her Majesty's ministers to guide them, how could 'the Durham letter' excite in the hearts of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics any feelings but those of indignation or contempt? In the Maltese negotiation Lord John Russell ought to have learned that the qualification oath of a Roman Catholic was a most precarious 'security,' and yet he invited—not simply a member of the Church of Rome, but—a Bishop, bound  
by

by feudal engagements to the Pope, to accept the dignity and power of Privy Counsellor in Ireland, and thus to share in the knowledge of secrets which it deeply concerned the interests of the Crown that he should keep, and which his feudal oath to the Pope bound him to reveal. This was a madness or a *mystery* in the noble Lord, which, viewing it in all its parts, we do not hesitate to pronounce more affronting to the Sovereign, and fraught with more peril to the State, than the intrusion of my Lord Cardinal into Westminster.

A word or two more on the Malta documents. In the Cardinal Secretary's reply to the Bishop's application, it is said, on the part of the Pope, that the letter of Quarantotti to Archbishop Poynter '*had never been approved.*' It would have been more correct to say that the letter had been *disavowed*. There were two parties at the time among the Romanists of Great Britain and Ireland—one willing that the Crown should satisfy itself of the loyalty of Roman Catholic bishops—the other would deny such satisfaction. The aristocracy and the educated, including a large proportion of the bishops, were predominantly with the former party—the latter was that through which Mr. O'Connell came into power, and which he afterwards wielded with so much dexterity. This latter party delegated two bishops to visit Rome and intercede with the Pope. They were successful in their diplomacy, and in compliance with their remonstrances Quarantotti's Rescript was '*set aside.*' The bishops who thus defeated the party favourable to British rule were Dr. Milner, long since dead, and that same Dr. Murray whom our Whig Government invited to the Privy Council—that Dr. Murray whom Roche-Arnaud professes to have seen received as a Jesuit at Mont Rouge\*—the same who avowedly introduced Jesuit influence into Maynooth—who was patron of the Complete Theology of Dens—whose reply to the imputation of being '*at heart an ardent repealer*' had more of acknowledgment in it than denial.—Such was the faithful servant of the Pope whom Lord John Russell delighted to honour.

The spirit which dictated such demonstrations as this did not prevail in the British cabinet at the time when Roman Catholics insisted that an oath of allegiance should be taken; although, to say truth, it soon began to make its presence discernible. When the oath was taken, the whole composite body of Romanism became comprehended within the British constitution, and it was for the State to determine the extent to which its privileges should be granted to the new members, and on what

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\* Mémoires d'un Jeune Jésuite, chap. xxiv. p. 273.



conditions. The first great trial of strength or skill between the Irish and Papal parties, on which the Government was to pronounce, arose out of the momentous question of education. The Catholic Committee, in the year 1794, had arranged a plan of education which was, it is understood, to be liberal in its spirit and comprehensive in its scope. It was to offer its benefits to candidates for the priesthood, as well as to those who prepared themselves for other walks of life—nay, it was to be open to Protestants. But while this scheme was rapidly approaching completion—its contrivers, moreover, having all reason to believe that the Catholic hierarchy approved of it—a negotiation had been opened with the Government from which the laity were excluded—and the end was abandonment of the project which the Catholic Committee had devised, and the establishment of the Royal College of Maynooth.

Thus, if in 1774 the Irish party had a triumph in the matter of the oath of allegiance, the Papacy had its revenge in 1795 in the no less important matter of education. The choice rested in each case with the British Government how success should be awarded. At the former period there were clear signs that delay would be prejudicial to the political interests of the *Irish* party, and they determined to endure no farther martyrdom for tenets which they did not hold. In the latter case, the State was persuaded to believe that a domestic education for Irish priests would have its advantages, and thus the *Papal* party won its prize. Under the fostering policy of Jeroboam, it was said, the native soil would yield a Romanism of milder type than might otherwise be imported, with an admixture of continental vices and virulence. This was the reason of State—and show—for the erection of Maynooth. The private reason was—if we may credit Dr. M'Nevin and Mr. Emmitt—that the Romish bishops paid for it by a complimentary address to Earl Fitzwilliam. Recent events have rendered the report of such a traffic not wholly incredible. The free trade in opinion which admits of it is certainly more convenient to a party than beneficial to the country—a trade which could set up Maynooth to purchase from Roman Catholic bishops a complimentary address to one Lord Lieutenant—and, through the agency of Government-officials in a proclaimed district, could smuggle five hundred stand of arms into the hands of the Dublin Orangemen, to buy off an address of remonstrance with which those stubborn loyalists threatened another.

As to the question of the Maynooth endowment or establishment, apart from its accessories, we do not at all desire to pre-judge the decision which must ere long be pronounced. We have

introduced

introduced it for one purpose only—as it serves to make manifest two interests in the Irish alliance. The Papal party, by whatever means, defeated the Irish one in the choice of an educational system. Let us ask—how has the vanquished party retaliated?

In the voluminous Report on Maynooth prepared in 1826, there is not a page, perhaps, more instructive than that which records the contributions to the College made from private sources. Some few Roman Catholics bestowed donations upon it between 1795 and 1814. According to a Report, signed by the vice-president of Maynooth, on Nov. 27, 1826, they amounted in all to 4456*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*; and the return testifies that two of these donations—one of 654*l.*, another of 622*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*—were *from England*.\* *From 1814 to 1826 not a single donation had been given.* For the nineteen years that followed, if we may judge from representations made by those who introduced the Endowment Bill, it was equally neglected; and, had not the State come to its aid, must have speedily sunk under the pressure of its financial embarrassments. During those latter years the Roman Catholics of Ireland had contributed from 10,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* per annum as a *tribute* to Mr. Daniel O'Connell; and they suffered the College in which their priests were educated to sink into that disgraceful squalor in which Sir Robert Peel described and adopted it. A fact like this, even if it stood alone, would be no trivial indication of popular spirit and feeling. But it is far from standing alone. The truth is that the Roman Catholics of Ireland since the Revolution—perhaps we might have said since the Reformation—*have never been parties to any arrangement by which the ministration of a Papal Clergy could be assured to them.*

We shall be told of the liberality with which they provide, voluntarily, for the maintenance of their actual clergy; and be asked how this can be accounted for except by the influence of genuine faith and devotion?—Let us ask in reply, why it is more necessary to infer *belief* in Papal dogmas from the support given to those who have been educated to teach them, than to find *approval* of those dogmas in the provision which the Imperial Government makes that five hundred young men shall be induced by an ample pecuniary remuneration to prepare themselves for the same career? As respects the educated Romanists—to say nothing of strong motives of immediate political interest in not a few cases—there are, we are convinced, many who would be well contented that a system which they have

outgrown should die out, and yet could not abandon its living representatives to destitution. In Ireland, too, there are harsher incentives that should not be quite overlooked. 'The contempt of the Faithful,' writes Count Montalembert in that *masterly delineation* already cited, 'assuredly awaits those who have it in their power, and will not give.' Such contempt is likely to show itself in rude shapes, and it may make the voluntaryism of Irish Popery a system more stringently compulsory, under what the Count calls 'the laws of the community,' than any system could ever hitherto be rendered by the 'laws of the land.'

If wealthy Irish Roman Catholics at home have withheld their contributions from Maynooth—while poor Roman Catholics have given heed to Protestant instructors in Holy Scripture—Emigration has also its disclosures to make. It has certified to departures from Rome so numerous as to be pronounced appalling. Various testimonies have recently been made public; that which we select has especial claims on attention. When it was decided that a 'Catholic College' (in opposition to the Queen's Colleges) should be established in Ireland, among other agents appointed to collect funds, a Priest, by name Mullen, was sent to America. An individual so selected, we may feel assured, was faithful to the Church which so confided in him, and must be regarded as having the powers of observation and intelligence essential to success. His testimony is this:—

'Twelve years ago America had a population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston) of 1,200,000. Calculating the increase of this number by births at the very small number of 500,000—and adding, for converts in the larger cities and towns, 20,000—we will have the following total:—

Catholic emigrants from the year 1825 to 1844 . . . . .	800,000
_____ from 1844 to 1852 . . . . .	1,200,000
_____ from other countries . . . . .	250,000
American Catholic population twelve years ago . . . . .	1,200,000
Increase by births since . . . . .	500,000
Number of converts . . . . .	20,000

Number who ought to be Catholics . . . . . 3,970,000

Number who are Catholics . . . . . 1,980,000

Number lost to the Catholic Church . . . . . 1,990,000

Say, in round numbers, two millions!

—*Freeman's Journal*, Saturday, April 24, 1852.—

After quoting Mr. Mullen's statement, a leading organ of Irish Romanism says:—

'The fact cannot be denied—multitudes do abandon all religion either in their own persons or in those of their children. Many who have

have left Europe, that their children rather than themselves might have bread, have had cause to lament that those very children have lost by it the life which is "more than meat." We have great doubt whether emigration, as it now goes on, is attended with any real temporal benefit to Ireland; *we are very sure it is attended by much spiritual danger to the emigrants.*'—*Weekly Telegraph, Saturday, May 1.*

The late Mr. Inglis, a tourist whose tendencies were by no means favourable to the established Protestantism of Ireland, mentions, when visiting Longford, what he is pleased to call 'a curious fact':—

'From time to time considerable emigration has taken place from this part of Ireland to America; and it is not unusual for remittances to be sent home by those who have emigrated, for the use of their relatives. Now it is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, *that Catholic emigrants* send their remittances to the care, *not of the Catholic Priest,* but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual for Catholics possessed of a little money *to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor* in preference to their own priest, *or to any other individual.*'—*Ireland in 1834, i. 347.*

It would be easy to adduce a multitude of details from other quarters in confirmation of this traveller. We have not room to do so; but as to his 'curious fact' itself, we may observe that the year in which this tribute was paid to the clergy of Ireland was one of the years in which they had most to endure. The tithe war was raging; and we remember well that, when the Marquis of Normanby, then Lord Mulgrave, affirmed that no clergyman of our Church had suffered violence during his administration, an Irish newspaper replied by a list of ninety sufferers, all within a few years, 1834 included. In twenty-eight instances they were plundered—in almost as many grievously assaulted. Not a few attempts had been made to take away their lives—*five* exemplary clergymen had been *murdered*. In a multitude of cases they were driven to seek sustenance for their families at a distance from their appointed spheres of duty. While this persecution was waged by Roman Catholics *inhabiting* Ireland—and while a Government, to gratify the persecutors, was inflicting heavy blows and sore discouragement on Protestantism—Roman Catholic *emigrants* were offering to those persecuted men the highest testimony of deference and respect:—knowing their want and how it had been caused, and *proving* their confidence in an integrity beyond the reach of temptation.

The 'curious fact' of 1834 was but one of many happy omens for Ireland. At this moment there is not a province or, we believe, a county wherein exertions are not successfully made  
to

to bring Roman Catholics to the knowledge of Scriptural truth. Where our difficulty was thought to be greatest, where our hope least, light has sprung up. Far be it from us to underrate the resources still wielded by Rome in Ireland—or to condemn its manifest purpose to become, in the anticipated balancing of parties here, a power by which the State must submit to be governed. We even admit that such a scheme may, under existing circumstances, be fraught with more peril to the empire than it was in the days when Mr. O'Connell kept in place the men who hated and feared him. But we hope and trust that the embodied presence of the Papacy in the brigade which is to be its secular arm in our Senate will—at last—awaken a British spirit where it has too long been slumbering.

But what is to be done? We have had tentative legislation enough. We want two things—that the laws as they exist shall be administered, and that Parliament, before it enacts new laws, shall be enlightened. Romanism has taken up a position and put forth pretensions to which the Legislature cannot but give a strict attention. But this implies the duty of exploring the doctrines of that system, so far—although so far only—as they affect its political relations. We are bound to get rid of all mystery, of all doubt, as respects *the priest's oath*. We place at the disposal of the Romish bishops a fund by which they can induce or bribe young men to enter the ecclesiastical career—and cannot divest ourselves of complicity with the parties who require of these young men, whether during their collegiate education, or afterwards in their clerical life, to swear an oath against the impiety and antisocial character of which the gravest complaints have been made public. An inquiry is demanded not only by a sense of duty, but by the emergency of the season:—not inquiry such as it was on past occasions, when the plea of *not guilty* was accepted as conclusive evidence in favour of those whom their own admitted acts and professions accused; not inquiry such as it was when Roman Catholic colleges answered the questions which Protestant statesmen allowed a Roman Catholic solicitor (and Jesuit, as some have said) to put into shape. If the Houses of Parliament will do their duty boldly—if they take fair and ample means to show what—in a political sense—the Church of Rome is, and what it teaches—we firmly believe the result will be such a change in its constitution, or such a diminution of its strength, as will render it innocuous, at least for political purposes, in Ireland.

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ART. IV.—*Mémoires d'un Ministre du Trésor Public.*—4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1845. (Not published.)

THE autobiography of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or a Paymaster-General is a subject not lightly to be approached by ourselves or incautiously imposed on the patience of our readers. We engage then at the outset to pass by the chronology of departed budgets and to forswear the mysteries of double entry. We shall neither linger at the receipt of custom nor perplex our pages with the *tableaux* of what is termed a 'financial situation'—but, leaving these *scrinia sacra*, endeavour to draw some attention to the personal history of a statesman who has seldom been surpassed for good sense and integrity.

The work before us was commenced in 1817 as a record of the actions of a well-spent life, and it includes a large quantity of notes taken at the time from the conversations of Napoleon, besides an extensive selection from his administrative correspondence. A great judge of mankind, who has himself passed alternately through the fascination of the Emperor's genius and the indignities of his resentment, assures us that upon the whole no known memoirs give so accurate a picture of his peculiar qualities and defects in the transaction of civil business. This book still remains unpublished, though completed by its author before his death, and even printed under his directions. It was his will that the work should be considered the private property of his excellent wife during her survivorship, and accordingly it is to the personal courtesy of Countess Mollien that we owe this opportunity of anticipating the judgment of the public on the eminent abilities and the estimable character of her husband.

We have seldom had the good fortune to meet with a more genuine production in this branch of literature: and we mean by that expression not only the indisputable authenticity of the work—a point not always to be overlooked in French memoirs—but the absence of theatrical display, the truthfulness of impressions, the modesty and good faith which pervade this narrative of so many great and strange events. M. Mollien brought to the service of his country all the qualities most opposed to the prevailing illusions and excesses of his epoch, and to the showy but ephemeral grandeur of the government to which he belonged. The world was convulsed by a paroxysm, but nothing could shake his stubborn arithmetic. He lived through a storm of revolution, bankruptcy, violence, and war, with unshaken fidelity to the traditions of authority, with the nicest regard for the obligations of public credit, with an inflexible adherence to right as the sole basis

basis of permanent power, and with undisguised apprehensions as to the result of the imperial policy. Throughout that eventful era Mollien was always the drab-coloured man, constant at his desk with his pen behind his ear. His sedate remarks and his sinister forebodings, in the midst of so much waste and riot, remind us of the unheeded steward in Hogarth's picture of the Rake's Progress. Nothing could inflame his imagination or subvert his principles; and whether shouts of victory or the crash of defeat rolled beneath him, he remained in unshaken composure, until Napoleon himself ejaculated one day in 1814, 'Mon cher, il n'y a plus d'Empire.'

He lived for esteem rather than for renown; and the services he rendered to the Imperial Government were not the less important because they were unostentatious and frequently unavowed. He retained those qualities of personal dignity, and a sense of public duty, to which revolutionary governments are commonly most fatal; and he held extremely cheap that adventurous and haphazard spirit which formed the chief greatness of his contemporaries. For this reason, however, these volumes are deficient in the minuter sketches of private life usually expected from *Memoirs*. The personal narrative of the writer is reduced to a slender compass, and he only alludes to the principal occurrences of his own career as much as is indispensably necessary to explain his connexion with public events. In a word, he led what is termed a life of business, and even his memoirs are written with as much conscientious labour and precision as a report on the state of the Treasury. They deserve, therefore, to rank above the class of personal reminiscences of the Empire to which they might be supposed to belong; and from the remarkable soundness of the economical principles which Count Mollien professed, as well as from his acute analysis of the resources of Napoleon's government, they may form a valuable addition to the libraries of statesmen.

In spite of all that has been said of the state of French society before the outbreak of the Revolution, and of the destructive influence which the eighteenth century had already exercised upon the fundamental principles of religion and order, that Revolution undoubtedly found in the prime of life a race of men whose equals France has not produced at any subsequent period—and the generation it sacrificed stands far superior in energy and solid ability, if not in intelligence, to the generation formed after its own image. To that race of men, whose representatives were ere long to sit as sovereigns on the benches of the *Tiers*, young Mollien belonged. He was the son of a merchant at Rouen, born in 1758, 'in that class of life to which,' as he says, 'I should myself have chosen  
to

to belong, since it is neither tormented with envy nor apt to inspire it—voluntarily dependent on the laws, but dependent only on mankind by reciprocal duties.’ Having gained some prize at the University of Paris, the reversion of an under clerkship in the Treasury was promised him by a friend of his father; and in the mean time he pursued the study of the law. At this period his father took occasion to address to him some judicious remarks on the receipt of those professional emoluments which secure independence in life, but which Mollien’s juvenile delicacy fancied to be inconsistent with his own dignity; and the parental admonition was terminated by placing in his hands a copy of Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*.

‘PROPERTY,’ said the old man, ‘is a word which I never pronounce without respect, and I confess I have found no work which defines it exactly as I comprehend it. The older jurists consider it chiefly as an affair of transfer and inheritance; but my notice was lately drawn to an English book, in which I find, though not a special treatise on property, more extended notions of its elements, of the circumstances which affect it, of the ties it establishes amongst men, to whom it affords under so many different forms the sole matter of exchange. I recommend this author to your meditations; he has imagined nothing, but he has observed everything; his theory is exact, not conjectural; it explains the mechanism of society as Newton explained the solar system—by proving it. Such a book ought to be in the hands of all who take any part in public affairs, and especially of those who direct them. I am an old man, yet I can scarcely name a minister who has studied or who would have applied these principles. Perhaps the writer speaks to his readers in too high a tone, for it is not by contempt that false opinions can be effectually attacked; but as you, my son, are not called upon to enlighten or to govern others, it is for your own guidance that I exhort you to study the doctrines of my English author, whom I regret to find extremely superior to the economists of France. Be prudent enough not to use what you may find in it as a means of censure on our own government, but regulate your personal conduct by its maxims.’—i. 57.

This paternal exhortation powerfully contributed to give a lasting direction to young Mollien’s life. His mind was thoroughly imbued with the clear fixed principles of Adam Smith on subjects then obscure to many of the most thinking men in Europe. He accustomed himself more and more to make the laws and obligations of property the constant subject of his reflections, until they became his rule of conduct and his test of truth. Every question resolved itself at last in his mind into a financial equation; and as, contrary to the prediction of his father, he *was* called upon to take an important part in the government of the largest empire the world had witnessed since the fall of Rome,  
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he presents the singular anomaly of a French minister under the reign of Buonaparte steadily endeavouring to apply the principles of Adam Smith, as far as he was able to prevail against the prejudices of his time and the passions of his master. Shortly afterwards, having relinquished the practice of the law, partly in consequence of the advice of an elderly advocate who sagaciously predicted the catastrophe already impending over the legal profession, Mollien received a regular appointment under the *ferme générale*, or financial company then entrusted with the collection of the public revenue.

During the seventeen years which he spent in the labours of this department he passed successively under the orders of no less than *fifteen* finance-ministers, and he had remarkable opportunities of studying and comprehending that extraordinary and increasing series of financial difficulties which at last brought about the dissolution of the monarchy. Financial burdens of far greater amount are now borne with comparative ease—financial difficulties requiring far stronger remedies are now boldly solved. But the French Treasury under Louis XVI. had fallen into the hands of empirics. The excellent intentions of the King were defeated by the feeble instruments he was compelled to choose. Confidence was destroyed, and the machinery of fiscal administration was incurably old, oppressive, and ineffective. A clandestine warfare was carried on against the fiscal authority deputed to the *ferme*, for in the single year 1783 the contraband of salt was so extensive that 4000 domiciliary visits had been made, 2500 men, 2000 women, 6600 children, 1200 horses, and 56 vehicles had been arrested on the public roads, 200 convicts were sent to the galleys, and out of the 6000 *forçats* then in the *bagnes* one-third were sentenced as smugglers. M. Necker declared the interest of the debt of France in 1785 to be 207 millions of livres, but that sum increased by 10 millions before the end of the year, and from 1774 to 1785 the augmentation in the interest of the debt had been 123 millions. ‘But this funded debt,’ says M. Mollien, ‘was not the only one which Louis XV. had bequeathed to his successor; it was not so much it, as the unfunded debt, left floating and without security, which was deepening the abyss.’ It was in a word the accumulated result of dishonesty and procrastination and of unclosed accounts in every department of the Government. In 1785 M. Necker computed this arrear at 250 millions; in 1789 it exceeded 550; and the result of these debts—disguised under the name of outstanding accounts—was to render it almost impossible for the State to contract any regular loan except on most onerous conditions. We advert to these figures, which give a brief summary  
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of French finance before the Revolution, because in our own day we are witnessing a repetition of many of the same phenomena—a rapid series of ill-qualified ministers, governing on no financial system, but providing only for the wants of the hour—a huge augmentation of the public stocks, and a still more rapid increase in the floating debt of the nation—yet in the present state of France these evils, which are greater under Louis Buonaparte after sixty years of revolution than they were under Louis XVI. at its commencement, are controlled, and their consequences may be averted, by the great improvement in the system of public accounts and a more equitable adaptation of the incidence of taxation.

Amongst the men then in Paris whose attention was directed to these subjects, long before it was discovered that the laws of finance involve no mysteries but the steady application of a few fixed principles and plain rules of honesty and good sense, was one whose name deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Under Necker's first administration, a Genevese banker, M. Panchaud, who had resided for some time in England, established a house of business at Paris. His operations were large, and not always profitable, but he produced a greater effect on the world by his *salon* than by his *caisse*. He talked on financial subjects with singular eloquence, and attacked the calculations of the minister of the day with extreme vehemence. Courtiers, abbés, magistrates, and idlers flocked to hear him, and amongst them were to be found one or two men capable of appreciating the value of such lessons. M. Mollien was one of the youngest of his guests, and with him young Louis, afterwards *abbé* and *baron*, the same who, twenty-five years later, under Louis XVIII., restored the credit of the monarchy after the calamities of 1815. M. Panchaud had assisted Turgot to organize the first *caisse d'escompte* established in France, which was the germ of the Bank of France itself, and he was habitually consulted by Calonne. Under the latter of these ministers a question arose about the reissue of the gold coinage. Panchaud was affronted that his opinion had not been asked, and he found means to place before the King a paper, in which he convicted the Minister of an inaccuracy. The King read the paper, and, handing it to Calonne, told him to answer it if he could. Calonne, whether from malice or from unconsciousness, called upon Panchaud himself to supply the refutation, and the unhappy Swiss was compelled to strangle, one by one, his own arguments, lest he should betray his secret and lose his place. 'How little prepared for great events,' says M. Mollien, 'was an administration so obstinate and immoveable in the midst of the light, the wants, and the interests growing from day to day to

to day around it!' Mollien himself was at this time only twenty-five years of age; yet he was employed to draw up the Report of the Minister to the King on the renewal of the leases or contracts with the *Fermiers Généraux*. The Minister received a present of 300,000 livres, which was the usual gratuity—called the *pot de vin du bail des fermes*. Necker had refused on a former occasion to accept it. The merit of the young clerk who had done the work was, however, not altogether overlooked, and he obtained a pension of 3000 livres from the Crown for extraordinary services—a merited reward, of which the Revolution was ere long to deprive him. That catastrophe already overshadowed the highest institutions of the country and the first interests of the State, not so much from the magnitude of its embarrassments as from the want of intelligence and skill to deal with them. At the outset, by bad public examples, the authority of property was already shaken; and as it was the peculiar characteristic of Mollien's mind to combine every political principle and even the laws of morality with the forms of property with which he was most conversant, the French Revolution is judged by him chiefly from this point of view. Thus, he writes:—

'Public credit only begins with the respect of Government for every species of private property. M. de Calonne had been led by the force of events to think, as M. Necker did, that a grand revolution in the financial system of the kingdom could alone repair its disorder, and he thought himself strong enough to undertake the task. But neither M. Necker, nor M. de Calonne, nor perhaps any one in France had then foreseen that a grand revolution in our finances would infallibly lead to a revolution in our whole social constitution. Some one has said that no Government in Europe could long resist the resentment of violated property. He who made that remark might have foreseen the explosion which M. de Calonne was preparing without intending it.'—i. 124.

And thus, in examining the practical character of the legislative body which so soon acquired an absolute and dictatorial power in the kingdom, he says:—

'The Assemblies convoked in 1788 and 1789 did not represent the property of the nation. Their majorities represented life-interests only, or that floating class of society which has but vanities to defend. They brought on the stage decreasing talents and increasing passions, and the rights of property were lost in the name of equality of rights. The property of France was called upon to support the extravagance of that revolutionary power which, without finances or taxes, raised fifteen armies, and boasted that it had sent 1,500,000 combatants to the field. By the side of the ruin and universal devastation which the country had thus to endure, the sacrifices necessary to meet

meet the deficit of 1789 would have been small indeed. But, composed as the Constituent Assembly was, it soon showed that it was capable of anything, because it relied on the classes which had no property at all. There are truths which nothing but the instinct of property teaches: as, for instance, that the seizure of property by an abuse of power is only to legalize armed robbery. . . . Property is the principal organ of the social body. It sets in motion all the rest: but it is also the most irritable and delicate of all institutions, and the slightest lesion on one point throws the whole frame into suspense and peril. It was for this reason that, in common with a few thinking men of the circle of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, I considered the first convocation of the National Assembly to be so fatal: for we understood by the term property all that human intelligence and foresight can create and permanently appropriate to the preservation of man.'—i. 142.

Whilst Mollien continued to watch the progress of the avalanche without partaking in the illusions of either side, it overtook him in his own career. He had foreseen that Paris would become the least desirable residence in France during such a convulsion; and he obtained from M. Tarbé, who had just been named Minister of Finance, an appointment to superintend a branch of the revenue in the department of the Eure. In the provincial society of Evreux he found many at heart unfriendly to the Revolution, in which they seemed to acquiesce—shocked by the 20th of June, 1792—appalled by the 10th of August—at either stage uncombined and helpless. By and bye, Rochefoucauld—who had concluded a course of weak subserviency to that pedant of treason and atheism, Condorcet, by a sincere repentance—made an attempt to get up an address in favour of the King after the 20th of June, and forthwith was assassinated at Gisors. Upon the same day Mollien was ordered, as a *suspect*, to repair to Paris. He lost his place, and hints that, had he been a noble, he should have emigrated: but, with more genuine courage and dignity, he turned cotton-spinner. He was one of the first manufacturers who introduced into France the machinery which was at that time so rapidly extending the industrial power of England. In May, 1793, Clavière, who was then Minister of Finance, again summoned him to the capital, and hinted that his refusal to take any part in public affairs might at such an hour be regarded as a crime. To Mollien, however, 'the post of honour was a private station;' and he went back from Paris to his spinning-jennies, wondering only to have found the Place Louis XV., which he had fancied to be blasted with some ineffable horror, looking just as he had left it, with its idlers strolling to and fro in the old tranquillity. Who, on returning after some fresh explosion to that arena of public crimes, has not felt with Mollien that the very stones and houses must be conscious of so much blood,  
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until it is made evident, as it was to him, that even the living men in the streets are indifferent to the events of yesterday, and hardly more attentive to those of the morrow? The frightful familiarity of the population with incidents which would rouse every feeling of manhood and of shame in more regularly ordered societies, is the result of past revolutions, and the cause of an endless series of them. It is like the egotism of a pestilence or the apathy of a siege, when men dissemble their fear of danger by the suppression or extinction of their natural sympathies. Mollien returned once more to Evreux, but the Reign of Terror had begun. The provinces were infested by spies and informers; his friends were seized around him; he calmly awaited the same fate—and soon shared it. On the 15th of February, 1794, three Representatives of the People arrived to punish Evreux, as they said, for its attachment to the 'tyrant Capet, and one of them pointed out to Mollien, as he was carried away under arrest, the spot reserved for *national vengeance*. Upon his examination, he found that he was accused of taking part in the Duke of Rochefoucauld's Address. His coolness enabled him to parry the first attack of the revolutionary committee—and he was discharged. A few days later, however, he was again arrested by an order of the Convention, as an *accomplice* of the *Fermiers Généraux*. His papers were seized, and, as the patent of his small annuity was found among them, he was described as a 'pensioner of the tyrant.' Mollien's chief apprehension was that his own workmen would rise to rescue him from his captors. Announcing, in the most prosaic form, that he had occasion to be from home for a little while, he gave out work for a fortnight, and, with these precautions, surrendered himself to the ruffians who were to carry him to Paris.

He arrived in the night, and was at once restored to the society of the thirty-two *Fermiers Généraux*—his former masters—in the *Hôtel des Fermes*—their own property—part of which had now been fitted up with bars and gratings:—

'Innocence itself sleeps ill in prisons, and, though the night was far spent, most of the *Fermiers Généraux* were still awake. They were employed, with the incorrigible but ingenuous confidence of honest men, in opposing their own exact calculations to the extravagant suppositions of their adversaries. My arrival astonished them. Their first care was to offer me a share in the wretched furniture of the prison—a mattress on the floor and a screen—in which condition I remained till daylight. Nothing could be more painful than the scene around me, and I confess that I could ill sustain it; but the resignation, the patience, and the hopefulness of my companions gave me fresh courage. I learnt from them that their chief enemy was one of their former *employés*, for whom I had myself obtained from them a place of trust,

trust, which he had abused by appropriating 200,000 or 300,000 francs by means of forged documents. This man escaped from prison on the 10th of August, and, in order to recover possession of the papers affecting his own character, he declared that he had important disclosures to make against the Fermiers Généraux, which would restore hundreds of millions to the public treasury. Access was at once given him to the papers he pointed out, and amongst them he found my own correspondence with the office respecting his defalcation. For this reason he had denounced me. My companions had persuaded themselves that, as he had succeeded in his main object with reference to his own crime, he would cease to persecute them. They boasted that they had a complete answer to every charge that could be made against them, and that they could await their trial with safety. After four years of revolution these worthy men were still in this state of ignorance and delusion as to the "trials" of that time and the violence of political passions. I sought not to shake their confidence, but I could not share it. I felt that as long as power remained in the hands of men necessarily timid, suspicious, and therefore cruel, who could only replenish their treasury by confiscation, the best chance of safety was in the multitude of their victims and the lassitude of their instruments; that to attempt a defence was to accelerate the universal solution by death; and that in so frightful an epidemic the chief resource was not to expose myself to the contagion. With these views, I merely begged those who took any interest in me to leave me to my fate.'

Some of the Fermiers Généraux had proposed to sacrifice their fortunes, thinking—with truth—that they were chiefly obnoxious by their wealth; but the proposal was rejected—because its acceptance might have looked like an acknowledgment of injustice in the charges that had been pressed upon them. This, however, led to inquiry as to the amount of property they could have collected. It turned out that these 32 Fermiers Généraux, descending from opulent financial families, and who were accused of having robbed the State of two or three hundred millions, could scarcely have raised *twenty-two millions* amongst them, including their entire property of every sort, if their lives could have been saved at that price. It barely amounted to a capital of 27,000*l.* sterling a piece. Some of them were so reduced as to be obliged to borrow a pittance for their prison meal. Their courage continued unshaken, even when their danger became more palpable; and they defended themselves from every aspersion on their honour with so much ability, that the Convention was at last compelled to decree (6th of May, 1794), that *they had put the Republic in peril, because some of their agents had been suspected, in 1789, of selling damp tobacco*. The decree wound up by sending to the *Revolutionary Tribunal* the members of this conspiracy.

‘The illustrious Lavoisier was first informed of the edict—and he had the courage to announce it to the rest. All were by this time so detached from life and human affairs that they gave the same answer: “We had foreseen it—we are prepared.” I never doubted that I should share the fate of the Fermiers Généraux, as I had shared their arrest, and I was not appalled by the aspect of death. But I confess I was not equally firm when I thought of the moments which would precede it. From two to four o’clock every day we heard the shouts of the mob insulting the victims as they passed to execution. Full of the horror of such an end, dying on the scaffold amidst the execrations of the populace, I will even confess that in conjunction with another captive I had procured opium. We confided our secret to Lavoisier, and offered him a share of our poison. With a moral dignity, equal to his great attainments, this eminent man rejected the proposal. “Nous donner la mort,” said he, “ce serait absoudre les forcénés qui nous y envoient. Pensons à ceux qui nous ont précédés; ne laissons pas un moins bon exemple à ceux qui nous suivent.”

‘A few minutes later, the Municipality of Paris, escorted by gendarmes, and accompanied by covered vehicles, arrived to consign the prisoners to the tribunal. They were all drawn out before the wicket, and taken by four at a time to each carriage. The turnkeys were all in tears. In about an hour twenty-four of our unfortunate companions had left the prison, the gaoler watching with obvious compassion each departure, whilst the municipal officers were drinking and shouting in his room. I was standing with the eight Fermiers Généraux who remained, for my turn came after them, being *the thirty-third on the list*, when the gaoler said to me in a low voice “Go in—you are not wanted here.” I had only time to cast a glance at those I was leaving, and to see them smile at the hope of my deliverance. The door was shut upon me, and I was in solitude. What a solitude was that of a prison in which I was to survive thirty-two innocent men! I remained in a state of stupor. It was midnight when the gaoler again approached me. He was just returned from the Committee of Public Safety, where he had given his account of the clearance of the prison, but without naming me. He omitted me there, as he had done in the yard of the prison, because the decree only designated the Fermiers Généraux. Some good action, he said, was necessary to console him for so *many others*. I hardly thanked him, or understood what he said. The next day there was still danger; an inquiry had been made about me. All the following night I heard but one carriage pass, for carriages were rare at that time in Paris. I thought it was coming to the prison, and half unconsciously groped to the door which separated me from the sleeping-room of the gaolers. One of them said, “That is Fouquier Tinville, going to prepare to-morrow’s work with Robespierre. He seldom passes so late.” The very name and object of those men increased the gloom of my thoughts. The next morning I knew that my unfortunate comrades were before the tribunal which would pronounce their fate. At two o’clock, on the 8th of May, I hear a voice on the stairs, and the step of gendarmes. Four of them  
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enter the prison, and behind them three other men, whom I scarcely recognized, but who fell fainting into my arms. They were the sole survivors, who had been saved by some lucky accident; but they had left their fathers and brothers at the foot of the scaffold, and their own agony lasted many hours after they were restored to me. Soon afterwards eighty fresh prisoners were thrust into our small cell, but the same compassionate gaoler removed us to another chamber in the Hôtel des Fermes, though not within the prison-part of it. He even pointed out to us a small door of escape in case of necessity. At the end of July, the day of deliverance approached. We heard the *générale* beaten, and the conflict of the 9 Thermidor between the Convention and the Municipality of Paris, headed by Robespierre. On the 28th of July we knew the result—and on the 2nd of August I was free.'—i. 174.

The interval between his escape from the Reign of Terror and his return to office under the First Consul, may be briefly passed over. He relinquished his manufactory. He lost his father. He wound up his small patrimonial fortune. He early discovered in Buonaparte (to him personally unknown) the future master of the distracted and disgusted nation; but as the young General of the Italian campaign betook himself to Egypt in order to leave another year for the execution of his political designs, Mollien, with a characteristic difference of taste, found means to visit England by passing through Holland, and studied on the spot what was of most interest to himself, namely, the effects of the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797. He travelled alone, with no companion but his old favourite Adam Smith in his pocket, and he relates nothing of the incidents of his journey; but the effect of it was lasting. He formed a just conception of the nature of English credit; he comprehended the doctrine of the Sinking Fund, as far certainly as it was understood by its authors, perhaps rather more deeply. Though thoroughly French in his predilections, M. Mollien early arrived at many of those principles which nearly forty years of peace have gradually applied to the intercourse of the world; and he returned to his country prepared, at least, to combat some of the delusions of its rulers, and to restore that order which the Revolution had entirely effaced from its public accounts.

The state of the finances of France at the close of 1799 was appalling. The customs hardly covered the expense of collection; and the duties on the registration of sales were reduced to the low returns on the transfers of national property. Traffic was stopped by an enormous impost, said to be for the repair of the roads, which, however, remained impassable, whilst the fund hardly paid



the expenses of collection. The treasury was exhausted, and the land-tax so ill assessed that it absorbed the proceeds of the national domains still in the market. Assignats had been succeeded by all sorts of irregular paper currency—by mortgages converted into script under the title of *cédules hypothécaires*—a scheme, by the way, which has just been revived by some of the financial advisers of Louis Napoleon; by bills or drafts, with no fixed dates of payment, on the public purse; and by other forms of accommodation, which passed at from 50 to 80 per cent. discount on the market, but which the treasury issued at par, having nothing else to give. The funded debt had undergone a regular bankruptcy to the amount of eighty millions sterling, by the reduction of the capital and interest on the national debt from 100 to 33½. Yet in a few months after the establishment of the Consulate, the new Finance Minister, Gaudin, had restored something like regularity to this shattered system. Gaudin applied at once to Mollien to assist him; for they had both served in the treasury, though in different departments, before the revolution. Under his auspices Mollien again entered the public service—and shortly afterwards he attracted the personal notice of the First Consul, who becomes from that moment the prime subject of these reminiscences.

The career of Napoleon has been described in fifty histories and a hundred memoirs; but Mollien has drawn his portrait neither in the imperial robes nor in military uniform. The object of these volumes is to preserve a minute and accurate record of his administrative faculties, especially in Mollien's own department, and to show with what an amazing combination of versatile talent and solid industry the French Empire was constructed and governed by Napoleon:—

‘Everything in that vast structure was his own; he was the pivot on which the whole revolved; every act of his life, every line from his pen, betrayed his incessant vigilance lest one iota of power should escape him. His attention was ever ready to turn from the grandest enterprises and the highest interests of the State to the smallest details of administration or police, and to the most minute calculations on the outlay of a parish vestry or even of a family in which he took an interest. He had an insatiable desire to be the centre of everything—the sole principle of motion and activity throughout his dominions. Such an organization as his was will probably not soon occur in any other man; but what is still more certain is, that if Napoleon were now to rise entire from his tomb, he would not succeed in repeating his reign.’—i. 40.

*Il ne parviendrait pas à se recommencer* is a significant warning to those who have allowed themselves to imagine that, to renew the

the Empire, it is enough to dispose of the force of an army and the illusions of the common people, and on such grounds to hope for a permanent sway in the absence alike of genius—of glory—and of *Molliens*.

The first appointment which Mollien held under the Consular government was that of manager of the Caisse d'Amortissement—a fund destined to buy up, at the current price, a certain amount of *rentes*. In the eyes of the public this post was a species of comptrollership of the funds, which enabled its lucky possessor to make *honnêtement* the largest fortune in France. In the eyes of Mollien himself it was, as the result showed, an imperfect and inadequate contrivance;—though, as the five per cents. were then at 30, the State seemed to make an excellent investment in buying up its own securities at that price—he perceived the short-sightedness of its speculating on the depreciation of its own engagements. But to the First Consul the Caisse d'Amortissement represented his own power over the Exchange, and it was the instrument of a puerile illusion, which he inflexibly retained—that a government ought always to be prepared, by artificial means, to support the price of the funds, or, as it is termed in 'Change Alley, to 'rig the market.' The following detail of what took place on Mollien's first interview with Buonaparte, exhibits alike his already imperial presumption and the superficiality of his acquaintance with these subjects:—

'He had requested Consul Lebrun to conduct me to Malmaison. I received the command with some nervousness, which, however, entirely left me (though not from increased confidence in myself) when I found myself in the presence of this imposing personage. The conversation lasted two hours, in the presence of Cambacérès and Lebrun, who said nothing. I wrote down what had passed on my return home in the evening of the same day.

'The First Consul began by telling me that his intention in establishing the Caisse d'Amortissement had been to make it the comptroller of the prices of the public securities.—I replied, "General, if the five per cents. which were at 10 fr. about twenty months ago are now between 40 and 50 fr., it is certainly not to the Caisse d'Amortissement that this improvement is due."—"But has not the change in the last fifteen months led to a general hope of progressive amelioration in the country, and is not this progress the interest of every good citizen?"—"General, every speculator, on the Exchange and elsewhere, seems to me to follow his natural instinct in buying as cheaply as he can when he has to buy, and in selling as dear as he can when he has to sell."—"But is it not evident that those who speculate on the fall show very little confidence in *my government*?"—"Allow me to ask, Sir, whether any one can *always* speculate on the fall, and whether it is not an essential condition of all such bargains to be alternately seller and buyer, so that every one speculates on the rise when he sells, and on the

the fall when he buys?"—"But under a government which desires only the glory and prosperity of the country, as the rise in the public funds must naturally be progressive, there ought to be no speculation on the fall. Am I not to regard as disaffected persons men who, to lower the public funds, offer to sell large amounts of them at a price below the current price of the day, and men, I am told, who could not pay the whole price of the stock they profess to hold? Is not this to announce that personally they have no faith in the government; and is not the government to regard as its enemy whosoever declares himself to be so?"—"No doubt he who makes this calculation has formed an unfavourable opinion of some particular measure or event; but the occurrence of such an event is not altered because he speculates upon it. If he is wrong, he loses the difference; if he is right, his foresight may not be without advantage to the government itself. Such a man is in the position of one who in a gaming-house bets on the respective players without playing himself: such bets have no influence on the result of the game."—"You suppose, then,"—said the First Consul—"that the government should do nothing to support its credit, and therefore that the establishment you direct is a useless one."—"It is always honourable to a government to buy up its debts, provided it be done on public and equitable principles, as a merchant may pay his bills before they are due."—"I see the bearing of your comparison. You might also compare the recent state of the finances with what I have made them. All the mischief is not yet cured; but it will be the sooner cured the less criticism and opposition the government meets with. I know what takes place on the Bourse of Paris; and I judge men by their acts. I don't say they preach revolt there, but they give a wrong direction to public opinion, if not from party spirit, at least from some motive which is less creditable and not less dangerous. To have public opinion well directed the government must give the impulse, and that impulse must be everywhere the same. . . . Since you acknowledge that it is important to the character of a government that the price of the funds should steadily advance, the natural consequence of your admission is the right of police surveillance over those who, speculating on the variations of the market, are often interested in depressing it. The great order which governs the world ought to govern every part of the world: government is the central power of society, like the sun; other institutions must gravitate in their orbits round it. The government must therefore regulate their combinations, so that all concur in the maintenance of harmony. In the system of the world nothing is left to chance; in the system of society nothing must be left to individual caprice. I do not mean to interfere with any man's profession; but, as head of the present government of France, I ought not to tolerate this profession of stock-brokers, for whom nothing is sacred, and who for a trifling profit would sell the secrets and the honour of the government itself if they were in their power."—i. 262.

We spare our readers Mollien's sensible but somewhat prolix reply to these egregious fallacies, in which the notions of the  
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First Consul on mercantile transactions are obviously subservient to his theory of absolute government. Mollien does not appear; however, to have made the most obvious as well as the most decisive answer—namely, that any means taken to force up the course of the funds artificially must eventually depress them, and that government interference to prevent sales at low prices would shake public credit, because one essential element in such securities is their constant convertibility. In fact, like most of Napoleon's resources of government, he was content to take a falsehood and a sham for reality, and he expected the world to do the same. To prevent the natural rise and fall of the funds is to fix the political weather-glass at 'set fair'—that is, to destroy the value of the instrument in order to make it an instrument of deception.

The conversation was broken off by the arrival of some despatches from Russia; but Mollien was desired to remain and dine. The party was small, and the Consul affected for a while to talk on indifferent topics; but about the middle of the dinner he touched on the questions of the morning, and brought out *as his own* some of the remarks Mollien himself had made just before—adding that it was absurd to prohibit what they had not the power to prevent, and that the Caisse d'Amortissement deserved to be increased and supported. Mollien was not insensible to this flattering proof of his growing influence, and he was struck with the singular alliance formed in the person of Buonaparte between the desire to command and the desire to please. On the main subject of this discussion, however, Napoleon was incorrigible. The price of the funds was a matter of as much personal vanity and solicitude to him as any part even of his own *military* administration. At a subsequent period of his reign, after Tilsit, the five per cents. had risen to 90. In 1808, the Spanish war lowered them to 80, and they were still falling, when he resolved, at any cost, to support the market at that price. In spite of the numerous demands on the treasury at that time thirty millions of francs were spent in this absurd attempt. The following letter to Mollien on the subject is curious. It is dated from Madrid, 15th Dec. 1808:—

'I see with pleasure that the five per cents. have not been below 80. I don't regret the thirty millions spent for this object; and if it cost as much more, I desire you to take care to keep up that price. The bank can take a large slice of these *rentes*, and the Caisse d'Amortissement can take more. They will get  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for their money. It is only by this means that the five per cents. can acquire value. Every man will know what he has in his pocket when he has no reason to fear that the five per cents. will fall below 80. I will hear of no excuse. Don't let the five per cents. fall below 80.

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‘ Sur ce, je prie Dieu qu’il vous prenne en sa sainte garde. — NAPOLEON.’—ii. 365.

The same efforts had been made at the time of the rupture of the peace of Amiens. The First Consul had evidently never considered that treaty as anything more than an attempt to convince Europe of his pacific intentions and his ability for civil government. But he was soon alarmed by the imprudent activity of French commercial enterprise abroad; he insinuated to Mollien that French merchants might insure their cargoes *in English insurance offices*; foreseeing, in his own mind, that the return voyage was by no means secure. Mollien immediately detected the impending rupture, from these guarded remarks; and his conviction was strengthened by the anxiety of Buonaparte to support the funds in the event of some panic which he did not describe. It was partly from the fear of a commercial crisis ensuing upon a fresh declaration of war that Mollien was ordered to revise the statutes of the Bank of France, which had been founded in 1800, and to place the credit of that establishment on the most secure basis. Nothing can be more masterly than the papers drawn up by Mollien on this subject; and to his lasting honour it must be recorded that the Bank of France has now weathered the storms of half a century by a strict adherence to those principles, and that it has displayed a strength and soundness of constitution unapproached by any other establishment in the country. Its system of accounts, likewise introduced by Mollien, is admirable; for through all the vicissitudes of the empire, of invasion, and of several successive revolutions, the Bank is every day able to ascertain with precision its real situation; and no undertaking of this nature has till now been conducted with greater ability and success. We say *till now*—because the events of the last few months exhibit both an influence exercised by government over the Bank which Napoleon himself would have disclaimed, and a wide departure from the correct and unalterable principles M. Mollien laid down. It is curious that this excellent system was established under the immediate pressure caused by the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and was specially intended to assist the interests of trade under that calamity. Napoleon endeavoured at the same time to keep up the funds, and for three days Mollien was ordered to hold the market at the cost of four million francs a-day, which the Treasury could ill spare. But so feeble a barrier was wholly insufficient. The funds fell ten per cent., and Napoleon acknowledged that he was beaten, but boasted that he had done what he could for trade. In truth, he had done nothing at all; and the money sacrificed, in spite of Mollien’s remonstrances, went into the pockets of the very class of speculators whom Napoleon abhorred.

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The period here described was that when the promises of the Consulate were transformed into the pageantry of the Empire. A mock Court rose upon the scene of the Revolution, and the society of Paris, so roughly dispersed ten years before, began to reassemble. France was once more a monarchy. We are witnessing in our day a similar transformation—but, whilst the piece is the same, the whole quality of the actors is different. Mollien's picture of Paris in 1804, though not extremely favourable to the new social elements the Revolution had thrown to the surface, might pass for a bitter satire of the state of official society in the capital of 1852; for, amidst all its heinous sins, the despotism of the uncle repressed every irregular passion with severity and punished every abuse of trust—that of the nephew sets an example of cynical indifference to public integrity and public decorum.

In spite, however, of the progress already made by the country, the state of its finances had seldom been more deplorable than at the outset of the second period of the war. In the years from 1803 to 1805 the navy had cost 440 millions instead of 210; and the war department, estimated at 630 millions, had risen to 809, leaving many debts still unpaid.

The treasury was literally exhausted, when, after two years spent in ruinous preparations without any result between France and her insular rival, two continental powers of the first order marched against us and threatened the most accessible part of our frontiers. Such was this exhaustion of the treasury, that Napoleon was only able to form what he called the chest of his *grande armée* out of a few millions of his personal savings. The contractors, whose accounts were all in arrear, raised their terms as they found themselves more necessary to the Government. To provide the means of moving an army of 100,000 men from the coast of Picardy to the heart of Bavaria, it had been necessary to assist the principal contractors, who, for want of any other means, had taken 10 millions of national domains in part payment. The Bank was assailed with demands for the reimbursement of its notes, because it had discounted too freely, and had been drawn on by the bankers who, under the name of *faiseurs de service*, assisted its operations. All the symptoms of a speedy and terrible crisis were perceptible before Napoleon started for Germany.

M. de Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had doubtless perceived the evil; and Napoleon was still more aware of it, but he saw and sought no remedy but in victory. I remember that a short time before his departure, seeing me on his way to the theatre at St. Cloud, he came up and said, "The finances go on ill—the bank is in distress. *It is not here that I can set things to rights.*" That same night he started to join the army. I understood but too well the meaning of those words. I saw that his fate and that of France was again to be risked upon the fortune of war, and I considered with alarm what might

might be the consequences of defeat, or even of tardy success.<sup>1</sup>  
—i. 410.

After Napoleon's departure, the difficulties of the Bank increased, and the Council of Regency was constantly occupied with means of dispersing the crowd which demanded payment of its notes. No complete suspension took place, but the payment went on so slowly that public confidence was shaken; the notes ceased to circulate freely, and fell to 10 discount. Mollien firmly defended the sound principles of banking, with which he alone seemed conversant. But in reply to his observations the Cabinet resolved to disperse the claimants *by force*, as seditious groups, and to pay a small portion of the notes every day at each of the *mairies*. No attempt was made to procure bullion from abroad, and the crisis had been becoming every day more formidable, when it was terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, which restored confidence to the nation and enabled the bank to resume its regular payments.

But though the immediate danger appeared to be averted, Mollien was not to be imposed upon by the assistance which military triumphs can render to financial affairs; and, in his view, these victories attacked the fundamental principles of public prosperity, because they attacked the property of nations. If Austerlitz was won, Trafalgar was lost; and whilst the French standard floated on the towers of Vienna, the ports of France were closed against all commercial intercourse on both her seas. The troops brought back glory; but left undying resentment behind them. For whilst their Chief had adopted (and improved) the most modern combinations of strategy, he retained the rudest notions of antiquity on the rights of conquest. The armies he led were the armies of a Revolution which had declared war to all property at home and to all governments abroad; and he never learnt in that school the slightest respect for either the sovereigns or the nations he combated. He fancied that Paris could be enriched, like Rome, by the tributes of every other people, and that he could thus weaken the power and influence of the princes who were compelled to buy his contemptuous forbearance. But eighteen centuries had elapsed since Rome had subdued the world by a policy which rendered her hostility so terrible and her alliance so onerous. The wealth of those days consisted in the treasures of barbaric kings, and the loss of that wealth was ruin to their dreams of defence and independence. In our times the exchange of mutual services conduces far more to the happiness and greatness of a State than the ravages of mutual destruction. The exploits of violence are superseded by the law of duration,  
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for *preservation* and *increase* are the moral law of the civilized world. In the midst, therefore, of the enthusiasm which the great achievements of Napoleon kindled in the pride of France, those who were disposed to investigate the real benefits of so much victory and glory were wont to reflect that whole nations could not be chafed with impunity in their property and their honour, and that it was dangerous to give a national character to the sting of defeat. Already they discerned the gigantic plan of the French empire, whose grandeur did not disguise its danger. The marvellous man who had risen so rapidly to the highest degree of power, and terminated the convulsions of the French Revolution, had transferred its violence and instability to the thrones of Europe. Yet these critics were not hostile to the new government—they desired its duration, and they served its interests—for such were the opinions Mollien himself entertained—and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the heart of the Imperial Government such views were deliberately formed.

On the 26th January, 1806, Napoleon returned to Paris in the night. Scarcely allowing his ministers time to congratulate him on the result of the campaign, he summoned a Council of Finance for eight o'clock the next morning. 'We have more serious things,' said he, 'to talk about. It seems the chief interests of the State were not in Austria. Let us hear the report of the Treasury.' The crisis was indeed extraordinary. Pressed by increasing embarrassments, M. Barbé Marbois, then Minister of the Treasury, had been reduced to accept terms offered by a company which had been formed to take the chief military and naval contracts, and at the head of which was the notorious Ouvrard. This company had agreed to discount Treasury bills at 9 instead of 12 per cent.—but, as the demands of the State continually augmented, it had entered into a convention with the Court of Madrid for all the gold and silver which the war caused to be retained in Mexico. The Spanish Government had handed over to them upwards of 100 millions of francs in bills payable in the American colonies, and they had substituted some of these bills of the Madrid treasury on Havana and Vera Cruz for the bonds of French *receveurs généraux* which they held. Some advances had also been made to Spain in cash, and the French minister found himself obliged to support the credit of Ouvrard's company to avoid a crash that would have aggravated the position of the Bank. At this point in the report Napoleon broke forth—

"They have deceived you. They have imposed on your integrity, which I don't question. These men who have promised you the treasures of Mexico, how have they more power or skill than the ministers of Spain to cross the sea which is in the hands of the English? They



They have gained the confidence of Spain by making over to them funds subtracted from the treasury of France. It is we who are subsidizing Spain instead of drawing from her what she owes us. But the plot is divulged; let us interrogate in person its authors."

'The order was given to introduce the two *faisceaux de service*, or managers of the company—also the clerk in the treasury who had been specially entrusted with this negotiation—and who, by the way, had received a million as a gratuity, which he was afterwards compelled to refund. They entered, but the scene which ensued is beyond my powers of description. It was a thunderstorm falling for an hour on those three unsheltered heads. The first of them burst into tears. The treasury clerk stammered forth excuses. The third, Ouvrard himself, stood like a rock, without uttering a syllable—but his attitude seemed to say that nothing is more transient than a tempest, and that it must be endured. None of them could be much more impatient for the end of it than I was.'—i. 436.

The deficiency caused by Ouvrard's operations was estimated by the minister at 70 millions; it amounted in reality to twice that sum. M. Barbé Marbois was dismissed, and Napoleon insisted on Mollien's accepting that same day the office of Minister of the Treasury. It may here be added, that the very first duty he had to perform was to compel Ouvrard and his accomplices to disgorge their booty. The Court of Spain acknowledged 60 millions of the debt, and of the remaining 82 millions a large portion was obtained by the seizure of their private property, of their stores of all kinds, and by cancelling the debts due to them by the State. It is a singular circumstance that, by interesting two great houses in London and Amsterdam in the recovery of the Spanish bills on Mexico, piastres to the amount of three-fifths of the debt were embarked at Vera Cruz on board an *English frigate*, and brought to Europe in reality for the French exchequer. Mollien was entirely free from the vulgar prejudices so common in his time, and not wholly eradicated in our own, as to the scarcity of bullion being the cause of the embarrassments of the treasury. His predecessor had been duped by the idea of bringing over new piastres from Mexico, for it was in those days an article of commercial faith that pressure on the money-market arose altogether from the want of the precious metals which the war imprisoned in the Mexican ports. In the eyes of the new Paymaster-General the credit of the State depended far more on the moderation, good faith, and punctuality of the Government than on a casual importation of the precious metals.

Contrary to the opinion of his ministers, Napoleon persisted in dividing the functions of the Treasury, which are usually held to be inseparable. By the system he had established, Gaudin (Duc de Gaëte), as Minister of Finance, was charged with all  
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that related to raising the revenue; and Mollien, as Minister of the Treasury, with all that related to spending it. Fortunately these two men were united by old friendship as well as community of opinions, and they continued for nine years to act with close and unbroken harmony, which could alone have rendered such an arrangement practicable. Mollien's immediate task was a heavy one. He found drafts on the ministerial departments to the amount of nearly 30 millions on which payment had been postponed. The pay of the army then in France was about 15 millions in arrear—and the deficit of the last five years was 100 millions—all this besides the frightful gap caused by Ouvrard's bankruptcy: in fine, some 200 millions were required to enable the treasury to pay its way. But the manner in which the public accounts were kept was still more extraordinary. The first cashier of the treasury, through whose hands these transactions with the *faiseurs de service* had passed, did not suspect the existence of this enormous debt, and Mollien had to place the whole system of accounts on a new footing. We cannot ask our readers to accompany us through the technical detail of his operations:—but in this respect these volumes constitute, we are satisfied, one of the most masterly expositions of financial administration to be found in any language. His measures may be judged of by their results. Before the end of 1806 the funds had again risen from 56 to 64; the rate of discount had fallen from 12 per cent. to 6 or 7; the arrears in every department were paid off; arrangements were made to extinguish the deficit of preceding years; and the treasury resumed a more regular position without making any encroachment on its future resources. These successful measures were not, indeed, due to Mollien alone—though we suspect that his modesty assigns to Napoleon a larger share of merit in them than the Emperor really deserved. For, throughout the copious correspondence quoted and analyzed, we hardly find an instance in which the views of the sovereign were not gradually modified and corrected by the good sense and scientific accuracy of his minister, and in most of these discussions the Emperor seems to have allied egregious ignorance to extreme presumption.

‘It would indeed have been difficult for any of the ministers of Napoleon not to communicate their plans to him, which were always minutely discussed before they received his final sanction; for though he left to them the choice of means of execution, he chose that every improvement should seem to be his own work. His sudden elevation rendered it a matter of policy with him to delegate as little as possible of his public authority, so as to remain always and everywhere the man of necessity. Napoleon carried on long and divers corre-  
spondences.

spondences. If they were all collected it would be incredible that any single man could have sufficed to do so much; and in each of them he proved that he entered into every subject and every circumstance as if he had nothing else to think of, adapting all rules and principles to his own paramount interest in forcing the most opposite elements to combine in his system. But in these correspondences none proves more thoroughly the patience with which he investigated the most arid details, than that which he carried on with myself. It is perhaps the most singular *polémique de chiffres* that ever existed. I frequently in the early period of my ministry received letters of many pages, solely intended to analyze long calculations, to investigate statements, to divide statistics, and to present the same results under other forms. The principal object of these discussions was to keep all his chief servants in perpetual distrust of themselves and of their subordinates: he had no longer to dispute the superiority of power, but he disputed with every one the superiority of attainment.—vol. ii. p. 42.

It may be well to cite briefly a few specimens of these letters, despatched in a single day, just before the Prussian campaign:—

‘I send you the documents relating to the loan for the kingdom of Naples. I have informed you for what purpose this loan is to be made. It deserves consideration.’ (St. Cloud, 19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Eight hundred thousand francs are wanted at St. Domingo. Contribute to send them, so that this sum may be realised in the colony.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘I place extraordinary funds at the disposal of the Minister at War, for the most pressing services of his department on the frontier of Germany.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘I have read your report. My intention is not to diminish the army of Italy at this time. Send them 1,500,000 frs., not immediately wanted in the treasury of Piedmont, and let me know if the operation will cost anything.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Explain to me the accounts of the paymaster of the forces in Italy on the contributions raised during the last war on the frontiers of the Austrian provinces. They are stated at 1,700,000; they were more. The expenses are not classed. I find an item, “military subsistence, 3,440,000 frs.” I don’t understand this manner of reckoning our estimates. This sum must be divided amongst the bakers, the meat, the forage, &c.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

‘Give orders to send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; to be charged to the account of its pay.’ (19th Sept., 1806.)

Nor was this astonishing fecundity of details at all arrested by the operations of active war. The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806; on the 25th Napoleon was at Potsdam, and continued his correspondence:—

‘The Prince de Neuchâtel has sent for 2,000,000 frs. from the military chest at Mayence, to use them as they may be wanted. If there

there be only 1,500,000 frs. still at Mayence, that is not enough—15,000,000 *à la bonne heure*; take your measures so as to have always four months' pay of my army in cash at Mayence.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'Send 500,000 frs. in gold to the army of Naples; you can take it from the reserve at Turin.' (Potsdam, 25th Oct., 1806.)

'I am told the allowances of the Guard are not paid. Send for Colonel Arrighi and pay instantly what is due to the two regiments of fusiliers and dragoons which are to join me.' (Berlin, 2nd Nov., 1806.)

'You state that 25,000,000 frs. from the sale of cuttings in the woods, which are included in the budget of 1806, will not be realised till 1807. Take the money on bills from the *receveurs généraux* out of the fund of foreign contributions for 1806, which can spare it in cash or in short bills. The public treasury will pay interest to the fund at the rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per mensem.' (Berlin, 4th Nov., 1806.)

'Here we are at the 15th of November. Send me the schedule of remittances to the several departments of the ministry for next month; and tell me how we stand with Spain, and the piastres she owes.' (Berlin, 14th Nov., 1806.)

'I desire you to keep 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 frs. at Strasburg, and eight months' pay for the army, at the rate of 3,000,000 a month, always at Mayence, in cash, as a sacred deposit: then, whatever happens, I may consider my army paid. Otherwise, if another event occurred like Ouvrard's affair last year, or any disaster happened to render bills less negotiable, the pay of the army might be compromised. However, as I am master of Prussia and of all Westphalia, I shall get in some money, and there is no longer cause for uneasiness.' (Berlin, 16th Nov., 1806.)

'The delay in the Spanish payments is very alarming: let me know if they have done anything since the 29th of October.' (Berlin, 24th Nov., 1806.)

(The same day a long letter directing the form in which the budgets of the empire are to be drawn.)

'Any treaty which will facilitate the recovery of the piastres is to be accepted. I don't want to trade, but only to get back our own money. I authorise you to conclude any treaty for this purpose.' (Posen, 6th Dec., 1806.)

'The English threaten to confiscate the funds of French holders of British securities. Could we not take precautions to prevent transfers from our securities to theirs? This is a very delicate matter. I do not choose to set the example, but if the English do it, I must retaliate.' (Posen, 15th Dec., 1806.)

To this last intimation Mollien replied that he did not believe it, because it was contrary to the policy of England; but that he should be delighted if England committed such a blunder, which  
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France might render more injurious to her *by refusing to do the same*. He fortified this opinion by sending to Napoleon the wise and able paper by the American minister, Hamilton, which demonstrates that policy and morality not only forbid a government to confiscate property lent to it by the subjects of a hostile power, but even to suspend the payment of interest on it: and Napoleon dropped the subject.

It was about this time that Mollien undertook the complete re-form of the mechanism of the public accounts, and founded the *Cour des Comptes*, whose methodical operations have continued ever since to control the whole expenditure of France. But the complexity of the accounts of the French Empire far exceeded that of any State that ever existed. It extended at that time from Illyria to Spain, and from Naples to Hamburg. It had to provide for armies on the Tagus, in Calabria, and on the Niemen. It supplied the pensions of the imperial family and the allowances to vassal kings; for, after the treaty of Bayonne, even the Spanish Bourbons were dependent on it for support; and Napoleon basely evaded the payment of the income he had himself allotted to Charles IV. and his family when he robbed them of the throne. It had to regulate the public debt of recently annexed countries, which sometimes became, as in Holland, a matter of extreme difficulty. As the embarrassments caused by this enormous extension of power and military occupation increased, the labours of the Treasury became more onerous. The Spanish war had cost at the end of 1810 nearly 220,000,000 frs., including the cost of magazines and equipments of the army: the mere transmission of the necessary funds under convoy to the different corps d'armée in the Peninsula, where they were everywhere liable to be cut off by guerillas, became a task of immense difficulty; and, with singular absurdity, Napoleon ordered that 200,000 francs should be despatched every month from Bayonne *in copper money*, not reflecting that such a sum would amount to several tons of metal, to be carried over tracks impassable for carriages.

Meanwhile the continental system, intended by Napoleon to complete the ruin of England, weighed with far greater severity on France and on her tributaries throughout Europe than it did on ourselves. Mollien never countenanced the harsh measures which that detestable invention rendered necessary; and he early perceived its suicidal folly:—

‘Throughout Europe the most violent complaints were raised by the injury inflicted on all the rights of industry—for industry has become in our time a second property, more intelligent, more active, and more sensitive than the former one. French manufactures were crushed by the aggravated rigour of the prohibitive system. England

no doubt suffered also, but she remained mistress of the ocean—she commanded all raw material at a low price, and she levied a tax on the raw material she allowed the continental consumer to receive. Heligoland, Jersey, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and Spain were filled with her contraband traders; for England made war in the spirit of modern improvement; Napoleon in the spirit of antiquity: and there are times at which an anachronism is a mortal error. Twenty thousand douaniers on the frontiers of the empire had to defend the territory against one hundred thousand smugglers, more active than themselves, and more favoured by the population; so that the chances in favour of the contraband trade were as 80 to 20. Nay, the Emperor had himself increased the evil by his additional duties of 30, 40, or 50 per cent. on colonial produce, from which even the American vessels were not exempted. Hence the price of colonial produce was sometimes quadrupled, and the taxes of the French customhouse were an additional premium on the monopoly of England. The increase in the prices of raw material, and the want of improvement in machinery, discouraged the manufacturing interest. The export trade in French commodities had fallen off by one-half since 1810, and prices had also fallen 50 per cent. Napoleon himself seemed at length to acknowledge that commercial interests had a power with which it was necessary to come to terms. He would not recede; that was contrary to his nature. He did not despair of reducing British trade, he said, in a few months to its last shilling; but he endeavoured to impose on the French traders as he had imposed on himself, and it was by pecuniary advances from the government that he attempted to purchase their silence, imagining that a few loans would satisfy their wants.

His first scheme had been to compel the Bank of France to advance money on the bills of all traders, reputed solvent, throughout France, at 4 per cent. This was demolished by Mollien in a masterly paper on the theory of discount; to which the Emperor submitted. A second project was to create an immense *mont de piété*, to make advances to trade on the deposit of goods—and Napoleon proposed to devote 30 millions to this purpose. He again gave way, however, on Mollien's representing that, in the event of these loans not being repaid, it would be necessary for the State to sell the goods, which must not only ruin the borrowers, but depress the whole market. He resolved at last to make an advance of 1,500,000 frs. to a mercantile house at Amsterdam, and another at Paris, on good security. In the following year (1811) this precedent became known. A second request for a similar sum arrived, then another, and at length they poured in by hundreds from all parts of France. Still Mollien, who disapproved the whole proceeding, was condemned to find funds for this insatiable demand. The government were threatened with disturbances in the faubourgs and the manufacturing towns if they did not yield: and they yielded. A million was

sent down to Amiens, to be advanced by instalments of 20,000 frs. a day ; two millions were spent at Rouen, St. Quentin, and Ghent. These operations were conducted with secrecy, and in some instances they enabled the manufacturers to escape impending ruin : but upwards of eighteen millions had been spent by the Treasury in lending money to men who could borrow nowhere else, and whose commercial existence was barely prolonged by the assistance they received.

‘ It is difficult to conceive how Napoleon, with his lofty and incontestable penetration, failed to perceive the singular contradiction into which he fell by persisting in his continental blockade at the very time he was acknowledging by these advances to trade that the system caused his ruin—placing himself in the dilemma of either exhausting the treasury and the privy purse (if he attempted to indemnify trade for its losses), or (if he confined his liberality to a small class of traders) of augmenting the complaints of those whom he had not relieved. Yet it must be confessed the fault was not his alone. Never since the commencement of the long commercial hostility of France and England, which broke out with fresh fury after the truce of 1787 [Mr. Pitt’s treaty], never had the frenzy of prohibitive laws been more universal or more popular than in 1800, when Napoleon took the helm. There seemed to be a common interest between the traders, who never thought the customs laws severe enough against England, and the Treasury, which still hoped to increase its receipts by excessive duties. The advisers of Napoleon on commercial matters were all traders and ultra-prohibitionists. After the rupture of the treaty of Amiens—which was not a treaty of peace and still less a treaty of commerce—these hostile measures went on in an increasing degree between the two nations. It must be confessed that our restrictions on the liberty of the Continent, because England refused liberty to our ports, were an injustice the more irritating because it could not be accomplished ; but, with the exception of a few persons whom he never consulted on the subject, those about the Emperor constantly endeavoured to keep up his illusions. He was always reading reports that all nations were sighing for the liberty of the seas, and that he was to break the yoke of British monopoly. When the English paid for their supplies from abroad in money, he was persuaded that *British capital was migrating* from that *inhospitable soil* to France. He was persuaded that cotton could grow in Naples, and tobacco in Alsatia. He lived, in short, under constant delusions of this nature. Yet, if we consider how long the Continental System lasted, and the perturbation it caused in all the usages and results of trade, it was certainly the most extraordinary *coup d’état* ever attempted ; and I know not which is most surprising, the daring of its authors, or the submission of all the interests aggrieved by it.’—iii. 318.

Although Count Mollien (for he had now received this title), in spite of a clear perception of Napoleon’s errors, yielded to  
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no one in fidelity to his service, any more than in admiration of his genius, he does not appear to have been at any time dazzled by his fortune or overpowered by his authority. Napoleon himself paid him the highest compliment that absolute power can pay to the sagacity of a minister by silently acquiescing in his views and adopting them towards third parties as his own. Mollien's influence was strictly limited to the business of his own department, and he took no part in the general policy of the government, for whose pecuniary wants he was continually called upon to provide:—but, nevertheless, he was not unfrequently selected as the depository of opinions entertained by the most moderate party in the Imperial councils. Thus in 1809, when Paris was literally thronged with tributary kings, and the sovereign houses of Germany seemed allied to the upstart sovereigns of Naples, Spain, and Westphalia, Eugène Beauharnois had the sense and penetration to say to Mollien:—

“The Emperor is mistaken on the state of Europe. Perhaps these sovereigns, who owe an extension of territory to his support, are themselves mistaken in the disposition of their subjects. But the nations of Europe are not mistaken as to this new dominion exercised over them by one people, or rather by one man. They will never be our allies in good faith, these nations whose defeat is our glory, and whose misfortunes are our success. They were already humiliated by defeat and by tribute: they are more humiliated now by seeing their own sovereigns summoned to the capital of the conqueror to adorn his triumph. But the humiliation of nations bears sooner or later a harvest of vengeance. I fear nothing, indeed, as yet for France; but if I like war it is for the sake of peace, and I see no lasting peace for the world.”

‘Such was the language of the wisest and most faithful adherent of Napoleon in his own family, at a time when there was but one sentiment in France and in her new dependencies—universal submission. And it is the more honourable to Prince Eugène that he had the courage to hold pretty nearly the same language to Napoleon himself.’—iii. 79.

The state of voluntary self-delusion, which was necessary to the maintenance of Napoleon's system, increased, year after year, with the increase of his difficulties. In spite of what he considered his searching analysis of the finances, he laboured not so much to arrive at the truth as to convert a deficiency into a surplus by complex calculations and unfathomable arithmetic. His mind, unshaken by the ruinous outlay of the Spanish war, was already fixed in 1811 on the Russian campaign, which was to extend his domination from Madrid to Moscow; and he continued to thrust additional military estimates, to the amount of 60 millions, on the budget of the preceding year, evidently anticipating that the balance would be adjusted by the Russian tribute at the close of the war. In the secret discussion



of his financial resources which took place between Napoleon, the Duc de Gaëte, and Mollien, the latter represented the increasing embarrassments of the treasury, as no loans could be contracted, and at the first rumour of another war, public credit would be still further depressed. To this Napoleon replied with vivacity—

“If I am compelled to undertake another war, it will certainly be for some great political interest: but *it will also be in the interest of my finances*. Have I not always restored them by war? Was it not thus that Rome conquered the riches of the world?”

‘I quote the Duc de Gaëte as witness of this extraordinary declaration with myself. I quote the incident as a proof of the strange blunders into which the intoxication of power may lead the most powerful minds. From that moment I held the power of Napoleon to be seriously in jeopardy.’

It was about this time that an occurrence took place which reveals a singular portion of the secret history of that ephemeral Court. Napoleon, who esteemed few people, never gave unlimited confidence to a human being: but if any one at all touched the springs of his affections it was Josephine. Nor did this interest cease after her divorce, though it was somewhat tried, and not very mildly expressed, when her extravagant habits continued to annoy him. Josephine had an allowance of three millions of francs (£120,000) when she retired to Malmaison, but before a year had elapsed she was again in debt. Napoleon then addressed to Mollien the following letter:—

‘*Wesel, 1st November, 1811.*—It is proper that you should send secretly for the Empress Josephine’s intendant, and tell him confidentially that nothing will be paid him in future until he give proof that there are no debts: and as I will have no jesting on this matter, I shall hold him responsible. You will tell him that no payment will be made on the 1st January without a written certificate that there are no debts. I am informed that the expenses of this house are most irregular; you must therefore see this man, for it would be deplorable that the Empress Josephine should have debts instead of laying by two millions a year as she ought to do. Take an opportunity of seeing the Empress Josephine yourself, and hint to her that I expect her house to be managed with order, and that I shall be supremely displeased if it be not. The Empress Louise has 100,000 écus (12,000*l.*), and never spends that sum; she pays her bills once a week, goes without new gowns if that be necessary, and suffers privations to avoid having debts. The expenses of the Empress Josephine’s household ought not to exceed one million. If there are too many horses, cut them down. The Empress Josephine has children and grandchildren for whom she ought to lay by. *Sur ce, &c.*’

Mollien executed this task, and on receiving his report, Napoleon insisted still further on the savings to be made for her family,  
adding,

adding, that they ought not to depend on him alone, and then—for once in a somewhat broken voice—*Je suis mortel, et plus qu'un autre*. The Empress had cried on hearing these remonstrances, and complained that she could no longer pay pensions to some old soldiers, probably of the Royalist party. Napoleon said, 'You should not have made her cry, though. Give me the names of those officers; and tell her not to cry.' Yet how many tears this selfish and ungrateful man had cost that repudiated woman and the world!

The time at length arrived when the clouds which had been gathering on the horizon of Europe broke with all their fury on the presumptuous and infatuated ruler of France. The campaign of Moscow sent him home impoverished by defeat, not enriched by conquest; his army destroyed—the *prestige* of his name woefully tarnished. On his sudden return to Paris Mollien was one of the first persons he sent for. Not without anxiety and alarm did he enter the presence. But Napoleon received him with perfect serenity and self-possession—inquired eagerly for Madame Mollien, who had been dangerously ill—said he had travelled as uncomfortably as when he was a lieutenant of artillery, but that it did not signify—adverted to the Mallet conspiracy in Paris—and made no allusion either to the tremendous calamities of the still unfinished campaign or to the financial difficulties of Mollien's own department. The public were not entirely duped by this show of composure, for the bulletin of the Beresina had told the story of ruin, and every fresh arrival from the army increased the sense of horror and insecurity. But they hoped that so severe a lesson would not be lost on the Emperor, and that if he were again placed at the head of an army it would at last be to contend for *peace*.

Nothing in Buonaparte's career was more extraordinary than the energy he displayed during the winter of 1812-13. The cavalry had to be mounted, the artillery to be entirely re-organised, a great part of the infantry to be clothed, immense quantities of arms to be provided, munitions of war to be collected in all the fortresses; and the whole was to be done in six months. Strange to say the conscriptions were never more readily filled up than after the disastrous campaign of 1812. The country still supported him, and since he had fallen upon evil days, it was content to share them with him. The accusing voices of 1814 were not yet audibly heard; the defence of the territory was the prevailing sentiment, and Napoleon encouraged the self-devotion of the people by the hope of approaching peace. Immense levies were ordered. The financial measures resorted to in order to defray new and immoderate charges were startling. Thus Maret proposed

proposed and his master sanctioned the appropriation by the State of all the common lands belonging to parishes throughout France, which were to be sold, and the *communes* to receive their value in the shape of funded capital. This project was expected to bring in 300 millions—which being forthwith spent by anticipation, the government was once more living on credit alone. It was an imitation by Napoleon of the revolutionary acts by which the Convention had begun the war. Mollien, in forcible terms, pointed out the defects of such a scheme, but the condition of the finances was already such that only the choice of bad means was left him. Yet no sooner did Napoleon find himself at the head of another army than he changed his tone—declaring that ‘to be worthy of herself France must abstain from pusillanimous desires; that her first object must be to avenge her offended glory; and that the only peace she could make was a peace extorted by new victories and recognizing all her former conquests.’ The difficulties he encountered seemed to surprise without instructing him. But his labours were enormous. The whole day was spent in warlike preparations—the night in administrative correspondence. Some of his letters to Mollien entered into the minutest calculations. One of them consisted of eight pages of figures. Even on his arrival at Mayence, to put himself at the head of the army in the field, he stopped several hours to investigate the accounts of the military chest on the frontier. Twelve days later he fought the battle of Lutzen with 85,000 men, and in three weeks\* after 150,000 more had joined his standard. But his efforts and his hopes of securing the neutrality of Austria failed. The great coalition was formed in September, and in October the battle of Leipzig again annihilated the French army, and left Napoleon no resource but a hasty retreat on the Rhine.

Throughout this period, and indeed from the first reverses of the Russian campaign, the regular and punctual course of the administration of the Treasury was at an end; and Mollien, who invariably recognized in exact payment the test of strength and stability for a government, had already long before the disasters of 1814 made up his mind that the case of the Empire was desperate. When Marie-Louise retired to Blois he followed her, leaving the control of the Treasury to his friend and disciple Baron Louis, who was destined to render the most important services in that capacity to the future government of Louis XVIII. Mollien was sent for on the return from Elba, and, under a sense of personal obligation to his old master, did not refuse to resume the office he had filled with honour for nine years. But he has disdained to record in these *Memoirs* the fugitive occurrences of that feverish

feverish interval. When summoned to the Tuileries on that occasion he had formed a resolution to resist the proposal. Napoleon was alone when he entered the closet, and said, taking him by both hands, 'In this crisis you will not refuse to take your old place in the ministry.' To some complimentary remark on the miraculous success of his return, the Emperor replied, '*Mon cher*, the time for compliments is over. *Ils m'ont laissé arriver comme ils les ont laissés partir*'—an expression which proves the more correct estimate he had at length formed of the French character—his feeling, in short, that the vicissitudes of fortune to which he had himself accustomed that people must have prepared them for viewing with indifference any possible revolution—were it from the excess of freedom to the excess of servitude.

M. Mollien candidly acknowledges that as his principal object was to bequeath to the world a correct portrait of Napoleon, especially in those relations of life which fell under his own cognizance, so it is not without regret that he has recorded much to darken the fame of one who was to him an object not only of high intellectual admiration, but of grateful regard. He has steered clear of the servility of a Las Cases and of the malignity of a Bourrienne; and while others have depicted the policy and character of Napoleon from their personal motives of affection or of resentment, Mollien discusses them with reference to the fixed principles of public economy and of public morality, from which his own career never deflected. But though the narrator of these transactions has not sought to exalt his own penetration and experience at the expense of his master, and has displayed in a remarkable manner the versatility and application with which that extraordinary man governed his immense empire, he has entirely failed to raise our conception of Napoleon's real competency to deal with these abstruse subjects. In these pregnant volumes we have not met with a single idea originating with the Emperor himself on points of finance or political economy, which is not radically unsound. He seems to have thought on these matters as he did on the obligations of public morality, that a code of science and of duty could be framed to suit his own convenience, and that motives of State sufficed to cover every enormity. But he was eminently skilled in the choice of instruments, and his insatiable activity kept every department of the government in constant efficiency. The last mark of confidence he would bestow on those who really possessed it was the tacit adoption of their opinions, even when he had just before combated them. He was tolerant of contradiction when alone, but absolutely oracular when he held forth in the Council of State or in public. In reality he had no financial principles: the perpetual recurrence

recurrence of war, the continental blockade, and his own crude notions of public credit prevented the formation of such a system at any part of his reign; and the last extravagant and destructive years of the Empire shook and well nigh obliterated the advantages resulting from the methodical reforms of the Consulate. Admitting therefore the extraordinary military successes and political energy which had extended that vast dominion over Europe, M. Mollien has failed to show that it possessed those sound and practicable financial views which are inseparable from the stability of governments and the contentment of nations. His own administration of the Treasury was a long struggle against incoherent projects and reprehensible expedients; and the ground he was continually endeavouring to strengthen and consolidate, was as continually cut from beneath his feet by the exorbitant demands of the military and political departments. His official duties were rather fiscal than financial, and he never had the power or the opportunity of altering the great springs of taxation that pressed, and still press, so injuriously on the French nation. No alleviation could take place in the condition of the people—no safe or permanent extension could be given to trade; and at length war, which had been the principal source of this misery and pressure, was resorted to as the easiest mode of palliating them. Austerlitz and Moscow were the projects of an insolvent gambler. The daring expedient was successful in the one case and ruinous in the next; for as this whole system of credit was stimulated and kept alive by victory, it collapsed at once under defeat. We will not here detain our readers to apply to the politics of France in the present day, the analogies which these facts can hardly fail to suggest; but if similar embarrassments should drive President Buonaparte to similar enterprises, that is to the vulgar resource of foreign spoliation, there is, we fear, no Mollien in the councils of the Élysée to resist and correct such lawless and self-destructive tendencies. Under the imperial administration at least the spendthrift vices of the present government were unknown, and indeed no one would have repressed them with more severity than Napoleon himself.

Little remains to be said of the later years of Count Mollien's life, for his official career terminated with the final fall of his Emperor, and he closes his own narrative at that period. But though he held no office of public trust under the Bourbons, he was placed by Louis XVIII. in the Chamber of Peers, where he continued, until the latter part of the reign of Louis Philippe, to treat with great superiority, and with perfect consistency, the financial questions of the day. In private life he was respected for the sobriety of his judgments and the steadiness of his friendships;

friendships; nor would his character have been complete without the charm which his unvarying conjugal affection shed over it. Well were it for France if, amongst her men of wit and her men of action, there were more possessed of the reflection and composure which these volumes attest; or if, when such men are to be found, they were raised to a higher position in the State, so as to control the impulses of their countrymen. Sooner or later all governments are judged by their adherence to, or departure from, sound fixed principles; and the Empire of Napoleon himself was, as this narrative proves, tainted with the mortal disorder of financial embarrassment in the midst of its most brilliant achievements. The welfare and stability of nations require more homely virtues, and more provident care; of which qualities these volumes will perpetuate an honourable example and an unpretending picture. •

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ART. V.—1. *Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a Selection from his Correspondence.* By Lord Cockburn. Edinburgh, 2 vols. 8vo. 1852.

2. *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By Francis Jeffrey, now one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 4 vols. 8vo. 1844.

THIS Life seems a good deal too big for its subject, but that fault is redeemed by features of less common occurrence. Though the septuagenarian Judge apologizes for himself as a young author, his readers will detect few signs of inexperience. His narrative is on the whole clear; shrewdness and sagacity mark many a sentence:—and a cordial affection relieves the exaggerated vein of eulogy in which it was perhaps inevitable that one Edinburgh Whig of the top flight would glorify another. Some wonder, no doubt, was excited by the announcement of the undertaking; for among Lord Jeffrey's *eminent* intimates hardly any one had been so little thought of in connexion with literary matters as Lord Cockburn; nor can we deny that the book presents a blank as to some subjects on which students of literature might have expected entertaining details. Jeffrey, we had always been told, conversed very freely on the topics which must have occupied the larger share of his attention—yet Cockburn has nowhere made the least attempt to give us an idea of his style of conversing on such topics. Of course the bulk of his notions must have found a voice in his Review; but still a man does not talk to the public as he does to a friend, and there must be more in him, we imagine, than he ever puts upon

upon paper. As to some minor peculiarities, we cannot concur in criticisms that seem to be current. To say that many uses of words, and especially turns of phrase, are not English, is merely to say that Lord Cockburn himself is before us in every page. To ourselves these idioms, like the intensely local prejudices everywhere projected, are among the charms of the performance. They give it individuality and force. Smooth, correct writing is common enough. Earnest sentiment and unaffected diction will do their work, in spite of worse transgressions than can be laid to this door.

In his first volume he interweaves sundry extracts from Jeffrey's letters,—the second consists of a selection from them ;—and we had already seen a good many in the *Memoirs of Horner* ;—but it is evident, as might have been anticipated, that the most curious parts of the critic's correspondence have not yet been submitted to public view.

His early environments must have been in the main very like those familiarized to our readers by the accounts of Mackintosh, Scott, Campbell, and Horner. Old subjects, however, put on a new face when a new spectator is not afraid to give his own impressions : and after all, this is the first time that we have had the whole scene and system depicted by one of Jeffrey's immediate circle.

He was born in 1773, in an obscure corner of Edinburgh. His father, a solicitor, obtained ultimately a deputy-clerkship in the Court of Session—an office which, from some of the biographer's phrases (for he is usually above statistics), we must presume to have then been of slender emolument. Francis had one younger brother, John—a mild, calm creature, totally unlike himself, but always warmly loved by him—who spent the best years of his life in America under the wing of an uncle, long before settled there, and married to a sister of the famous John Wilkes. There were two sisters, both in due time respectably married ; between whom and their brothers the most cordial affection is testified by the correspondence. The book leaves the impression of less agreeable relations between the father and his children. From a period not far subsequent to the death of their mother, which occurred when Francis was but thirteen, there appears to have been a growing discomfort. Lord Cockburn speaks of the old man as 'sensible and respectable,' but 'sour' and 'morose.' The sting comes behind—he was, it seems, a Tory. Owing his post to the Dundases, he was steady in his allegiance to that dynasty ; and few things, we may believe, could have been more mortifying than certain early symptoms of liberalism in his bright son. It is probable that the younger branches adopted the views of

of that oracle; and thus, perhaps, the whole grievance may be explained. What no one can contest is, that, in spite of all disappointments and disagreements, this sulky clerk acted uniformly in a very generous style as to his boy's education.

His final abode and that with which his children's young recollections were all connected was in the very heart of Auld Reekie—the crowning story or flat of one of those towering edifices on the Lawnmarket—scarcely matched even in the ancient market-places of Leipzig or Vienna. To this *habitat* Francis had a warm attachment. In his early letters he often refers to the 'dear retired adored little window of the Lawnmarket garret':—indicating equally, we feel, his tenderness towards his brother and sisters, and his satisfaction in the retrospect of many a midnight hour well spent in his own aerial citadel. About the last of the upper class who adhered to that vicinity was Boswell; and once, in his ladhood, the future critic had personal intercourse with this distinguished neighbour. Returning home after a supper, he was serviceable in lifting Mr. Boswell from a gutter, and carrying him safe to the 'convenient dwelling' in which he had once had the honour to lodge Johnson. Next day Boswell, informed of his obligations, stopped Francis in the street to thank him—a little conversation gave a favourable impression of the young Samaritan as a lover of his book, and the close was 'Go on:—you may come to be a Bozzy yourself.' One other juvenile glimpse of a great man is recorded. Jeffrey, when about sixteen or seventeen, was struck by the stalwart appearance of a passing stranger, and stopped to take a better look of him. A shop-keeper, standing at his door near the Cross, said 'Ay, look weel, laddie, that's Robert Burns.' We recall the 'startled burghers' when Dandie Dinmont first strode along that same street in search of Pleydell's hostelry. Even Scott does not seem to have surpassed Jeffrey in affection for their 'own romantic town.' It is not only that he enjoyed enthusiastically, early and late, the general scenery—he evidently had a genuine love for the humblest locality associated with historical tradition. Even near the close of his life his letters mention long solitary walks, not merely about Arthur's Seat with all its unsurpassed variety of aspects landward and seaward, but up and down among the dingiest and most deserted alleys of the old capital itself. All this is very pleasing—by us, we own, it was not expected.

He was never the *dur* of the High School—but his written exercises attracted the Rector's observation. Dr. Adams was a liberal—almost a republican; and possibly the deputy-clerk ascribed something of Master Frank's political heresy to such an instructor. From whatever motive, at the close of the school-period



period (Oct. 1787), instead of transferring his son to the College next door, he sent him to Glasgow, at a not inconsiderable advancement of cost.

According to Dr. Macfarlane, a fellow-student, and now the venerated Principal at Glasgow, Francis during his first session there—

‘exhibited nothing remarkable except a degree of quickness, bordering, as some thought, on petulance; and the whim of cherishing a premature moustache, very black, and covering the whole of his upper lip, for which he was much laughed at and teased.’

But, adds the biographer, appealing to another student, now also a Principal—

‘There was no want of spirit; for Adam Smith had been set up that year for the office of Lord Rector, which depends on the votes of the professors and students, and Principal Haldane of St. Andrew’s recollects seeing a little black creature, whom he had not observed before, haranguing some boys in the Green against voting for Dr. Smith. This was Jeffrey. Not that he had any objection either to the *Wealth of Nations* or to its author; but the *Economist* was patronised by the professors, which has often made the students take the opposite side.’—Vol. i. p. 12.

We apprehend that such opposition was *in those times* very uncommon; and in spite of it, for the credit of the place, Adam Smith was elected. In the second year his advance is witnessed by both our respected Principals:—

‘Macfarlane says, “He broke upon us very brilliantly. In a debating society he distinguished himself as one of the most acute and fluent speakers; his favourite subjects being criticism and metaphysics.” Professor Jardine used to require his pupils to write an exercise, and then to make them give in written remarks on each other’s work. Haldane’s essay fell to be examined by Jeffrey, who on this occasion probably made his first critical adventure. “In returning my essay to me (says the Principal) the good professor, willing to save my feelings, read some of the remarks at the beginning of the criticism, but the remainder he read in a suppressed tone of voice, muttering something as if he thought it too severe.”’—i. 13.

Lord Cockburn surmises that, in sending him to Glasgow, his father had had an eye to one of the exhibitions at Balliol College, Oxford, which are in the gift of the Professors there. If the Smith affair be a specimen of Jeffrey’s usual course as to discipline, it is not likely that the Professors should have been very favourably disposed towards him; nor, however appreciated at his clubs, did he earn any such distinction in his classes as to overrule all scruples.

Several note-books of those sessions have been preserved. He was not content with recording the substance of his masters’ prælections,

prælections, but already recast the whole, and blended it with his own illustrations or objections, so as to produce a series of *Reviews*.

Lord Cockburn has recovered a letter which Francis—aged fifteen—addressed from Glasgow to the Edinburgh Rector. We may be allowed to smile at its presumption, and also at its baby appropriation of the slang of Scotch Philosophy—but the good feeling towards the old preceptor is, in his own pet phrase, *quite refreshing*:—

‘Dear Sir,—I do not question that you will be surprised at the freedom of this uninvited intrusion; and when I tell you (by way of apology) that for these some weeks I have been impelled to the deed by the impulse of some internal agent, I question if your surprise will be diminished. As a student of philosophy I thought myself bound to withstand the temptation, and as an adept in logic, to analyse the source of its effects. Both attempts have been equally unsuccessful. I have neither been able to resist the inclination nor to discover its source. My great affection for the study of mind led me a weary way before I abandoned this attempt; nor did I leave the track of inquiry till I thought I had discovered that it proceeded from some emotion in the powers of the will rather than of the intellect. My epistolary communications have hitherto been confined to those whom I could treat with all the familiarity of the most perfect equality, and whose experience or attainments I was not accustomed to consider as superior to my own. This, I think, will account and apologise for any peculiarity you may discern in my style. I think it superfluous to assure you that, whatever appearance of levity or petulance *that* may bear, the slightest, the most distant, shadow of disrespect was never intended. When I recollect the mass of instruction I have received from your care—when I consider the excellent principles it was calculated to convey—when I contemplate the perspicuous, attentive, and dispassionate mode of conveyance—and when I experience the advantages and benefits of all these, I cannot refrain the gratification of a finer feeling in the acknowledgment of my obligations. I am sufficiently sensible that these are hackneyed and cant phrases; but, as they express the sentiments of my soul, I think they must be tolerated. If you ever find leisure to notice this, I shall esteem your answer as a particular honour; and that you may more easily accomplish that, I inform you that I lodge at Mr. Milne’s, Montrose Lodgings. So—this is an introductory letter! It wants indeed the formality of such a performance; but the absence of that requisite may for once be supplied by the *sincerity* with which I assure you I am, dear sir, yours, &c. &c., F. JEFFREY.—Glasgow, January, 1789.’

Old Adams made a gracious reply—concluding with a mention that, among other accomplishments, it might be worth while to acquire a more legible handwriting: to which hint, Cockburn regretfully adds, no attention was paid. A more wretched hand was

was never seen—cramped, pinched, scraggy, with a constant indulgence in utterly arbitrary contractions. Printers are *ex-officio* Rawlinsons; but the fair ladies who enjoyed most of his correspondence must have taken dutiful pains before they could decipher it.

Leaving Glasgow in May 1789, he remained 'in and about Edinburgh, left entirely to himself,' for more than two years. Except that he attended one course of lectures on Scotch law, to his avowed disgust, there is no trace during this period of any other studies than those of the adored garret—but these were constant and serious. Among other existing MSS. of 1790 Cockburn was especially struck by one:—

'*My Opinions of Some Authors* is a collection of short critical judgments. He says, "I have only ventured to characterise those *who have actually undergone my perusal*;"—yet they are fifty in number; and besides most of the English classics, include Fenelon, Voltaire, Marmontel, Le Sage, Molière, Racine, Rousseau, Rollin, Buffon, Montesquieu, &c. His perusal of many of these must have been very partial; yet it is surprising how just most of his conceptions of their merits and defects are. Many of these criticisms, especially of English writers, are written in a style of acute and delicate discrimination, and express the opinions of his maturer years. Johnson—as *might be expected of a youth*—[!]  
—is almost the only one whom he rates far higher than he did afterwards.'—i. 28.

At Michaelmas, 1791, his father carried him to Oxford and entered him as a commoner at Queen's College. If there still had been any hope of a Glasgow exhibition, Balliol would have been a more natural selection. There was no endowment in which a Scotchman could hope to participate. Among the superiors there was no name of distinction; while, if Jeffrey's testimony is to be decisive, the younger members, in number twenty-seven, were as a set only less dissolute than dull. A list of them extant in his writing attaches some disparaging epithet to every one name, except that of the future Dr. Maton, whose affix is *philosopher*. Jeffrey had not been there a week before he began to write to his sisters and female cousins in the bitterest scorn and derision of the college, the university, and all their adjuncts. Though no man ever felt the charms of English scenery more sensibly than he did in his maturer years, he appears to have gazed with contempt on the sweet valleys of the Isis and Charwell—even on the wonderful congregation of architectural beauties, so entirely unlike anything he could have seen at home. 'Nothing is to be learnt here,' he says, 'except praying and drinking.' But the regulations of Queen's were, it seems, so lax that he soon found it possible to escape chapel; and, from his descriptions  
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of a few wine-parties, it may be supposed that he declined a regular course of Bacchanalian instruction. For the studies, really or nominally inculcated by the tutors, he avowed his distaste, and probably as to them also got easy absolution. But he laboured with energy in his own way—devoured miscellaneous literature, ancient and modern, and filled scores of note-books with analyses. Many will be amused to hear that another exercise was the composition of *sermons*. Lord C. says that they were afterwards presented to clerical friends of different denominations—we dare say the doctrines were far from rigid—and that ‘a late respectable minister [of the *Kirk*] imposed some of them on his congregation so late as 1825.’ Furthermore, he had now become an ardent versifier. Besides numberless translations from Greek and Latin poets, original rhymes occupied a large share of his hours. He concludes a melancholy letter to one of his young ladies with, ‘I have now really no hope of reaching greatness—unless perhaps as a poet.’

The Oxford experiment, in whatever view the old man had hazarded it, was brief. On the expiration of the academical year at midsummer Francis took his name off the books.

One grand object with himself had certainly been to get rid of his northern pronunciation, and we presume he remained in the despised cloister until he thought he had mastered that point. Here, however, Rhadamanthus shakes his ambrosial curls:—

‘He returned a conspicuously altered lad. The change was so sudden and so complete, that it excited the surprise of his friends, and furnished others with ridicule for many years. But he was by no means so successful in acquiring an English voice. With an ear which, though not alert in musical perception, was delicate enough to feel every variation of speech—what he picked up was a high-keyed accent, and a sharp pronunciation. Then the extreme rapidity of his utterance, and the smartness of some of his notes, gave his delivery an air of affectation, to which some were only reconciled by habit and respect. The result, on the whole, was exactly as described by his friend the late Lord Holland, who said that though Jeffrey *had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English*.

‘As the acquisition of a pure English accent by a full-grown Scotchman, which implies the total loss of his Scotch, is fortunately impossible, it would have been better if he had merely got some of the grosser matter rubbed off his vernacular tongue, and left himself, unencumbered both by it and by unattainable English, to his own respectable Scotch, refined by literature and good society, and used plainly and naturally, without shame, and without affected exaggeration.’—i. 47.

The Judge testifies that, though thus unhappily super-English in his habitual pronunciation and accent, his yoke-fellow retained the native vocabulary full in recollection, and to the end

end 'could speak Scotch when he chose as correctly as when the Doric of the Lawnmarket had only been improved by that of the Rottenrow of Glasgow.' This certificate, we confess, surprised us. We more than once heard the flourishing advocate examine rustic witnesses, and used to think his Doric about as funny as his Attic. Cockburn adds that Jeffrey always continued to have a lively relish for the vernacular literature of Scotland. This we quite believe. We venture to say, however, that his taste in it was not over pure. It seems to us that he never adequately discriminated between the classics of that dialect (ending in Scott), and writers who, of necessity, exhibit it in a degraded type—no longer the actual speech of any but the common people.

Whatever indecision there may have been hitherto as to Jeffrey's professional destination, it appears that henceforth he fixed his views steadily on the bar—after a little hesitation and calculation of costs and risks, on the Scotch bar; and the history of the next four years before he assumed the gown, and of the five or six more that elapsed ere he obtained any considerable practice, constitutes, perhaps, the most valuable section of Cockburn's volume. The value, however, being in the fulness and precision of the details, we can hardly do more than express our gratitude. We find little evidence indeed of serious grappling with the *arcana* of jurisprudence proper—but, on the whole, never did a young man of quick parts, and entertaining a sufficient confidence in them, set before students a more remarkable example of industry. At Edinburgh he attended the lectures of many professors, some on subjects not obviously connected with his own plans—for instance, chemistry and anatomy—all of which, however, did essentially tend to enlarge the resources of the future Advocate (as well as of the future Reviewer);—and he continued his sedulity in recording whatever their prelections added to his information. The daily public examinations—the weekly essays, subjected not only to the censure of the chair, but to the mutual criticism of the struggling youths—but above all, the clubs where they discussed all topics in nocturnal conclave—these parts of the northern system, which no doubt he had sorely regretted while among the solemn courts and groves of Oxford, afforded every possible facility for the development and display of his peculiar talents; and he ere long acquired in that sphere a considerable reputation. It should be told that of the winters succeeding his brief residence in the south, he spent two at Glasgow, which, again, must have been an additional expense to the old man. He also at this period passed a good share of his vacations in Glasgow, and this, considering his love  
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of Edinburgh, may seem strange. Cockburn accounts for it by a hint that at home he felt the humbleness of his connexions; fretted at seeing himself surrounded by circles to which he had no access. He had, it is true, says the biographer, no more access to the better society of Glasgow than of Edinburgh; but in the western town he was a stranger, and no one would take notice of his isolation. The Judge adds, however, that at Glasgow there was 'a Hebe.'

From an entry in a Glasgow note-book, we gather that at one time he was afraid his father would insist on his adopting a mercantile career; but whether some idea of that sort still lingering in the depute-clerk's mind had any influence in these later excursions to that commercial town, does not appear. Our Judge pauses, however, to pronounce this little *interlocutor* :—

'He would have made a miserable merchant; for he had a horror of risk, and a strong sense of the value of pecuniary prudence. With a liberality of disposition, which was evinced by munificent charity, he had no spirit of adventure, and therefore one shilling certain had charms for him which twenty shillings doubtful could not impart. He would have made himself or his partners crazy, by perpetually demonstrating, in the midst of their most solid prosperity, that they were all bankrupt, or must speedily become so. The law, and in Edinburgh, was plainly his destiny.'—i. 50.

On the 30th of August, 1793, says his friend :—

'He got one of his first views of the scenes he was to act in, by being present, as a spectator, at the case of Mr. Thomas Muir, advocate, who was that day dealt with at Edinburgh for what was then called *Sedition*. Jeffrey never mentioned that trial without horror.'—i. 58.

It is the natural inference that facts such as those stated in this Muir's indictment, and abundantly proved on his trial, would not now be 'called sedition' at Edinburgh. Possibly not, nor—after a long course of Whig administration—in London either. But that such facts constituted sedition at least, if not treason, in 1793, was the opinion not merely of the then Scottish bench, but of English jurists whom Lord Cockburn is perhaps hardly entitled to look down upon. No statute since 1793 has touched the nature and constituents of sedition in Scotland. The Act 6 George IV. cap. 17, deprived the Scotch bench of the power to punish sedition by transportation; but the very passing of that Act proves the previous legality of the power it abolished; and that it would have been unwise to alter that ancient system at the crisis of 1793 was the decision both of the House of Commons in that year, when the question was formally brought before them, and of the House of Lords. We have no wish to enter

into a debate with Lord Cockburn as to the particular case of Muir; but we may suggest that Jeffrey's *horror* about his trial does not seem to have been at the moment very profound. In the letter cited, he never even names Muir; but only indicates him by a ludicrous *sobriquet*—'the Chancellor'—founded on some story about his mother's dreaming that she was to bring forth a man child who should sit in the marble chair. But there is more to be observed. In March, 1845, after Lord Jeffrey had been eleven years on the bench, a case involving many references to the trials of 1793 was argued with great ability before the Court of Session. Certain persons had subscribed money for a monument in honour of the 'Martyrs,' Muir, Gerald, Margarot, &c., and purchased a site for it on the Calton-hill. Other people considered that such an erection would be, for various reasons, unlawful, and petitioned the court for an interdict. The court finally refused the interdict:—the monument is now a conspicuous feature of that commanding locality;—and Lord Jeffrey was one of the majority that carried this decision; but in his speech from the bench, one of the finest he ever delivered, he was far from expressing any *horror* for the convictions of 1793. A senior judge (a Tory by the way) had thought it fair to ask whether the loyal opponents of this pillar would have objected equally to one in memory of the *traitor* Balmerino? Jeffrey, after a graceful rehearsal of the respect accorded by all men, Whig or Tory, to such names as Falkland and Hampden, Argyle and Montrose, said—

'The individuals now in question were of less mark; but they too fill a page in history, and their private lives were, I believe, blameless—at all events unstained by any brand of infamy. Nor indeed do I see any reason to suppose that they were actuated by any worse motives than those which have at all times most commonly led men into *political delinquencies*—exaggerated notions of existing evils and possible remedies; overweening estimates of their own power and abilities, and a morbid desire of distinction and notoriety:—dangerous infirmities of character certainly, and capable of working *infinite mischief in certain conditions of society*, but not in themselves *hateful*. . . . The lapse of time is a most material element in any estimate of the danger and consequently the illegality of monuments to *political offenders*. If immediately after the suppression of what they were pleased to call the British Convention—while the country was still in a state of alarming excitement, and all the affiliated Societies either in full operation or but partly dissolved—proposals had been publicly circulated for setting up such a monument, I feel that it must have been considered not only a daring defiance of the law, but as an open lifting of the *Standard of Sedition*.\*'

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\* See Reports by Dunlop, Fell, &c., vol. vii. p. 561-562.

If any of our readers desire to study minutely the case of Muir and his associates, they must turn to the State Trials—or perhaps the summary in Adolphus's History of George III. (vol. v.) may content them. The question as to what, in the view even of English lawyers, was *sedition* in 1793 receives ample illustration in Twiss's Life of Eldon. Jeffrey's 'Chancellor' appears by all accounts to have been a prating coxcomb of the weakest class. He was a great man in that 'British Convention One and Indivisible' which held its sittings in 'Liberty Court, Liberty Stairs, Liberty Close' (some hole in the Cowgate, we believe), and affixed to its decrees the formula '*Ca ira.*' He was also an United Irishman, and having been indicted in that capacity at Dublin, escaped to France early in 1793, where he was adopted as a Citizen of the Republic, no doubt on the recommendation of his friend Tom Paine. Upon this he was outlawed, and the Faculty of Advocates erased his name from their books. Returning imprudently to Scotland, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and condemned to Botany Bay. He escaped from that settlement and was on board a Spanish cruiser when she fell in with the *Indomitable*, a frigate belonging to our Mediterranean fleet. After a brief resistance the Spaniard struck his flag, and when the first lieutenant of our ship (a distinguished Scotch officer) went on board the prize, he recognised, in an involuntary cry of pain, the voice of a sorely wounded *Scotchman*. Whether he had or not been justly convicted of *Sedition* in 1793, he certainly had now incurred the penalties of High Treason. His compassionate countryman, however, made no disclosure. He was, with other mutilated prisoners, landed at Cadiz, and recovered sufficiently to reach Paris, where he died of his injuries in 1798.

Next year, 1794, Jeffrey was called to the Bar. He was barely of age, but that was very usual at Edinburgh. The gown was not necessarily accompanied with a wig. Men in high practice, indeed, seldom dispensed with it, even in those days; but at his zenith Jeffrey's own hair, 'then black and bushy,' was among the *notabilia* of the Parliament House. Nor did the *call* much affect the usual course of his occupations. He had to undergo the same discipline of 'sweeping the boards' that has been described by so many other sufferers. What business he got from old friends of his father's among the solicitors was comprised in routine motions and the inditing of 'law papers.' Before the Court of Session the great bulk not only of statement but of argument was then produced in the written form, and Jeffrey's facility of the pen must have rendered such drudgery less grievous for him than for perhaps his ablest co-operatives.



Horner, during his short experience there, groans over a long day spent on some dozen closely written folio pages—the question being whether ‘a certain ditch, one foot and a half wide, ought to be on the east or the west side of a certain hedge, three feet high’ (*Memoirs*, i. 141). Lord Cockburn speaks of many utterly silent brothers as rearing their families respectably on this line of practice—‘writing habitually perhaps a quarto volume per day.’ But even those most distinguished for oral powers always had a large share in the business of writing (or dictation)—and it is to the biographer’s own diligence therein that we ascribe the needlessness of his preliminary apologies on the present occasion. Term followed term—and Jeffrey, like Scott a little before him, failed to be engaged in any case that could fix on him the attention of *the fifeteen*. Both made their first serious appearances under the eyes of a very different tribunal—the General Assembly of the Kirk; both in cases of the same character, and both provoking reprehension from that venerable Court. Jeffrey’s client was a clergyman charged with drunkenness. He concluded his appeal by demanding whether any reverend person in the House could lay hand on breast, and declare that he had never been betrayed into a trespass of that sort? There arose a storm of indignation—but Jeffrey, making a lowly obeisance to the chair, lamented in a most contrite tone that he had been led astray by ‘total ignorance of the habits of the Church;’ and—whether unusual candour prevailed in the meeting (which may have been an evening one) or the manner of the young performer was in itself irresistible—the result was a general roar; and, whatever may have been the fate of the jovial Calvinist, his advocate escaped. In a clerical body not encumbered with wealth, a member subjecting himself to trial for breach of discipline is seldom likely to offer much in the matter of fees, and therefore puts up with counsellors whose sufficient payment is the opportunity of exhibition. But from the rich raciness of the cases, and the popular interest attached to them, the practice before this Court has often had attractions for barristers already burthened with engagements. Jeffrey, even in the heyday of his success, was always glad to find himself at the bar of the Assembly, and there made some of his most celebrated appearances. The like might be said of our biographer:—nay, we suspect that he, being in his forensic vein (though his book might not suggest it) a real master both of humour and pathos, must have had unequalled delight as well as success in this department. At all events his sketch of the scene is among the happiest he gives us:—

‘It is a sort of Presbyterian convocation, which meets, along with a  
Commissioner

Commissioner representing the Crown, for about twelve days yearly. It consists of about 200 clergymen, and about 150 lay elders, presided over by a reverend president, called the Moderator, who is elected annually. As an ecclesiastical parliament, it exercises, subject to very ill-defined limitations, a censorian and corrective authority over all the evils, and all affairs, of the church. As a court, it deals out what appears to it to be justice upon all ecclesiastical delinquencies and disputes. Its substance survives—but, in its air and tone, it has every year been degrading more and more into the likeness of common things; till at last the primitive features which, half a century ago, distinguished it from every other meeting of men in this country, have greatly faded. Yet how picturesque it still is! The royal commissioner and his attendants, all stiff, brilliant, and grotesque, in court attire. The members gathered from every part of the country—from growing cities, lonely glens, distant islands, agricultural districts, universities, and fallen burghs;—the varieties of dialect and tone,\* uncorrupted fifty years ago by English;—the kindly greetings;—the social arrangements;—the party plots;—the strangeness of the subjects;—partly theological, partly judicial, partly political—often all mixed—of the deepest apparent importance to the house, however insignificant or incomprehensible to others;—the awkwardness of their forms, and the irregularity of their application;—their ignorance of business;—the conscientious intolerance of the rival sects;—the helplessness, when the storm of disorder arises, of the poor short-lived inexperienced Moderator;—the mixture of clergy and laity, of nobility and commoners, civilians and soldiers;—the curious efforts of oratory;—the ready laughter, even among the grim;—and consequently the easy jokes.—i. 181.

In his earlier narrative Cockburn has a few allusions to Jeffrey as engaged in criminal cases; but he limits himself to allusion, and is accordingly unintelligible. In the sequel there is an almost total reticence as to forensic facts—and this is, of the whole work, the feature for which we are most at a loss to account. There was no need to show us that, apart from the fortunes and fates of those for whom he is employed, the career of a barrister, as such, however eminent—nay in proportion to his eminence—must afford little matter of biographical interest. All must have observed with what dexterity Lord Campbell vivifies his series by summaries of marking cases in which his heroes had been concerned, whether as counsel or as judges. Without such details the life of a lawyer is like what a general's would be that should omit his battles—realising Scott's a *little* exaggerated objection to Mackintosh, who, he said, in his History of Edward III., 'put Creci into a parenthesis.' But we are anticipating.

For several weary years Jeffrey continued with exceedingly slender practice—and this was well for him. Unless when under-  
going

going penance in two or three hours of the Outer House, or when poring at his garret-window over such lucubrations as Horner has described to us, his time continued to be devoted to the pursuits of his own predilection—not, indeed, those most likely to have made him the Hardwicke or the Mansfield of Scotland, but the fittest, on the whole, that he could have selected with a view to the real ultimate superiorities of his life.

*On the whole*, we say—for even the biographer seems to admit one exception. We have seen that even when at Oxford he wrote of himself as having no hopes to be ‘a great man, unless perhaps as a poet.’ Ever and anon that dream revisited him. His MSS. exhibit, it seems, not merely a few such specimens of rhyme as might probably be found in the unpurified repositories of any man of letters—sonnets to eyebrows—but quires upon quires of solemn exercise in almost every form of poetical composition, except the epic; for which solitary exception he atones by a translation of the dullest epic transmitted from antiquity, ‘in blank verse, in imitation of Cowper’s Homer.’ Among the rest of this supellex are a didactic piece of ample dimensions—an entire tragedy—odes and elegies in profuse abundance. Rhadamanthus, though he sees much to admire—command of diction, metrical elegance, &c.—desiderates the *vis creatrix*; and says that, at all events, as his prodigy never produced himself before the world as a poet, he does not feel it necessary to display him in that capacity. We are surprised that Jeffrey did not burn the MSS.; but Lord Cockburn has no doubt obeyed a just feeling. It is added that, in the course of his anxious struggling period, Jeffrey more than once escaped very narrowly the fate thus still avoided. Upon one emergency he transmitted his Argonautics to the philosopher Maton, in hopes of a bargain in London, but the metropolitan booksellers, seldom eager for classical translations, rejected Apollonius Rhodius. Somewhat later he is reported to have actually carried a volume of his own original poetry to an Edinburgh bibliopole, who was less shy, and offered terms which were accepted. But, chancing to spend the next few days in the country, Jeffrey remeditated this transaction, and returned just in time to have it cancelled. What an escape for the future Editor! Had that volume appeared, should we ever have seen an Article on the Excursion opening with ‘This will never do’?

‘One of the poetical qualities—a taste for the beauties and the sublimities of nature—he certainly possessed in an eminent degree. His eye, which had a general activity of observation, was peculiarly attracted by these objects; and this not for the mere exercise of watching striking appearances, but for the enjoyment of the feelings with which they

they were connected. The contemplation of the glories of the external world was one of his habitual delights. All men pretend to enjoy scenery, and most men do enjoy it, though many of them only passively; but with Jeffrey it was indispensable for happiness, if not for existence. He lived in it. The earth, the waters, and especially the sky, supplied him in their aspects with inexhaustible materials of positive luxury, on which he feasted to an extent which those who only knew him superficially could not suspect. Next to the pleasures of duty and the heart, it was the great enjoyment.'—i. 72, 73.

All this is, we think, sustained by the Correspondence. So much for poetry. We must pass over the further details of studious preparation, and especially of critical lucubrations by degrees accumulated. The biographer has satisfied himself that in many of those early MSS. Jeffrey, when a professional reviewer, found valuable materials already collected, sometimes fully shaped for his use. In one of these, for example, the theory of the celebrated article on *Beauty* is, he says, clearly developed, although within comparatively narrow limits.

We are now plunged into the vortex of the Parliament House, and the Judge seems to recall the liveliest feelings of his own youth in depicting the scene and the persons, not a few of them eminently picturesque, whose influence was predominant there when Jeffrey began to be jostled among its wigged or wigless crowds. In most of these sketches large allowance must be made for Whig prejudice; but it would be idle to go into any argument on the occasion. His account of the great minister in whose hands then, as for many years before and afterwards, the patronage of the northern kingdom was vested, appears to us not only a felicitous specimen of his writing, but, on the whole, singularly honourable to his character. He himself nowhere intimates a circumstance essential to a right estimate of this passage. His mother was a sister of the Lord Melville's—his father, a baron of the Exchequer, had been advanced by that powerful connexion—and had young Henry Cockburn adhered to the politics of his family, no man could have entered the bar with surer prospects of speedy preferment than the minister's brilliant nephew. Having offered this explanation to the *Southron*, we merely mark by *italics* some expressions not less deserving of their attention:—

'Henry Dundas was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying; the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town councillors, the members of parliament,

ment, and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were in the breath of his nostril. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his official favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means, so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. But no human omnipotence could be exercised with a smaller amount of just offence. It is not fair to hold him responsible for the insolence of all his followers. The miserable condition of our political institutions and habits made this country a noble field for a patriotic statesman who had been allowed to improve it. But this being then *impossible*, for neither the government *nor a majority of the people* wished for it, there was no way of managing, except by patronage. Its magistrates and representatives, and its other base and paltry materials, had to be kept in order by places, for which they did what they were bidden; and this was really all the government that *the country then admitted of*. Whoever had been the autocrat, his business consisted in laying forty-five Scotch members at the feet of the government. To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position for a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper like Dundas's, to be absolute, without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. Very few men could have administered it without being hated. He was not merely worshipped by his many personal friends, and by the numerous idolaters whom the idol fed, but was respected by the reasonable of his opponents, who, though doomed to suffer by his power, liked the individual, against whom they had *nothing to say except that he was not on their side, and reserved his patronage for his supporters*. They knew that, though ruling by a rigid exclusion of all unfriends who were too proud to be purchased, or too honest to be converted, he had no vindictive desire to persecute or to crush. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skilful in parliament, *wise and liberal in council*, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts, that he did not make the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not abuse them; which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.

‘In addition to common political hostility, this state of things produced great personal bitterness. The insolence, or at least the confidence, of secure power on the one side, and the indignation of bad usage on the other, put the weaker party, and seemed to justify it, under a tacit proscription. It both excluded those of one class from all public trust, which is not uncommon, and obstructed their attempts to raise themselves any how. To an extent now scarcely credible, and  
curious

curious to think of, it closed the doors and the hearts of friends against friends. There was no place where it operated so severely as at the bar. Clients and agents shrink from counsel on whom judges frown. Those who had already established themselves, and had evinced irresistible powers, kept their hold; but the unestablished and the ordinary had little chance. Everywhere, but especially at the bar, a youth of a Tory family who was discovered to have imbibed the Whig poison was considered as a lost son.'—i. 77, 80.

Besides the self-elected obstacle of liberalism in politics, Jeffrey had to contend against others of which the nephew of Melville could have no personal experience. The bar was not only then, what it still is, the foremost profession in that country, but, what it now by comparison is not, an aristocratic society. Candidates of plebeian birth were (even in some cases of very great ability) admitted with difficulty—at best with coldness. The official position of Jeffrey's father has been described by Lord Cockburn as 'respectable, not high;' but his grandfather and his father's brother were still well-known citizens, and their occupation—however worthy in their way—placed them decidedly below the rank expected in a barrister's descent. The leading Whig advocates, with very rare exceptions, shared the prejudice, and were little disposed to welcome politics without a pedigree.

'For a long while his professional acquaintance was exceedingly slight, scarcely extending beyond those friends of his youth who had gone to the bar with him. Of the seniors, there seem to have been only two who noticed him.

'His talents and his reputation, which among young men was very considerable, were his only grounds of hope. These were counteracted by his public opinions, and by an unpopularity of manner which it is somewhat difficult to explain. People did not like his English, nor his style of smart sarcastic disputation, nor his loquacity, nor what they supposed to be an air of affectation. These peculiarities gradually faded, and people got accustomed to them: but they operated against him throughout several of his early years. He himself was aware of this, and felt it. He writes to his brother (27th June, 1796) of "*the few to whom I am dear*;" and envies John, who had gained so many friends, and seen so much of the world, "while I have been languishing within my island limits, scarcely known to anybody, and *not much liked by those who do know me*."—i. 88, 89.

Cold-shouldered by his superiors even of the Whig persuasion, obtaining no admission into the upper socialities of the place, and but a very scanty measure of the dullest employment, it is no wonder that Jeffrey should have repined at his lot, and from time to time all but relinquished the struggle. He recurred ever and anon to the idea of some colonial bar where a Scotch gown was admissible, or to the grander chances of India.

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In case of his fixing on the East, he must first pass at the English bar; that is, eat bad dinners for three years at an inn of court. On the occasion, however, when the 'injured Thales' was nearest 'deserting Scotland for the Strand,' he appears to have abandoned his legal projects in favour of encountering the risks of a mere literary adventurer. Announcing an excursion to London in September, 1798, he says to a young kinsman:—

'I have thoughts of settling there as a grub. Will you go into partnership with me? I have introductions to review and newspaper editors, and I am almost certain that I could make four times the sum that ever I shall do at the bar.'—i. 101, 102.

He carried with him some of his translations; but these commanded no more attention from Sir Richard Phillips than befel in a former age the *Æschylean Commentary* and *Sermons of Parson Adams*. The proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* was a Scotchman, and likely to be civil; but Mr. Perry was so overwhelmed with business that they never met!

'So much the better for him. He came home, and was gradually drawn by circumstances into the line of life which was the best for his powers, his usefulness, and his happiness.'—i. 102.

Thus speaks Lord Cockburn in 1852. We much doubt, nevertheless. Had Jeffrey fixed himself here in 1798, there is no likelihood that he could have long continued in the state of a 'grub.' He would have obtained a competence in his literary capacity; and the consciousness of his rare qualifications for his proper profession must have by and by revived forensic views. Like his clever townsman Spankie (about that time Perry's editor or sub-editor)—like his still more distinguished countryman, Lord Campbell—he might have started with an engagement on the *Morning Chronicle*; but like them he would next have pursued that function as a student at the Temple—he would have been enrolled among English barristers, and either realised a fortune in Calcutta as Spankie did, or more probably found good cause for abiding in our own sphere, and died not on the northern bench but in one of the most exalted positions of Westminster Hall. But the fates decided for the good old town which had the credit of his birth. He went back with his wallet full of *Demosthenes de Coronâ* done into English, &c. &c., and ere long was for ever fixed there by the great tier as well as dissolver of knots. From the time of his younger sister's marriage, he had lived alone in hired lodgings. On his return from London he paid a visit to some relations at St. Andrew's, and was so smitten with one of them, that, after some little prudential hesitations, he resolved on the untraceable step, and leased a flat in Buccleuch Place; but not, as Sydney Smith was pleased to

to say, 'the eighth or ninth story—neither of which ever existed—in fact, the *third*.'

'The marriage took place on the 1st November, 1801. It had all the recommendations of poverty. His father, who was in humble circumstances, assisted them a very little; Miss Wilson had no fortune, and Jeffrey had told his brother, only six months before, that "*my profession has never yet brought me 100*l.* a-year.*"—His domestic arrangements were set about with that honourable economy which always enabled him to practise great generosity. There is a sheet of paper containing an inventory, in his own writing, of every article of furniture that he went the length of getting, with the prices. His own study was only made comfortable at the cost of 7*l.* 18*s.*; the banqueting hall rose to 13*l.* 8*s.*, and the drawing-room actually amounted to 22*l.* 19*s.*'—i. 119.

It was under this modest roof that, about Christmas, 1801, the Edinburgh Review was concocted. We have now before us accounts of the consultations by three of the persons, and they confirm the proverbial uncertainty of the best testimony, for no two of them agree entirely. The nearest in date is Horner's; and probably it is also the closest to fact. We can well understand that no one of the parties might have been able, after but a brief interval of time, to say by whom the project was mooted, or even to how many it was at first communicated. Sydney Smith appears to take the credit of the suggestion to himself, and plainly claims to have been the editor of the first and second numbers. From his statement, and also from Jeffrey's, one would infer that the primary colleagues were at least five or six; but Jeffrey seems to deny that the earlier numbers had, in fact, any *editor*; while Horner, saying nothing as to the original editorship, mentions only three as having partaken in the determining consultations—viz. Smith (anno ætat. 31), Jeffrey (29), and himself (24). Besides these, however, the scheme was very soon embraced by John Allen, then aged 32, and a surgeon in Edinburgh, but ere long transplanted, and now best remembered as the 'guide, philosopher and friend' of Holland House; Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University, and author of a poem now forgotten, *The Paradise of Coquettes* (anno ætat. 24); finally, Henry Brougham, aged 23—who, however, by Jeffrey's statement, was neither very eagerly enlisted by the seniors, nor a very ready responder to their invitation; though, as Jeffrey adds, he proved in the sequel the most copious and efficient of all the collaborateurs; meaning, we presume, next after himself. As to the original editorship, we can quite comprehend Sydney to have considered himself as occupying that position,



tion, while his colleagues were not sure that anybody did occupy it. While the papers were furnished exclusively by the projectors, there could have been little need for a regular editor; and those joyous, playful comrades, walking together every morning and toddying together every night, would probably overhaul all the proofsheets in such a fashion that next morning not one among them could well say who it was that had chiefly *doctored* any particular paragraph. Nay, we can believe that the original penmanship thereof might have come to be matter of uncertain recollection. It does appear, however, that Smith exercised whatever authority was conceded to him upon one occasion, and a very early one, with marking effect. He took the liberty, Jeffrey says, of cancelling or altering part of an article by Dr. Brown, who instantly cut his connexion with the concern—from which we should guess that the loss of him was a gain. The like probably happened in reference to other thinskinners. Sydney, in talking over those days with ourselves, late in his life said,—‘The first, the most imperative, and the most offensive duty of an editor is to strike his pen through the preface and the eloquence.’

This chapter of Lord Cockburn's book is, like most of those in modern histories which treat of foundations, dispersive of myths. It has been usual to hear and read of the Edinburgh Review as in all the circumstances of its origin and success little short of a miraculous phenomenon—the project of a small knot of young men fortuitously thrown together in a provincial city—not one of whom had had any experience in literary workmanship; men so very young that they might almost, in the parlance of the world, be called boys. Young they were, and very extraordinary young men, most of them; but the myth, as we have already seen, was a great exaggeration even as respects the mere matter of years. ‘Excellent ages for such work,’—says Cockburn—and he says well; but his narrative shows, moreover, that most of them, if not all, had passed through ample preparations and prelusions, and of the kind best adapted to insure the triumph of their enterprise. Of Jeffrey's preliminary exercises we need say little more than that, as his biographer reveals, for several years before the Edinburgh Review was born, he had been a pretty regular contributor to the ‘Monthly Review;’ and various articles of his in that publication are now specified—among others, curious enough, one on *Thalaba*, which, having been deferred by the metropolitan editor (little prescient of events), did not appear in his pages until another on the same subject by the same hand had adorned the opening number of the Rev. Peter Plymley. That others of the Buccleuch-place  
conclave

conclave had had somewhat of the same experience we cannot affirm, but can hardly doubt. That Plymley, for one, should have reached his thirtieth year without dipping his pen in periodical ink, is what, till we see distinct evidence, we shall not believe.

It is another mere delusion that the critical press of London had during the previous period been unsupported by able and learned writing. Many most accomplished persons had been diligent in its service. It is sufficient to name Southey, Wm. Taylor, Parr, and Mackintosh. The mischief was, that the whole concern had fallen under the sway of booksellers, who dictated subjects, paid good hands shabbily, and gave most of their space to articles for which they could not have paid too little, so that the wheat was lost among the chaff.

In the new design, with the exception of the clerical wit, the colleagues were all natural denizens of Edinburgh. Sydney seems to have gone thither a year or so before as tutor to a young man of fortune, and to have been soon enrolled in the *Speculative Society*, where he made acquaintance with Jeffrey and all the rest. The Edinburgh Review may be considered as a child of the Speculative. Sydney's profession and connexions speedily withdrew him from the North. Great as was the prosperity of the work in Jeffrey's hands, we still question whether it would not have had even more if continued under the divine's care. In fact, we doubt if there ever was any man so admirably qualified for such a position. He might not have had, in 1802, so much reading as Jeffrey;—but any such deficiency would soon, with energies like his, have been supplied; and he undoubtedly even at the start possessed a purer literary taste than his successor: to which, in the sequel, were added, if he had them not then, a far keener knowledge of human character and a superiority of tact which it would hardly be too much to call infinite. A more consummate man of the world, though we believe one more entirely unhardened at heart by its experiences, never existed. Compared to him, as to society in all its departments and bearings, Jeffrey was never more than a clever stripling beside an unsurpassed master. And even as respects mere literary reputation, in which throughout their most active days Jeffrey must be allowed to have in popular opinion overshadowed him, what is likely to be the ultimate result? We are not afraid to say that according to our anticipations Sydney will rank 100, 200, 500 years hence as an English classic in the same line with Swift, and therein inferior only—though *magno intervallo*—to the immortal Dean. How will it then fare with Jeffrey?

Neither

Neither Horner nor Brougham, any more than Sydney, adhered long to the scene which suggested to the latter as a motto for the Review—*Tenui musam meditamur avena*—‘We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal;’ an epigraph ill replaced by the stately one from *Publius Syrus*, which, as our reverend friend hints, must have been picked up from some note in Bayle, as at the meeting where it was proposed no one seemed to have the least notion who *Publius Syrus* was. However republican might have been the original administration, this dispersion could not but be followed by somewhat of a monarchical *régime*; and the first who signified the urgency for such a change was the long-headed senior. Sydney understood fun too well not to understand business too; and very soon after he left Edinburgh, he wrote to the publisher that, if he meant to establish the Review, he must have a regular editor, and ‘give him a decent salary, and, moreover, determine as an inflexible rule that all articles should be paid for—otherwise some contributors would fancy themselves entitled to hold their heads higher than others, and also become disagreeable customers to the common superintendent. Constable, one of the most judicious as well as the boldest of his trade, adopted this advice; and Jeffrey, after a little hesitation, was formally installed. How soon that arrangement was proved to be a necessary one, is sufficiently shown in the *Memoirs of Horner*—from which work, indeed, we rather think a clearer notion of the early history of the Review might be obtained, than from Lord Cockburn’s volumes taken by themselves—a result not very surprising, as Horner was, and Cockburn was not, of the original conclave, and continued to be, for some years at least, what we must question that Cockburn ever was, an effective contributor. It is in the confidential correspondence between Horner and Jeffrey that we have the simplest delineations of the latter’s struggles in the first exercise of his delicate office. What Lord Cockburn adds is a lucid summary, and, we believe, just eulogy, of the qualities exemplified from the first in his treatment of all classes of colleagues. Whatever of needless sharpness might be ascribed to his critical pen—whatever of apparent petulance to his manner in mixed society—no man ever was, in fact, more free from either harshness of feeling towards others or presumptuous self-conceit than Jeffrey—than young Jeffrey even. No one ever came into close contact with him either as a private gentleman, as barrister, or as editor, without being impressed with a sense of the real kindness of his spirit and intentions. With men of high mark we cannot suppose him ever to have had much difficulty—such could estimate his claims, and would rarely exaggerate their own;

own; but, as Lord Cockburn signifies, and as we could easily have guessed, it was not until after a certain course of time that he found his control submitted to implicitly by those whom he, in writing to Horner, styles 'the journeymen.'

It is not disparaging any man to rank him as, on certain points, inferior to Sydney Smith. Jeffrey was happily fitted for his post. He knew more upon most subjects than people in general know upon any, which not only gave him a great range for his own pen, but enabled him to judge with confidence the contributions of his allies. In literature in almost all its branches, in metaphysics, in politics, he could appreciate what he read, and add something from his private stores. He was a stranger to the scrupulosity which torments fastidious workmen, and could with little trouble transfer to his Journal whatever entered his mind. Thus, in forming the tessellated pavement he was able to multiply his own marble squares, and dispense with many a rough piece of granite from ruder quarries. But he was also excellent at beautifying the productions of his 'journeymen'—an art, Scott said, of the last importance in an editor. The biographer intimates that he effected his end by slight omissions and delicate touches; while the artist himself states, on the contrary, 'that he was more given to dash out and substitute by wholesale, than to interweave graces or lace seams.' We have little doubt that Cockburn judges by his own experience—none that Jeffrey employed both methods according to his mood—and the necessities of the occasion. In any case of need, being fertile in metaphors, and rapid in discovering pertinent applications for his varied stores, he could dot at will a dark expanse of heather with gay tufts of flowers. His moral qualities were worthy of his intellectual rank. His courtesy, upon all points where he could properly yield, seems to have been joined to inflexible firmness where his duty was at stake. He declared, on accepting the editorship, that if it ever sunk to be an ordinary bookseller's journal he would dissolve the connexion, and not sink with it. He kept his pledge by never suffering encroachments to be made upon his independence. He reviewed Scott's edition of Swift, at the particular request of Constable, who was the publisher both of the book and the Journal. 'It was, I think,' said Constable, 'the first time I ever asked such a thing of him, and I assure you the result was no encouragement to repeat such petitions.' *The Crafty* (as Jeffrey called him) had asked a fish and got a serpent. 'You will, of course,' Horner wrote to him, 'review Scott's *Lay*' with a little of the partiality which we all feel for the author. But Jeffrey replied,—'Justice must be done; and I, like the executioner, shall kiss him and whirl him off, if the sentence

tence be against him.' Though the *Lay* escaped an excess of severity, *Marmion* amply vindicated his boast. He was less rigorous with Moore, and yet there is no stronger proof that he was never too generous to omit to be just. They 'breakfasted lovingly' after their absurd attempt at a duel, and entered into a compact—Moore to abjure licentious topics, and Jeffrey to applaud him when he reformed his strains. The critic must have been anxious to redeem his pledge, for he was delighted with the genial temperament of the man, and owed him a return for the ready good-nature with which, after kissing the rod, he had consented to enlist into his flagellator's corps. *Lalla Rookh* afforded Jeffrey the desired opportunity; but, notwithstanding the warmth of his praise, he said so much of its defects that he received abusive letters from the friends of the poet for his covert *attack*. His affection for the Bells was early, ardent, and uninterrupted; no one will doubt that he was eager to proclaim to the world the genius of the brightest of that remarkable brotherhood, Sir Charles, while still poor and obscure:—and yet we question if that splendid physiologist was ever told the faults of his *diction* with half so much plainness as in Jeffrey's article on the *Anatomy of Painting*. His paper upon the Historical Fragment of Fox is another example. When the adherents of the great debater found the feeble legacy devoid of every merit which had distinguished his harangues, they persuaded themselves that its bald and nerveless style must needs be an admirable specimen of severe simplicity. No subservience to *party*, even in 1808, could make Jeffrey look at purely literary qualities through a buff and blue medium. He managed, to be sure, to discover political reasons why the work was invaluable; but at once, anticipating the judgment of the world, he pronounced the writing 'unequivocally bad.' Honourable as was Jeffrey's superiority to personal predilections, his sternness must be ascribed in part to his fondness for exposing defects. He often unnecessarily assumed the office of executioner, and sometimes performed it with an unparadonable air of *gusto*. On not a few occasions authors met with harder measure from their familiar friend than from strangers or even from enemies. His inflexibility, it seems to be plain enough, was chiefly on the side of harshness, and he was more prone to detect the mote of a brother than to be dazzled by the light which beamed from the eye of an adversary.

It is a proof of the low state of journalism at the period, and of the inferior hands into which its conduct had fallen, that *Jeffrey* (as then situated) was apprehensive lest he should lose caste in society by becoming a salaried editor. His professional prospects he thought would not suffer much:—and so far, indeed, from at  
all

all interfering with his progress at the bar, his critical sway was early, conspicuously, and ever more and more advantageous to him in his legal sphere. Horner says, that before the Review began, 'the genius of that little man had been suspected by none but his few intimates,' but that his articles were from the first more admired than those from any other pen; and if it had been from mere deference and curiosity, opportunities of exhibiting himself as an advocate, in cases of some pith and moment, could not but have been by and bye presented to one whose public reputation was felt to reflect honour on the ultra-national community surrounding him. Within some five or six years he rose to an abundant practice.

We have already regretted Lord Cockburn's reserve as to literary talk; but the same sort of deficiency must be observed throughout. Either he has little of the peculiar talent of that Bozzy at whom he sneers, or the luminary of Auld Reekie would hardly have rewarded such a studious astronomer. He describes one of his friend's chief rivals at the bar as having 'a featureless face;' his own portrait of Jeffrey seems to us more justly deserving of that negative character. We suspect, to be candid, that the blame lay mostly with the hero. Jeffrey had, we are convinced, a perfectly honest, generous nature; but though the early disadvantages of his manner were—it could not be otherwise—very much overcome as he approached his zenith, they never were quite got rid of. In general society he had, to the last, more the air and aspect of an actor, than of one taking his share in the conversation under the mere influence of instinctive habitudes. So, at least, it seemed to us; but our opportunities of observation were never, we allow, very numerous, nor always perhaps in other respects entirely favourable. We may, however, infer from Lord Cockburn's silence a confirmation of our own impression, that Jeffrey, with overflowing brilliancy of amplification and illustration, with singular acuteness of logic, and often a dazzling play of airy *persiflage*, carried indeed to the utmost limit of *abandon*, rarely—very rarely—concentrated his strength into either the terse stinging apophthegm, or the picturesque image which, once bodied forth in words, cannot be forgotten. He may, for all we can discover, take nearly the full benefit of exemption from the pains and penalties of Pascal's probably too sweeping rule—*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*. Even of his outward man—beyond the countenance which is tolerably represented by an engraving—the reader of this book could hardly form a very lively idea:—the almost dwarfish but light, wiry, vigorous figure, totally devoid of grace in any of its movements, and very awkward in most of them, is nowhere set before us as poor Bozzy would have

done it by three scratches of his crayon. Nor as to the countenance itself does this engraving afford, or could any *one* have afforded, an effective substitute for the blank of Lord Cockburn's page. For there was no very marked feature, and the whole was excessively *mobile*. Whoever looked, must indeed be struck with the firm, knotty structure of the forehead, the singular mixture of sarcasm and voluptuousness in the mouth, and, above all, the splendid darkness of the eye; but the whole was on a small scale, and the peculiar beauty of the eye itself was rarely discernible unless when in its repose. It then exhibited what, indeed, no careful observer ever missed in the eye of genius—a delicate sensibility.

He had the misfortune to lose in 1805 both his wife (greatly esteemed by all his friends) and their only child—and he felt the double blow acutely. But it came too soon to be “much more than a momentary shock; ere many weeks passed we find him writing to his brother that he has returned to his habits of visiting, as the only resource ‘until his affections can take root again.’ The Chinese have a proverb that there are but three grand calamities—to lose your father in your youth, your wife when you are in middle age, your son when you are old. To none of these was Jeffrey doomed. It was after that early bereavement that he had the silly affair with Moore, of which we have already said enough. Horner, describing his perfect calmness on the occasion, hints, with regret, that he could not but attribute something of it to ‘indifference for life.’ We see nothing either in Horner's other pages or in Cockburn's to countenance that suggestion. He had, as has been said, returned almost immediately to all his usual social engagements—nay, he seems to have studiously enlarged them; and Lord Cockburn concludes his remarks on the subject with saying that his friend, ‘when not under immediate distress, was at all times the soul of gaiety.’

After a lapse of five years he made acquaintance at Edinburgh with a young lady of the Wilkes family, already allied matrimonially to his own; and in 1813, during the war, underwent all the inconveniences of a voyage to America on her account. The length at which Lord Cockburn narrates this adventure—descending even to details about pig-murder and ship-cookery—is the most remarkable proof we could adduce of his poverty as to incident. Jeffrey had the honour of an interview with Madison, and though in his Review he had more than once upheld the American side as to the *right of search* question, he felt, it seems, that it would be shabby to adhere to that side in the presence of the President. Not a little to Madison's surprise he

he argued the matter like a good Briton ; but his dismissal was polite. Jeffrey's American alliance proved a fortunate one. His second wife was not less acceptable to his friends than the first, and in her society all the rest of his days were most happily passed.

Our suggestions as to the indistinctness in Lord Cockburn's main portraiture will, we think, be sustained by several delineations of contemporaries in the book. Certain omissions in this gallery—and the inadequate treatment of some of the subjects embraced, excite, we confess, our surprise. For example, George Cranstoun (Lord Corehouse), by far the most accomplished man (if we except Jeffrey) among the Edinburgh barristers, and all through active life considered as a chief ornament of their Whiggery, is handled in a slighting—almost contemptuous fashion:—while the profoundest lawyer on the scene, and without any exception the most powerful mind, Adam Gillies (Lord Gillies)—he too, all through Jeffrey's meridian very prominent as a liberal—is totally *ignored*. Why so? We are afraid the answer lies in a nutshell—which Lord Cockburn is welcome to crack. Cranstoun and Gillies were among those reflective seniors who repudiated Lord John Russell's 'Revolution.' Cranstoun, utterly disgusted and in broken health, quitted the arena, and subsequently attracted little notice—save among the few who had access to his retreat, which every grace of studious elegance dignified: but Gillies continued the weightiest on the Judgment seat, and no eye could have lost sight of him. How truly *Whig*! The devoted services of thirty or forty years are all forgotten in a moment, if the thorough-stitch partizan detects, even in the highest intellect, the slightest symptom of intellectual independence. But enough of this. We select one specimen of the purest Whig breed—John Clerk (Lord Eldin). He retired from the bench in 1828, having been disabled by paralysis, and died in 1832. It may peradventure be well even for him, as one of Lord Cockburn's patients, that he could have manifested no opinion as to the Reform Bill; at all events his brother William, through life his closest confidant, took on that occasion the same course with their old friends Cranstoun and Gillies. However—here is, as we believe, a Hogarthian verity of this ablest probably of the old and able lineage of Penicuik:—

'A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm, projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thorough-bred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance



nance of great thought and great decision.—Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready head; which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous, and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by an hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he. These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities, or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race.—One was an innocent admiration both of his own real merits and achievements, and of all the supposed ones which his simplicity ascribed to himself. He was saved from the imputation of vanity in this, by the sincerity of the delusion. Without any boasting or airs of superiority, he would expatiate on his own virtues with a quiet placidity, as if he had no concern in the matter, but only wished others to know what they should admire. This infantine self-deification would have been more amusing, had it not encouraged another propensity, the source of some of his more serious defects—an addiction, not in words merely, but in conduct, to paradox. He did not announce his dogmas, like the ordinary professors of paradox, for surprise or argument, but used to insist upon them with a calm, slow, dogged obstinacy, which at least justified the honesty of his acting upon them. And this tendency was aggravated, in its turn, by a third rather painful weakness; which of all the parts in his character was the one which his friends would have liked most to change,—jealousy of rivalry, and a kindred impatience of contradiction. This introduced the next stage, when confidence in his own infallibility ascribed all opposition to doubts of his possessing this quality, and thus inflamed a spirit which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed.—Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar; and accordingly it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. So that pugnacity was his line. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict; in which more irritating matter was introduced than could have been ventured upon by any one except himself, whose worth was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the Court.

Neither in speaking, nor in any thing else, was he at all entangled  
with

with the graces ; but his manner was always sensible and natural. An utterance as slow as minute guns, and a poor diction, marked his unexcited state, in one of his torpid moods. But when roused, which was his more common condition, he had the command of a strong, abrupt, colloquial style, which, either for argument or for scorn, suited him much better than any other sort of eloquence would have done. Very unequal, no distinguished counsel made so many bad appearances. But then he made many admirable ones, and always redeemed himself out of the bad ones by displays of great depth and ability. And his sudden rallies when, after being refuted and run down, he stood at bay, and either covered his escape or died scalping, were unmatched in dexterity and force. A number of admirable written arguments, on profound legal difficulties, will sustain his reputation in the sight of every lawyer who will take the very useful trouble of instructing himself by the study of these works. It was his zeal, however, which of all low qualities is unfortunately the one that is most prized in the daily market of the bar, that chiefly upheld him when in his glory ; and as this fiery quality must cool with age, he declined some years before he withdrew.

His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his phrenzies he was always introducing some original and quaint humour ; so that there are few of the lights of the Court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent. Even in his highest fits of disdainful vehemence, he would pause,—lift his spectacles to his brow,—erect himself,—and after indicating its approach by a mantling smile, would relieve himself, and cheer the audience, by some diverting piece of Clerkism,—and then, before the laugh was well over, another gust would be up. He, and his consulting room, withdrew the attention of strangers from the cases on which they had come to hear their fate. Walls covered with books and pictures, of both of which he had a large collection ; the floor encumbered by little ill-placed tables, each with a piece of old china on it ; strange boxes, bits of sculpture, curious screens and chairs, cats and dogs, (his special favourites,) and all manner of trash, dead and living, and all in confusion ;—John himself sitting in the midst of this museum in a red worsted night cap—his crippled limb resting horizontally on a tripod stool—and many pairs of spectacles and antique snuff boxes on a small table at his right hand ; and there he sits—perhaps dreaming awake—probably desecrating on some of his crotchets, and certainly abusing his friends the judges—when recalled to the business in hand ; but generally giving acute and vigorous advice.

‘ Jeffrey and he did excellently together ; for even in opposition, Jeffrey managed him better than most other people could. He respected his worth and talent ; and whenever Clerk exceeded his allowed (and pretty large) measure of provocation, no one could so easily torment him in return, chiefly by the levity with which Clerk’s coarser blows were received.’—i. 199-205.

The description of Sir William Miller (Lord Glenlee)—almost the only Tory either of the bar or the bench for whom Lord Cockburn indicates any respect—is hardly inferior even to that  
of

of John Clerk; and we have others of remarkable merit in the same line. There are also some amiably elaborate studies of nobodies—Whigs of course—but we cannot afford to linger more in ‘the Parliament House.’

Cockburn has told us that when not in actual distress Jeffrey was always the centre of gaiety. He never avoided social festivities—he himself says that ‘he had a bad habit of dining out;’—he had moreover, early and late, a habit still more destructive of time, that of a gossiping, semi-philandering attendance on ‘simple women with whom I am intimate’—eternal calls and loungings—long-winded, often high-flown, billets and letters. This, in one shape or another, seems to be the weakness that most uniformly besets the literary Lion—nor does the Scientific monstrosity escape. *Vanitas vanitatum—omnia vanitas*. It is marvellous how with these two bad habits he contrived to get through the growing crowd of professional engagements, and yet not only conduct with regularity the correspondence of his editorship, but continue to be in his own person one of the most copious writers for the Review. Never was a more elastic spirit; nor, to all appearance, a more joyous circle than that of which his sparkling eye was the main point: an atmosphere of cordial good will, undisturbed by petty jealousies;—a chosen band of accomplished men, all busy, and yet all fond of luxurious relaxations;—an abundant complement of fair associates, easy, spirited, intellectual, without any airs of blue-stocking pedantry—at least there are very few symptoms of that sort—tender and enthusiastic friends and counsellors, but true to all moral obligations:—a most agreeable contrast to the feminine *entourage* of the French Encyclopædists, of whose existence in various respects this Edinburgh group recalls no indistinct image. These observations might, we feel, be considered as intrusive and impertinent were we writing only for the public at home; but British journals are read everywhere, and the history of such a journalist as Jeffrey is sure to be canvassed by Continental brothers of the craft, who might (will they forgive us?) misinterpret egregiously the strain of our northern Aristarchus in many of the letters to ladies which constitute a large part of Lord Cockburn’s second volume—a proportion so large that we should question his Lordship’s taste in that matter, unless it were obvious that every communication implied a solicitation. When Sancho describes his presentation of the gallant Don’s hyperbolic epistle at Toboso, he is careful to note that the sensible nymph immediately tore it in pieces—‘*diciendo que no la queria dar a leer a nadie, porque no se sapiesen en el lugar sus secretos.*’ What would poor Dulcinea have thought of their reaching Madrid?

There

There is another point on which we are sorry that we must rather confirm the impression which Cockburn is likely to leave with strangers. It would be absurd to suppose that after Jeffrey had attained his just eminence, there prevailed in Edinburgh the utter severance of Whig and Tory which is represented in the biographer's sketches of the scene when his friend and he were alike young upon it. Jeffrey, naturally of anything but a bigoted or exclusive temper, soon rose above the grossly local prejudices: if it had been only that, as he grew in reputation, he became more and more familiarised, through frequent visits, with the habits of London, the effect must needs have been a signal enlargement. But it must be admitted that around and below him not a little of the old jealousy lingered on—nay, that its influence was discernible even in the usual external arrangements of the very best of that society. At the request of Scott a Club was instituted in 1803, for the express purpose of promoting a better tone, by bringing together once every week the *élite* of the two parties. But, though the suggestion was his, the affair appears, even from its start, to have *all but* assumed the character of a Whig assemblage. In Sir Walter's Diary (too late begun) there occurs, we think, only one record of a dinner with the leading spirits of the Whig side, and then, after a hearty tribute to the talents of Jeffrey, Cockburn, and some others, he ascribes the main charm of the evening to the rarity of the fellowship.

Here we find it necessary to say a few words on Scott's connexion with Jeffrey as Editor.\* The poet was by three years the senior—they made acquaintance at the Speculative—and it is not to be doubted that they appreciated each other sooner than most of those about them did either of the two. Scott's first offer was an article on Amadis; and Jeffrey was not sorry that Southey should be commended, apart from his poetry. By and bye Scott intimated a wish to take up Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; and the sharp editor, as he tells Horner, accepted the proposal with readiness, because 'Scott knows the subject, and hates the man.' The collection of Sir Walter's Miscellaneous Prose will show what more he did for this Review—in our opinion, it was not of much importance. As a mere critic, his temper and position were alike unfavourable; and the only contributions of his to our periodical literature that are now ranked among his worthier remains were amusements of his old age and belong to the class of independent essays—records, almost exclusively, of old social reminiscences or of his own experiences in certain departments of practical life,—gardening, planting, and the like. His connexion with the Edinburgh Review was finally broken off partly, no doubt, under the influence of personal

sonal feelings, arising from its treatment of some of his works, especially *Marmion*, and from circumstances in his relations with his and Jeffrey's common publisher—but chiefly from political considerations, which were brought to a head by the appearance, in October, 1808, of a certain paper on Don Pedro Cevallos, wherein the whole policy of our Peninsular war was assaulted, not only in the most decided but the most contemptuous manner. This noted article was read with regret by several even of the old Whig collaborators—for example, by Horner. Scott was one of the many Tories who took that occasion to withdraw publicly their names as subscribers; but ere many weeks had elapsed the shrewd Constable surmised that the poet's resentment was not to halt there—in short, that a plot was on foot for organizing a Tory journal on the same scale with the '*Edinburgh*.' We have now in print statements of what passed between Scott and Jeffrey by each of themselves. On a particular point these statements are contradictory; and though the point may seem a trifling one in itself, since the Judge has thought fit to decide it formally for his hero, we must take the liberty of canvassing the evidence before the Court.

Among the three or four persons first consulted about the project of the '*Quarterly*,' the one whom Scott counted as of the highest importance was Canning, then Foreign Secretary; but the original link of connexion between the Poet and that Statesman was their common friendship with George Ellis; and on this occasion, as on most others so long as Ellis lived, their confidential communications were carried on mainly through him. He, moreover, in his own merely personal capacity as a distinguished scholar, critic, and diplomatist, was looked to by Scott as likely to prove one of the most valuable supporters of the contemplated journal. To him, while the plans are maturing, Sir Walter writes in the freest manner, from day to day; and in a letter of December, 1808, two months after the Cevallos article, there occurs this passage:—

'Jeffrey has offered terms of pacification, engaging that *no party politics should again appear in his Review*. I told him I thought it was now too late, and reminded him that I had often pointed out to him the consequences of *letting his work become a party tool*. He said "he did not care for the consequences—there were but four men he feared as opponents."—"Who were these?"—"Yourself for one."—"Certainly you pay me a great compliment; depend upon it I will endeavour to deserve it."—"Why, you would not join against me?"—"Yes, I would, if I saw a proper opportunity—not against you personally but against your politics." . . . All this was in great good-humour; and next day I had a very affecting note from him in answer to an invitation to dinner. He has no suspicion of the *Review* what-  
ever;

ever; but I thought I could not handsomely suffer him to infer that I would be influenced by those private feelings respecting *him*, which, on more than one occasion, he has laid aside when I was personally concerned.'—*Life of Scott*, chap. 18.

This letter was first published in 1837, and seven years afterwards, in 1844, Lord Jeffrey favoured the world with his own edition of 'Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.' In his preface to that selection he quotes Scott's words, underlining those which we have dealt with in like manner—and adds a long commentary, of which we subjoin the essential parts:—

'Though I have no particular recollection of the conversation here alluded to, and should never dream, at any rate, of setting up any recollection of so distant an occurrence in opposition to a *contemporary record* of it by such a man as Sir Walter Scott—I feel myself fully warranted in saying that the words I have put in italics are calculated to convey an inaccurate impression of anything I could possibly have said. My first reason is, that I most certainly *had no power* to come under any such engagement. I was merely the chosen (and removeable) manager for the leading contributors; the greater part of whom certainly then looked upon the *Political* influence of the Review as that which gave it its chief value and importance. Sir Walter has himself mentioned that he had frequently before remonstrated with me on what he thought the intemperate tone of some of our political articles: and I distinctly remember more than one occasion on which, after admitting that *the youthful ardour of some of our associates had carried them further than I could approve of*, I begged him to remember that I was but a *Feudal* Monarch, who had but a slender control over his greater Barons, and really could not prevent them from occasionally waging a little private war upon griefs or resentments of their own. . . . But in the next place it requires no precise recollection of words or occasions, to enable me now to say that, neither in 1808, nor for *long periods before and after*, did my party principles (or prejudices or predilections) sit so loosely upon me as that I should ever have agreed to desist from their assertion. . . . I think I may safely say that if I could have bargained to *silence the Edinburgh Review as an organ of Party*, I might have stipulated for somewhat higher advantages than the occasional co-operation of Sir Walter Scott—for he never was a *regular* contributor even to the Quarterly.

'I may be permitted to refer to a very distinct recollection of the tenor of many conversations in which he was directly apprised of the impossibility (even if I could have desired it) of excluding *Politics*—(which of course could mean nothing but *Party Politics*). The undue preponderance of such articles was a frequent subject of remonstrance with him—and upon one of these occasions I am quite certain that I made use of this expression—"The Review has but two legs to stand on.—Literature no doubt is one of them: but its *Right leg* is Politics." . . . I have little doubt that I acknowledged my regret at the needless asperity of some of our recent *diatribes*—and  
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engaged to *discourage* for the future, so far as my influence went, *all violent and unfair party politics*.'—*Contributions*, pp. xiv-xvii.

We frankly confess that upon first reading the letter to Ellis we had been startled with its statement; and that on first reading Jeffrey's explanation we were inclined to pronounce it satisfactory. On further examination, however, we must recur to what Jeffrey himself fairly admits—the intrinsic superiority of evidence bearing the date of the transaction over evidence given *per contra*, after the lapse of six-and-thirty busy years, and when the latter witness (as entirely as the former incapable of intentional misrepresentation) might not be unlikely to intermingle somewhat in his own mind the facts and feelings of different periods of his active experience.

We have gone over anew the Memoirs of Horner, especially the correspondence between Jeffrey and that dear colleague; and, on closing again those modest, honest, and elegant volumes, our impression is that, although at the outset—we mean just after Sydney Smith left Edinburgh—Jeffrey may have considered himself as little more than the residentiary manager for a company of equals, this condition was not, nor could have been, sustained after the editorial office had been for two or three, let alone five years in his hands. Scott, in one of his most careful letters to *Gifford* at that same crisis of 1808, explains the actual functions of an editor, as practised by Jeffrey; and whoever reads the page can decide whether Scott, whose opportunities for observation must have been tolerably good, took then the humble view of the matter which Jeffrey expressed thirty-six years later. (Letter of October 25, 1808, *Life of Scott*, chap. xviii.) The illustration of the feudal monarch and barons was, we dare say, familiar enough at the symposia of the old oatmealers; but the monarch alone had adhered to the seat of empire—the *grand* feudatories, at least, were all dispersed; nor by and bye could any one of them, to all appearance, be relied on for prompt, timely, and effectual compliance with the summonses issued from the throne. Of course no one will doubt that especial respect and deference were paid to the views and wishes of such men and such friends as the peers and paladins whenever their pennons were dutifully unfurled; but it may be suspected that the monarch's tolerance for irregular demonstrations of their resources was the more abundant and gracious by reason of the pleasure his majesty himself took in these exhibitions. The plea which the royal illustration conveyed might be often true, but it was always convenient.

Again, in 1844 the aged preface-writer may be suspected to have confused what his Review originally was in respect of *party* with

with what it had come to be in the advance, of his career. Jeffrey himself congratulates Horner, after the appearance of No. I., on the disappointment with which *unfriends* had recognised the 'moderation' of its tone in 'politics';—nothing had been expected, he says, but the most 'blood-thirsty democracy'—in short *Gallicanism*—whereas the Number produced, *inter alia*, a splendid eulogy on Pitt, just displaced by peace-making Addington, and concluding with—*I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis!* So much for No. I.—and we may appeal to every one who will calmly go through the Review whether or no during several years there was any Number, or sequence of Numbers, that could have established for it the character of a staunch Whiggery. But, perhaps, in lieu of a series of references to faded Blues and Yellows, our readers will accept a single quotation from the *Correspondence* of Pitt's dear friend Wilberforce. In a letter to that minister, dated October 25, 1805, three years after the establishment of the Review, Wilberforce says,—

'If in the course of any of your calls for proper men to be employed in any diplomatic service, you should be at a loss for one, you perhaps could not find any one so well qualified as Mr. Brougham, whom I formerly mentioned to you. He speaks French as well as English, and several other languages;—but the great thing is that he is a man of uncommon talents and address, and for his age, 26, knowledge also. I told you of his being so LONG THE ADVOCATE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT IN EDINBURGH.'—(*Corresp.* ii. p. 51.)

Jeffrey, in 1844, says that with his Review *politics* could never have meant anything but *party politics*. It is very true that both *party* and *politics* are vague words, and we by no means undertake to draw a strict line between the two; but clear it is that Brougham had been allowed to give a systematic support to Pitt down to 1805. Nor do we think it less clear that much later a distinction between the scope of these expressions was recognized by Horner and Jeffrey when corresponding as feudal baron and feudal monarch, and also by Horner when addressing his brother peers. In September, 1806, just after the death of Fox, Horner certainly writes to the potentate in terms inconsistent with the idea of his then considering Jeffrey as, in any precise sense, a party man:—

'Tell me what view you take of our situation, where you stand; careless as you are of public events, you are not indifferent (I know) at these critical moments, when lasting and large interests are involved in the turn which is given to the conduct of individuals.'—*Horner*, vol. i. p. 374.

Take them a year later—during the general elections of 1807  
—surely,



—surely, in respect of party, as critical a moment as could well be selected. Jeffrey, whose rupture with Scott in the succeeding year was mainly caused by the avowed *Buonapartism* of the Review, not only from 1802 to 1805 concurred, at least, in supporting the great anti-Gallican Pitt, but had himself been in 1803 a keen though awkward volunteer—hardly a less zealous one than Scott—and that he continued stoutly anti-Buonapartist in 1807 is clear from what Horner then writes to him:—

‘You talk with great contempt of our solicitude about elections, and our financial inquiries; and would have us think of nothing but Buonaparte. My system is quite the contrary: foreign dangers are always in this country sufficiently exaggerated.’—*Ibid.*, p. 404.

At the formation of that same Fox and Grenville government, Horner writes thus to Mr. Murray—an Edinburgh barrister of his own standing, all through life one of Jeffrey’s closest intimates, and ultimately of sufficient consequence as a Whig to have succeeded him in the office of Lord-Advocate:—

‘It often gives me pleasure to reflect, that the men who form *your race of contemporaries* at the bar, as well as that above you, Thomson, Cranstoun, &c., are very active and decided in their opinions upon public measures, but *without any tincture of party*.’—*Ibid.*, p. 269.

And that none of these gentlemen were then considered as marked adherents of the Whigs, may be, we think, established by patent facts: for, eminent as their abilities and acquirements were, not one of them partook in the good things placed at the disposal of All the Talents—not even Cockburn, who had made such a sacrifice in his early abruption of Tory connexion. But think of Jeffrey. Had he been in 1806—a man then of twelve years’ standing at the bar, and since 1802 constantly rising in bar reputation—had he been in 1806 looked upon by the big-wigs of Whiggery as occupying anything like the position which he maintained somewhat later as a *Whig*, could he then have been wholly passed over? Impossible.

To return to the accounts by Scott and Jeffrey of what actually passed between them in 1808. It is to be observed that, although neither Jeffrey nor Cockburn notices the circumstance, the letter to Ellis is not the only evidence of Scott’s impressions at that time. It was in the summer of 1808 that he began in Edinburgh the most valuable friendship of his life; and we have a full narrative of the whole from Mr. Morritt of Rokeby. After a picture of the first dinner where he met Scott and Jeffrey together, he adds—stating, undoubtedly, his conclusions from all Scott’s confidential talk—

‘I believe it was just about this time that Scott had abandoned his place

place in Mr. Jeffrey's corps. The journal had been started among the clever young society with which Edinburgh abounded when they were both entering life as barristers. Neutrality, or something of the kind, as to party politics, seems to have been originally asserted—the plan being, as Scott understood, not to avoid such questions altogether, but to let them be handled by Whig or Tory indifferently, if only the writer could make his article captivating in point of information and good writing. But it was not long before Brougham dipped the concern deep in witty Whiggery; and it was thought at the time that some very foolish neglects on the part of *Pitt* had a principal share in making several of these brilliant young men *decide on carrying over their weapons to the enemy's camp*.<sup>\*</sup> Scott remonstrated against the deepening Whiggery—Jeffrey alleged that he could not resist the wit. These differences first cooled—and soon dissolved their federation.—*Life of Scott*, chap. xvii.

We could multiply citations bearing more or less on this question; but we shall content ourselves with one more from the *Life of Horner* (1843). Jeffrey speaks of '*politics, which could be nothing of course but party politics*,' as from the first his Review's right leg; and asks, who can dream that he could have dreamt of cutting off that limb in 1808, merely to avoid the loss of an occasional literary paper from Scott? Well, in what terms did King Jeffrey write to his Paladin Horner about this very collision?—

'*Edinburgh, 6th December, 1808.*—I see' by the *Courier* that the combustion which the review of Cevallos excited here has spread to London. I am convinced that it has damaged us a little; and that it is necessary to make more than an ordinary exertion at this crisis. Cumberland is going to start an anonymous rival; and, what is worse, I have reason to believe that Scott, Ellis, Frere, &c., are plotting another. Persuade yourself for once then that this is not a solicitation of custom, but that I make it with as much dread of a refusal as if I were asking a pecuniary boon. You shall have your choice of a subject—only *no party politics*, and nothing but exemplary moderation and impartiality on *all politics*. I have allowed too much mischief to be done from my mere indifference and love of sport.'—*Horner*, i. 439.

Here is Jeffrey writing to Horner immediately after the conversation with Scott, and using the actual words which seemed to him incredible in after days on reading Sir Walter's contemporaneous report—'*No party politics, and exemplary moderation on all politics*!' Is no distinction recognised here between party politics and politics general?—or is not this very like summoning the paladin on his allegiance to assist in amputating

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Morritt, who first entered Parliament in 1802, was then and ever after among Mr. Wilberforce's most trusted friends. See the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Wilberforce*, *passim*.

the right leg? 'But the passage must suggest further reflections. The quarrel was brought to a point by the Cevallos *diatribe*. At the time this was universally ascribed, not to King Jeffrey, but Baron Brougham. That Francis Horner partook in that belief may be safely inferred from the note appended by his brother and biographer—who still, in 1843, speaks of the article as 'generally understood to have been written by Mr. Brougham.' (*ibid.*) Jeffrey published his *Contributions* in the following year, 1844; in that collection the article Cevallos was not included, nor did the preface contain a word on its authorship, so recently and authoritatively re-ascribed to Lord Brougham. It at length appears, from a distinct statement by Lord Cockburn, that the said article was wholly from the monarch's private pen. How, then, did King Francis, when commenting on the impression which that article had occasioned, feel justified in speaking so loftily to Sir Walter about the unavoidable laxity of his mediæval rule—to his own trustiest Paladin of *himself*, as having, from mere indifference, &c., *allowed mischief to be done*? The monarch it seems could divide himself, according to Hotspur's wish, and go to buffets, when the part of him which represented the boisterous Baron got an unconstitutional ascendancy over the proper instincts of the Globe and Sceptre.

There was nothing in the earlier course of the Edinburgh Review that gave rise to more discussion than its treatment of subjects connected with religion; and assuredly there is nothing that relates to the great editor, especially now that he has departed from among us, upon which we should more joyfully receive a satisfactory assurance. Mr. Horner, in a letter describing the reception of No. I., alludes pleasantly to *Atheism*, as among the extravagances which 'some wise and fair ones had expected from our set.' It would be solemn foolery to place against the charge an article by Jeffrey in the second Number on Paley's Natural Theology—where, if he shows himself insensible to the singular merit of a homely style which was opposed to his own luxuriant taste, he applauds and adopts the masterly argument of his author—for it is evident that the phrase was either a colloquial exaggeration of the hostile faction, or a jesting improvement of Horner's. Yet it would not from thence be unreasonable to infer that considerable laxity of expression had characterised the debates of the young gentlemen at the Speculative as well as the Essays they submitted to that tolerant congregation. Nay, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by publication, there was abundant ground for complaint that not merely occasional, and sometimes most indecorous levities, were scattered through the Review, but that it was pervaded by a  
tone

tone not easily to be reconciled with respect for our ecclesiastical institutions, or even with a belief in the divine origin of Christianity. A strong jealousy of these anti-theological tendencies was among the motives for establishing, in 1809, an effective rival to the Review, and though from this date it was rarely liable to reproach, and latterly rose above suspicion, we fear the influence of its original tone may still be traced in many quarters. None of the articles that gave serious offence were ever ascribed to Jeffrey's pen, but in this matter, as in all others, the editor was responsible, and in proportion to its gravity should have been the strictness of his watch. His early contributors, however, were so much on a par with him in weight and standing, that the public made large allowances for any scruples he might feel about cutting away any unsound limb of their disquisitions. Without a wish at the beginning to be an austere censor—for his own phrasology was sometimes inconsiderate—he would, we quite believe, have been better pleased if the tares had not been sown in the field. He at any rate maintained later that free-speaking ought by no means to accompany free-thinking. He says to Franklin's praise, in an article on his Correspondence in 1817, that 'if he had entertained doubts of some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, he at least would greatly have respected the religion of his country and its professors, and done everything to encourage its propagation as infinitely beneficial to mankind.' Jeffrey now and then repeated this opinion of its utility, but upon the whole there is a disinclination to enter on the topic. In reviewing his own Essays in his old age he chiefly claimed credit for his uniform attention to the moral tendencies of the works he had discussed, whether light or grave, and for thus endeavouring to make literature promote the virtue of the world. If religion had had nearly the same prominence in his mind, he would not, in sketching the lives and characters of eminent persons, have glided so commonly over the subject with a hasty step;—but he does so even when the occasion specially invited him to linger. The simple truth is that we really cannot recall a single passage in his collected *Contributions* which in any way indicates his personal creed—except so far forth as that he believed in some sort of future state, and was a thorough latitudinarian in his doctrinal demands. On all lesser questions which come before him, he seizes the opportunity to communicate his conclusions; on religion alone does he give the sentiments of others, and in the main withhold his own. He shows that he respected some temperate sort of piety and wished it to prevail—but what his notions of temperate piety were we have been unable to discover. Lord Cockburn, who might have been

been expected to gratify a reasonable curiosity, preserves a total silence, and the correspondence is not rich in materials for judgment. In one essential particular the volumes leave an uncomfortable impression—for neither in Lord Cockburn's narrative nor in the letters can we see the slightest evidence that Jeffrey was a communicating member of any Church; nay, if we were to rely on the letters, we should say it was clear that throughout his vigorous time he had no habit whatever of attending divine worship. Very many of his letters are dated Sunday—and he continually luxuriates in sentimental descriptions of the repose and stillness of the world about him—even in term time he seems to have usually passed that day at his villa—nor does he fail during his 'contemplative trot before dinner' to admire the sober groups of country people returning from service; but he so constantly mentions his wife's having gone to church that it almost seems as if he were anxious to convey that he had not accompanied her. In fact, the first and only distinct mention of himself as being anywhere present at public worship occurs when he is in the Isle of Arran—autumn of 1837. There he spends a Sunday and hears two sermons—but at least one of them must have been in the Gaelic, of which he understood not a syllable—and both being delivered in the open air, the aspect of the Celtic herdsmen on the hillside might have attracted a less ardent student of the picturesque (vol. ii. p. 288). His presence in the circle when a granddaughter was baptized at his villa of Craigcrook in July, 1839, will hardly be considered a second exception—nor can the account he gives of that solemnity to one of his lady-admirers be thought over creditable to a judicial grandsire. In other respects our extract is a fair enough specimen of his style for Toboso:—

'I have grown (and high time too) so conscious of my failings, and diffident of my powers of pleasing, and so possessed with the dread of your increased fastidiousness in that great scornful London, and of the *odiousness* of the comparisons to which I would subject myself, that altogether, and upon the whole, you see, it has been as it were, or as you would say, impossible, or at least not easy, to answer your kind and entertaining letter with anything but kindness; which I thought might be despised, or not thought good enough for you, and so forth! And so you understand all about it, and *must* forgive me, whether you will or not; and pity me into the bargain—with that pity which melts the soul to love—and so we are friends again. And you shall be received into my heart whenever you like, and if you see anything there that offends you I shall give you leave to pluck it out.

'We baptized little Charley yesterday, with perfect success. It would have done your heart good to have seen with what earnestness she renounced the devil, and the vain pomp and glory of the world, as  
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she lay sputtering off the cold water, in the arms of the Rev. C. Terrot. The ceremony was at two o'clock, and then we had lunch, and champagne, and then all the party reeled out, some to the greenwood shade, and some to the bowling-green—where I won three shillings from Cockburn (quite fairly) by the sweat of my brow, and then we had a jolly dinner—and the loveliest summer day ever seen so far to the north.'—*Life*, ii. 303.

Even later (June, 1847), in a letter on a solemn occasion, addressed to his daughter, there is a something which we regret:—

'A great man has fallen in Israel! Poor Chalmers was found dead in his bed yesterday morning. He was, I think, a great and a good man; and the most simple, natural, and unassuming religionist I have ever known.'—*Ibid.*, p. 417.

Dr. Johnson gives only one interpretation of *Religionist*—'a bigot to any religious persuasion'—but the word is often used in a wider sense—and is certainly so used by Jeffrey himself in a letter of the very next month concerning Ragged Schools:—

'I should not object to see it made *imperative* on the parents (or patrons) of all the children to show that adequate provision had been made for their training in religious knowledge and feelings. But the difference between this and that secular information to which I would confine the general or public teaching, is, that the latter may be best given in common, and at one and the same time, to all; while the other can never be given, either in peace or with effect, except to each sect or communion of *religionists* apart.'—*Ibid.* pp. 423, 424.

Whatever shade of meaning is to be assigned to the word *religionist* in the tribute to Chalmers, there are, we are happy to observe, contemporaneous indications of a favourable kind. Age, experience, reflection, and, not least, with a heart like Jeffrey's, the natural feelings of paternity, are powerful monitors; and it is very satisfactory to trace, as we think all must do, their growing influence as the end drew near. Thus already, in 1844, describing a Sunday's walk with one of those children, he says, 'Our talk was of the goodness of God in making flowers so beautiful, and us capable of receiving pleasure from their beauty, which the other animals are not' (vol. ii. p. 388). In a somewhat later letter, after a little speculation on the risks attending a young connexion's start in life, he adds, 'But there is a Providence, to whom the shaping of our ends must be left after all, and in whom I am for putting trust cheerfully' (*ib.* 412). Later still, writing to a grandchild, he says, 'God bless and keep you for ever, and make you not only gay and happy as an angel, without sin or sorrow, but meek and mild like that heavenly child that was once sent down to earth for our example'

example' (*ib.* 421). Finally, in the very last description of a rural Sunday's "confabulation" with one of his daughter's little girls he says, 'We had a disputation about the uses and pleasures of reading, and of the good and object of going to church—though I confined myself chiefly to the *moral* rather than the religious effects:' and though this last extract does not in itself come up to our wishes, we think it in one respect of great importance. Who can suppose that so shrewd a man would have lectured a clever girl on the *good* of going to church, if she was aware that grandpapa himself never went there?

We have been seduced from the chronology of his Life,—but the leading circumstances of its later years are perhaps sufficiently in the recollection of most readers. The 'Quarterly Review,' after all, may probably have done more good than harm to the 'Edinburgh.' This proceeded certainly without any suggestion of a falling off in any respect, until the vast increase of bar-practice made it nearly impossible for him to bestow the original share of time upon its concerns; and in June, 1829, being unanimously elected by his brother Advocates to the Presidency of their body, he considered that to continue his editorship would be hardly consistent with his new dignity as *Dean of the Faculty*. His forensic eminence and general reputation being crowned by this distinction, when the Grey government was formed in 1830 he naturally obtained the high office of Lord Advocate, and of course entered the lists of Parliamentary adventure here.

His first appearance in the House of Commons excited considerable expectation, or at least curiosity. His fame as a critic, conversationalist, and advocate, had been extended by repeated spring visits to London society, and by some arguments on Scotch appeals in the House of Lords, to which his name attracted unusual audiences. His speeches on these occasions were considered by his professional brethren here as in substance lucid and well reasoned, with singular accuracy of expression; but remarkable, above all, for the extreme fluency, or indeed volubility of their delivery; and if they seemed somewhat monotonous, that effect was attributed, perhaps justly, to the good taste of treating a legal question in a level dispassionate manner. But the House of Commons is—or at least was in those days—a very fastidious tribunal, and apt to be jealous of any reputation not made within itself; it expects too much, and is not very liberal in estimating what it receives.

We offer these suggestions as explaining in some degree the parliamentary failure, as it was pretty generally regarded, of the Lord Advocate. During the three or four years in which he sat there he never made above two or three of what might  
be

be called *speeches*, and all these were within the three or four first weeks of his attendance. His earliest, and rhetorically his best, display was on the first reading of the English Reform Bill, 4th of March, 1831. This speech was conceived and delivered with his characteristic precision and fluency, but contained nothing particularly striking, and, above all, none of those brilliant passages—those apparently unpremeditated bursts of wit, illustration, or eloquence, which delight and electrify, even when they do not convince, a popular assembly. His main argument, too—the danger of resisting, and the necessity of gratifying, the excited passions of the people—exhibited, it was thought, an unseemly contrast with the grave and authoritative tone which might have been expected from a great magistrate, who

‘Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis auræ.’

It was not over-consistent with some of the ablest articles in his Review—demolitions of the schemes of sundry theoretical reformers—which had been, justly we believe, ascribed to his own pen. But worse still, it was exceedingly inconsistent with the constitutional theory on which his leaders had affected to ground their measure, and in this respect it was thought to have been somewhat unpalatable to the Ministerial side of the House. It was, in fact, an admission of one of the strongest objections of their adversaries. It is however but justice to the Lord Advocate to say that he probably was, if not discreet, at least sincere; for it may be inferred from his early Articles just alluded to, as well as from his letters to Horner, that he was at heart no friend to democratic reform; and accordingly, that when it came to the point, he could find in his own conscience no plea to justify his vote but the *ultima ratio* of necessity. Whether the dissatisfaction of his leaders at this line of argument was intimated to him or no we cannot venture to say—it was so rumoured; but in a second speech, three weeks later (24th March), on the Irish Bill, he took a view of the subject more in accordance with the ministerial pretences, and tried to repair his former indiscreet sincerity by endeavouring to show—ingeniously enough, though not very forcibly—that the proposed measures were not, as had been represented, *revolutionary*, but rather a renovation of the ancient principles of parliamentary representation. But this did not retrieve his reputation as a debater; it was, in fact, meant as a *reply* to a very able speech which Sir Robert Peel had delivered early in the debate on the English Bill, *near a month before*: the hearers remarked that it showed no great readiness or tact that it should not have been spoken *pro re natâ*—in a more appropriate time and place than the debate on the *Irish Bill*, with



which it appeared to have no immediate connexion: and this defect was made more apparent by the promptitude, energy, and effect with which Sir Robert Peel immediately demolished the tardy and laboured reply. Such, at least, was, according to our recollection, the general impression at the time; and so, we think, the Lord Advocate himself must have felt, for he never after attempted, we believe, what could be called an oration. The part that he took in what might be thought his peculiar duty, the Scotch Reform Bill, was confined to circumstances wholly local, delivered in a short, dry, and somewhat colloquial tone; and on the few subsequent evenings when his office forced him to speak, he, we think, satisfied himself with saying no more than the occasion, generally very unimportant, seemed absolutely to require. In short, we must repeat—without any disparagement of his great intellectual accomplishments and powers—his parliamentary career was a disappointment to his friends, and still more so, as we believe, to himself. In truth, it could hardly have been otherwise; he came too late into Parliament, and it was his lot to arrive there at a moment of tumultuous, and to him uncongenial excitement, in which it would have required all the lessons of experience, all the sincerity of conviction, and all the energy of youth, to have made a distinguished figure.

We have often thought of him, as Grattan said of his rival Flood—who brought a splendid reputation to St. Stephen's Chapel, and lost it there—that 'he misjudged when he transferred himself to the British Senate, and forgot that he was a tree of the forest too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty.' But the odds were still greater against the Lord Advocate. Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan himself, though they came late into England, brought with them a long experience of parliamentary habits and tactics; but Mr. Jeffrey had never been in Parliament—had not even had the advantage of frequent access to the gallery—and was in the fifty-eighth year of his age; and we might perhaps more reasonably wonder that he did so well, than that he did no better. We may add finally that—apart from oratorical success—his manners and deportment made him personally popular with the House, and even with his antagonists;—a rare felicity in such violent times.

If we had not been willing to avoid as far as possible matters of a disagreeable nature now generally forgotten, there were several points connected with this short parliamentary career on which the biographer's expressions, but still more frequently his silence, might have tempted us to enlarge. We shall only suggest to Lord Cockburn, when he comes to revise his work, a little more caution with respect to the circumstances under which

Jeffrey

Jeffrey made his *début*. He had been elected for the Forfar burghs—but the election was instantly petitioned against; and when the case came before the House, no attempt whatever was hazarded in its defence. It is not easy to suppose that the *Lord Advocate* had ever for a moment believed the election a tenable one; it was, in fact, a most impudent fraud, and notoriously so: yet he did not hesitate to take his seat on the strength of it, and, so seated, delivered his greatest (or most pretentious) speech of 4th March, 1831; but a subsequent speaker offering some few remarks on his Lordship's title to be a partaker in the debate, there ensued a general explosion of feeling which must have been, and indeed evidently was, very humiliating to the sensitive *débutant*. Within three weeks (28th March) the election was formally pronounced void; but on the 12th April he reappeared as Lord Fitzwilliam's nominee for Malton—'Fortunate Malton!' In that same month Parliament was dissolved, and Jeffrey was set up for Edinburgh. In what we have called his *great* speech, as has been already intimated, there was a good deal that savoured of menace and intimidation; and this now bore its fruit. It was utterly impossible that he should have the slightest hope of coming in for unreformed Edinburgh—in short, the most lenient observer could hardly doubt that he, in standing for that constituency, foresaw clearly that the only result must be a formidable riot—a mob tumult in the service of the chief guardian of law and order in Scotland. The riot was (as is usual in that proverbially sober country) a very formidable one—and, we should think, the Lord Advocate could never have reflected on some of its consequences without the deepest pain. On this occasion he was returned both for Malton and for the Forfar burghs, but made his choice for the latter seat, and occupied it till, on the first general election under the Reform Bill (1833), he was at last returned for his native city—emancipated—for ever, it would seem—from all Conservative influences and tendencies. According to Lord Cockburn, his expenditure in these various elections within so short a time amounted to not under 10,000l.!!!

A vacancy occurring on the Scotch Bench early in 1834, the Advocate appears to have very promptly made up his mind to quit this bustling scene, and took his place among the *fifteen*, by the honorary title of Lord Jeffrey. In this position he remained for the rest of his life—sixteen years; and he had not occupied it long before he was universally recognized as fulfilling all its duties in a most creditable manner. That he ever displayed the resources of a very profound lawyer we do not know—nor does Lord Cockburn's page suggest that he did;—but his sagacity, candour, and firmness commanded unlimited confidence. The only

only fault alleged was that—more especially when he had occasion or pretence for giving his views in a written form—he was apt to become profuse, and assumed too much the character of professor or essayist. But this (not uncommon) error was necessarily counterbalanced in his instance by a rare exhibition of reasoning and rhetoric.

We have at an earlier stage of this paper had occasion to give one specimen of the *Judge's* style of thought and expression, in public, with reference to a political question. On the whole, his private correspondence seems in harmony with the sense and temper of that speech on the Muir obelisk—indicating how merely temporary and of expedience had been his alliance with the cause of political disturbance and subservience to mob-menace. We shall, however, content ourselves with transcribing part of one letter to his son-in law, 'dated in November,' 1837, just when the Melbourne Government, long before infirm and degraded, was shaking visibly under certain demonstrations of the Radicals:—

'Do write me what is expected. I fear the "fierce democracy" of our constitution is now to be separated from its more emollient ingredients—and presented in pure extract—as embodying its whole virtue. I have no such faith in Dr. Wakely as to taste a bit of it upon his recommendation. But I am afraid many will be rash enough to make the experiment; and who can answer for the danger? I wish somebody would write a good paper on the nature and degree of *authority* which is requisite for anything like a permanent government, and upon the plain danger of doing what might be right for a *perfectly instructed* society, for one just enough instructed to think itself fit for anything. I am myself inclined to doubt, I own, whether any degree of instruction would make it safe to give equal political power to the large poor classes of a fully peopled country as to the smaller and more wealthy; though the experience of America might encourage one as to this, if there were only a little more poverty, and a little more press of population, to test the experiment. But we shall see. With us the change could not be peaceable, and I do not think could be made at all; the chances being that we should pass at once from civil war to a *cahting military despotism*.'

The Judge seems to have suffered frequently during his later years from attacks of *bronchitis*; and these more than once occasioned a retreat to the Isle of Wight, which he paints very charmingly. Otherwise his course was smooth. He continues as constant as ever in his epistolary devotions to the 'dear Julias' and 'gentle Matildas'—perhaps, indeed, were no dates given, some of the very last contributions to that budget might be the most liable to misconstruction. A mere stranger might be forgiven for pausing upon one of Lord Cockburn's closing sheets,

sheets, and asking whether after all his philosophical hero had not adopted in earnest the grand wish of Don Juan—

‘—not now, but only when a lad—  
That Womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South.’

In this matter, however, there is little change. What we should venture to particularize as the unmistakable symptom of senility is the total critical indiscrimination of some of his later literary letters. Never was such a revulsion from the habits of firm age—to say nothing of sharp unmerciful youth. As if to atone for all earlier severities towards the great, he seems to hug every opportunity of actually prostrating himself before little people. He who had bragged of ‘crushing’ Skiddaw, has learned to gaze with awe upon Brixton Rise.

He appeared on the bench for the last time on Tuesday the 22nd January, 1850, was next day seized with a renewal of his old disorder, and died on Saturday the 26th—aged seventy-seven. He was followed to the grave by the universal respect and regret of Edinburgh, and all Scotland participated in those feelings.

His widow did not long survive him: she died in the ensuing May—leaving one daughter, Mrs. Empson, whose children, as we have seen, had much solaced the latter days of Craigcrook. It is understood (Lord Cockburn eschews such vulgar things) that Lord Jeffrey had accumulated (for a Scotch lawyer) a very considerable fortune.

The Advocates have erected a statue of him in the Parliament House; but, however well deserved that mark of their homage and pride—however conspicuous the part he had played in society and in his profession—the world at large would have forgotten him, as it does so many a well-graced actor, almost as soon as he quitted the stage, except for the literary merits which first gave him a name. In estimating the value of his *Articles*, their fitness for the place in which they originally appeared and their permanent rank in the English library are widely different questions. That those *Contributions* were eminently adapted for their primitive purpose is proved by the attention they excited and the popularity of the Review; that they must henceforward occupy a lower position, may be inferred from the disappointment with which the public received in 1844 that selection to which he would himself finally have entrusted his fame. The generation that had been springing up since Jeffrey retired on his laurels entertained, no doubt, exaggerated expectations. The whole effulgence of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ had gathered like a halo round the head of the veteran who conducted it in its most splendid era, and it was impossible that any page, however luminous, could vindicate  
a renown

a renown made up of so many scattered rays. But where the anticipations were more moderate the result was much the same, and might have been predicted from a careful examination of the collection. The majority of his articles are strictly reviews, and not essays; and if a work has dropped out of notice, the criticism must possess some extraordinary qualities of thought or style to maintain an interest of its own. He wrote also in his time numerous slight and hurried papers, and he entangled the trees of larger growth with too much of the underwood. The elaborate dissertations, again, are many of them upon subjects repulsive to the commonalty—upon political theories and the subtleties of metaphysics. These are large deductions—and not the whole of what remains would possess particular attractions for a public who prefer brilliant historical and biographical sketches, or light and humorous sallies, to the cleverest estimate of books about which all the world have long made up their minds. None of his articles, in truth, were conceived and executed with a view to immortality. He would never have reprinted them of his own accord, and rated them below instead of above their value. He was quite satisfied with discussing the topics upon every tongue in a way to get the hearing of every ear about him;—and though he had no objection to live laborious days, we question if he had enough of that usual infirmity of noble minds to have resigned his festive evenings with kindred spirits, or the soft interchange of ‘candied courtesies’ with bright-eyed dames, for the sake of prolonging indefinitely the echoes of applause. It was necessary to explain why the stars shone brighter dispersed than now they are collected into the constellation Jeffrey:—but it is not the less certain that his articles are remarkable productions, and it is to them that posterity must always refer for much of the ablest contemporary criticism upon the numerous men of genius that arose in his day. The paper on Swift is by much his master-piece, and in the descending series there are several trifles such as every author ventures who lives pen in hand; yet they have all the stamp of the same die, and, perhaps, no person who has written upon so many branches of knowledge, and at so many different stages of life, could be more justly characterized in a general description.

For a keen speculator on the theory of composition, he was rather heedless of the structure of his sentences. There is no appearance of his having aimed at any excellence in particular—and his periods display no signal qualities of elegance or harmony; nor did he more attempt in writing than in conversation to condense his meaning into short and sparkling maxims. The few specimens of the kind seem to drop from him unconsciously.

unconsciously. His images, without being over-abundant, are his principal ornament, and these—sometimes hackneyed and commonplace, but oftener original and forcible—are thrown out in a way which shows them to have been part of the ordinary furniture of his mind. Altogether, he restricted his ambition to writing such a free and masculine style as could be produced without much resting on his elbow. His materials for the purpose were almost unlimited, and he goes on amplifying his phraseology till his sense comes muffled to the ear from the number of folds through which it passes. He began by cultivating ‘an oratorical style,’ with a view to public speaking; and though he allowed that it ‘was totally improper for any other species of composition,’ the tree retained to the last the bent of the twig. His favourite authors were those who indulged in a copious rhetoric, and how faintly he relished a chaster manner is evident from his criticism on Swift and his contemporaries. There are men who show their mastery of language by taking a survey of all the applicable terms, selecting the fittest, and rigorously excluding the rest. Jeffrey’s memory appeared to range the dictionary from A to Z, and he had not the self-denial to spare his readers the redundancy which delighted himself. His overflowing diction, in short, was his weakness as often as his strength.

Horner remarked in 1808 that while his matter evinced a maturer understanding, his style had suffered much from the hurry of his operations. ‘Some of his best-thought passages about Mr. Fox,’ said that friendly but honest critic, ‘are expressed with a clumsiness that surprised me.’ Connoisseurs could hardly have shared the delusion which Horner imputes to the world at large of supposing that Jeffrey elaborated his articles with overwhelming anxiety, any more than they would have suspected a sloven of bestowing upon his toilet the care of a Brummell. He was not more punctilious about the substance than the form. His collection of books was miserably scanty—it gave him no concern if a set was broken into odd volumes—and his lucubrations for the press fared much the same with his private reading. He rarely strained after materials which lay beyond the easy reach of his arm. An acute and thoughtful man, stored with knowledge of what was past and passing, had quite enough to tell; and for Editor Jeffrey to have wasted his energies in a curious solicitude for minute perfection, would have been impoverishing the whole for the enrichment of a part. As he was utterly above the paltry dishonesty of affecting research, his confessions in the *Review* of superficial preparation are full and frequent. He apologises for the imperfection of criticisms because he

he writes from imperfect recollections; for the inaccuracy of passages translated from the French, because he was too indolent to correct the blunders; and for not giving extracts from a book, because he had unhappily mislaid his copy. There is something engaging in this scorn of false pretension, and it pervaded every portion of Jeffrey's character.

He was a master of fence, dexterous in parrying and returning the thrust of his adversary; and, what does not always happen with subtle disputants upon a petty scale, he conducted a larger argument with distinguished ingenuity. Lord Cockburn says he was adroit in arraying scientific proofs, and refers, for one example, to the essay in which he claims for Mr. Clerk of Eldin (father of John the Grim) the invention of the manœuvre for breaking the enemy's line—and here, we must allow, it is next to impossible to resist the art of the advocate, notwithstanding that his conclusion is by the best judges pronounced wholly erroneous. How such art, especially the air of candour, must have told with juries, we can readily understand. Along with a specimen of his skill, where he, we suppose, was wrong, should be mentioned a couple of papers upon vaccination, in which he was clearly right. Some practitioners had the hardihood to assert, and thousands had the folly to believe, that vaccination aggravated instead of preventing the small-pox, engendered new and frightful diseases, and adulterated the noble nature of man with the baser properties of beasts. One Dr. Moseley alleged that the skins of certain children had turned in consequence to hairy hides, and that young Christians began to butt and bellow like bulls. It is hard to say whether we should marvel most at the forwardness of the ignorant to become the dupes of imposture, or at the scepticism with which they regard any rational discovery. Jeffrey plunged into the contest, attracted to it by his fondness for medical speculations, disposed of the popular prejudices—plausible or preposterous—with his usual dexterity; and by the influence of the *Edinburgh Review*, when its credit was highest, did more than all the pamphlets of all the Doctors to put an end to the panic.

But his chief renown was as a critic. His principal excellence in this department was his power of seizing and delineating the prominent features of a book. Of those refined observations of which nobody has thought, and of which everybody sees the justice the moment they are uttered, he has not, we believe, many—but he has a great faculty of selecting the characteristics which would have been felt by cultivated minds, and of giving them full and perspicuous expression. Even where he magnifies defects,

defects, and leaves beauties in the shade, his portraits preserve the likeness, though it may be the likeness of a caricature. The art must be difficult, for it is rare—and Jeffrey has not been surpassed in it. In the preface, however, to his Collection, he calls 'pronouncing on the mere literary merits of works a humble task,' and prides himself most for attempting 'to go deeply into the principles on which his judgments were rested.' A careful examination of his volumes, with every desire to agree with him, has convinced us that he must be numbered among the many authors who would wear their shoe upon their head. He has nothing of the kind that is profound, very little that is ingenious, and much belongs exclusively to the Scotch art of philosophising truisms. His rules, drawn from particular cases, were often falsified by experience. The wayward geniuses of the age broke through his barriers, and involved him in repeated contradictions. In his article upon the *Vision of Don Roderick*, he laid down reasons why it was impossible to produce successful poetry on a recent victory; and when Byron sent forth his stanzas on Waterloo, Jeffrey admitted that the impossibility had been performed. He cautions Mr. Morehead, in 1813, that the poet, to be worthy of his calling, must allow 'no visions of critics or posterity to come across him;' and he emphatically warns Wordsworth, *per contra*, in 1814, that it is essential that the inspirations of genius should 'be tempered by an occasional reference to what will be thought of them by the ultimate dispensers of glory.' Others of his maxims were purely arbitrary, and were immediately overruled by the public voice. He welcomed the poachers and smugglers of Crabbe, but he wanted to outlaw the freebooters of Scott. He could scarcely, he said, 'help regretting that the feuds of border chieftains should have monopolised as much poetry as might have served to immortalise the whole baronage of the empire.' Nobody knew better than Jeffrey that men are not picturesque in proportion to their rank, and that the savage glens and bandits of Salvator were at least as worthy of the pencil as the high-dressed grounds and groups of Watteau. The same sort of prejudice against investing particular classes with an atmosphere of poetry is curiously shown in a little episodic dissertation on some stanzas of Wordsworth, concerning one Matthew, whose calling—as appears from two or three lines of prose prefixed—was that of a schoolmaster. 'By what traits,' breaks forth Jeffrey, 'is this worthy old gentleman delineated by the new poet? No pedantry—no innocent vanity of learning—no mixture of indulgence with the pride of power, and of poverty with the consciousness of rare acquirements. Every feature which belongs



belongs to the situation or marks the character in common apprehension is scornfully discarded by Mr. Wordsworth.' Certainly there are no allusions to Matthew's profession in the verses, but because Wordsworth has needlessly let out that his hero was a schoolmaster, Jeffrey will not allow him the feelings of a man. He is not to laugh and cry like other people, which is all he does in the poem; he can only be permitted to be pedantic and self-important, according to an outworn satirical type of the critic's adoption. The tendency throughout of Jeffrey's *principles* was to put a yoke upon the neck of genius; but, like the wild squadron in Mazeppa, 'the steeds rushed on in plunging pride,' and were not to be persuaded that it was for their good to be saddled and bridled, even by the dapperest of grooms.

The protracted war with the Lake Poets was commenced in the very first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. In an article upon Thalaba he denounced Wordsworth's partiality for puerile phrasology and sentimental rustics, and Southey was classed among the minor offenders in the same school. The Rydal Bard, it must be confessed, gave a good deal of provocation both by the loftiness of all his pretensions and the lowliness of many of his strains. The more Jeffrey endeavoured to abase him, the more he seemed determined to exalt himself; and this again reacted upon the critic, who felt—in the language of Campbell—

'Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.'

But he is not to be justified upon any plea. The article on the Excursion, contemptuous as much of it is, is the only one in which Mr. Wordsworth is not treated rather as a driveller than as a great and original poet. Nor do the essays devoted to the late Laureate's works afford the sole ground of complaint. When other poets came before his chair he was constantly travelling out of the record to pass sentence anew upon this standing delinquent. To hear the wolf of the *Edinburgh Review*, it might be supposed that the lamb of the Lakes was bleating in every path and troubling every stream. If Wordsworth, too, sometimes chose to appear before the public in a tattered garment instead of royal robes, Jeffrey, on the other hand, attempted to make a rent where none existed. To quote a single instance—the 'Churchyard' in the Excursion has been held by the majority of the poet's admirers to be the gem of the piece; and nobody, admirer or not, could consider Jeffrey's summary to be an honest description of that solemn descant:—

'The sixth book contains a choice obituary, or characteristic account, of several of the persons who lie buried before this group of moralizers:—an unsuccessful lover, who had found consolation in natural history—a miner

miner who worked on for twenty years, in despite of universal ridicule, and at last found the vein he had expected—two political enemies reconciled in old age to each other—an old female miser—a seduced damsel—and two widowers, one who had devoted himself to the education of his daughters, and one who had preferred marrying a prudent middle-aged woman to take care of them.'

When Jeffrey in his old age revised his Essays, and arrived at 'the miner who worked on for twenty years, in despite of universal ridicule, and at last found the vein he had expected,' he could hardly have avoided thinking of himself and the poet. He then apologised in a note for his past asperities, but it was solely the style and tone which he regretted, and he still maintained that in substance he had neither been too liberal of censure nor too sparing of praise. He takes the utmost pains to guard against the idea that he has changed his opinions, and expressly asserts that he is 'as far as possible from intending a retraction.' The limitations of his language have been generally overlooked, and in the last few years it has been a hundred times repeated that he had ended in doing homage to the Lake school of poetry. His homage was simply to declare that he would repeat the same sentiments in softer terms. With these convictions it was impossible for him to have done justice to Wordsworth: it would have signified little although his censures had been written in milk instead of in vinegar.

If Jeffrey's taste in poetry was not universal, it was that of a highly accomplished man; and from his intense love of nature, and from the warmth of his affections, we should have guessed that it excited in no one a more ardent glow. Yet much in his articles would lead to an opposite conclusion, and induce us to suppose that his poetical sympathies were far from deep. It is difficult to understand how any one who felt the full power of verse could have penned some of his prose and prosaic analyses of poems. Where he wished to be satirical, it is intelligible that his version of the story should be burlesque; but where his admiration was highest, it is strange how he degrades the most graceful incidents by an almost farcical narration. A plot without the enchantment of details, metre, imagery, and language, is at best a stalk stripped of its leaves and flowers. Jeffrey, not content with its native bareness, twisted it into fantastic and ludicrous shapes. 'I laugh,' he wrote to Horner, and it was with reference to poetry, 'at almost everything I admire;' and he considered that his serious friend had yet to learn that whatever had a praiseworthy had also 'a deridable aspect.' His derisive art, often misapplied, was not seldom, to counterbalance, employed with just and telling effect; for he was no contemptible master  
of

of that dry humour which consists in showing the intrinsic absurdity of fables and arguments, by merely reducing them to their simplest elements. He was prone, however, to carry on the jest till it ceased to amuse. He wanted a monitor to whisper in his ear,

‘ And let it fairly now suffice—  
The gambol has been shown.’

The charge of sweeping condemnation was not confined to the treatment of certain schools of poetry. There was a disposition to look upon the whole tribe of authors as game for critics, and the excitement of the sport, and the amusement which, for a while, it afforded the public, were strong temptations. In an article, of the year 1814, on Hogg's ‘Queen's Wake,’ Jeffrey defended the severities of his *Journal* on the graver plea that it was of greater consequence to point out faults than beauties. In advanced years, when he could look back upon his contests with the feelings of a by-stander, he confessed to many ‘excesses of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame,’ and refused to re-publish the specimens of his satirical skill. There was real virtue in their suppression, for whatever else the editor might miss, he was sure to hit the blot. Intermingled with his strokes of vivacity and acumen—many of them excellent—are occasional objections so frivolous and vexatious that it is impossible to read them without a smile. He attacked the author of *Anastasius* in 1807 for publishing a book on Household Furniture, a study which Jeffrey averred to be only proper ‘for slaves and foreigners’ at a crisis when ‘every male creature in the country was occupied with its politics and its dangers.’ To demand a suspension of the arts of civilised life from the dread of invasion was a sorry compliment to English self-possession, but if it was indeed a want of patriotism in Mr. Hope to print a book upon furniture—which he might easily have done without neglecting his drill—it was little better in Ensign Jeffrey to spend his time in reading and reviewing it. Bentley on *Indian Astronomy*, and Willdenow's *Species Plantarum*, both of which are discussed with exceeding satisfaction in the same number, would have been quite as useless in assisting to drive back the French to the sea. Any difference there might be was in favour of Mr. Hope. His furniture, which was associated with the comforts of home, would have been a stronger motive to expel the intruders than cogitating the Indian notions of the stars and Mr. Willdenow's classification of weeds.

These, taken separately, are trivial items, but in their aggregate they were important, and the captiousness of the editor begot an idea of malevolence which the publication of his *Life* must entirely dispel.

dispel. Except when heated by conflict, nothing approaching to malice ever governed his pen; and he was conspicuous for the generosity which would confess an error and repair a wrong. He gave many proofs of it during his actual editorship, and his harshness, after all, has perhaps been over-stated. It was certainly not his habit to look at authors upon their sunny side, but he did ample justice to Byron, Campbell, and Crabbe; he was among the warmest admirers of the *Waverley* novels; he awarded praise and blame in a fair proportion to many occupants of the lower benches, and some with whom he dealt in a summary way well deserved what they got. The same public which complained that he had not used his faculties meekly, showed, by the estimation in which they held him, that he was considered on the whole to have used them well. The worst effects of the supercilious system were to be found, as always, in the followers and not in the chiefs. The Sydney Smiths and Jeffreys in their duellos usually fought with the gentleman's weapon—the keen and glittering sword; the mob of imitators, who wanted their skill, were reduced to the arts of vulgar violence, and fought with their fists. To be insolent, flippant, and abusive, is in the power of everybody who will stoop to it; critical sagacity, dignified rebuke, polished satire, and radiant humour are not so common. Many of 'the journeymen' were unable to distinguish the difference, and mistook asperity for sarcasm, and pertness for wit. Horner told Jeffrey in 1808 'that nobody else had written a sentence of literature that could be endured,' and unquestionably the early literary articles are more remarkable for their coarseness than their criticism. The editor might prune and engraft, but it was impossible essentially to change the nature of the degenerate suckers thrown up from his root. The singularity, however, is not in the mistakes, for they must always be committed. The exceptional fact is the wonderful success which crowned a vast undertaking through the happy combination of rare virtues and rare talents in Francis Jeffrey. His monument is the *Edinburgh Review*—not his collected essays, which are the smallest portion of his labours—and it is a monument of which—in spite of all the streaks in the marble—he might well have been proud.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, 1816-46. By Harriet Martineau. 2 Vols. 1851.  
 2. *History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the Passing of the Reform Bill*. By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. 2 Vols. 1852.

IN chemistry it is known that pure substances can seldom be obtained by one process. In the crucible and the retort they are first separated from their grosser parts, the product becoming more valuable as the analysis proceeds. Alcohol can be extracted, we believe, from the weakest of fermented liquors, but the distillation must be many times repeated, and the spirit will at last form an infinitesimal proportion to the mass of vapid residuum. In our day a process not unlike this is required in the investigation of political history. The newspaper and the pamphlet give place to the periodical volume; Hansard and the Annual Register supply the basis of those 'contemporary histories' which are called into existence by the requirements of an impatient public; and these compilations—for the works we have in view are little more—will in their turn be resolved into a purer shape, and truth be disengaged from the error and prejudice which attend the birth of political events.

Yet we are far from thinking that contemporary history—if it be of a genuine kind—requires the apology which Mr. Roebuck has put forth for it. We should be glad to see it worthily revived. We cannot forget our obligations to Thucydides and Xenophon, to Cæsar and Sallust, to Froissart, Commines, and Clarendon. It is true that contemporary record must be received with some caution: each age has an atmosphere of its own; and, as in archery, the truest aim may suffer some deviation from the prevailing air. Allowance must be made, too, for the bias of the writer. But if he be in any degree trustworthy, and if he bore an active part in the events he relates, it requires little argument to show that his narrative, as far as it goes, must be immeasurably superior to any which can be written at a subsequent date. Voltaire sneers, with some reason, at the historians who give traditionary tales as positive facts: 'Suétone rapporte ce que les premiers empereurs de Rome avaient fait de plus secret; mais avait-il vécu familièrement avec douze Césars?' The early history of Rome may be written with advantage after the first decades of Livy, as Niebuhr has well shown; but who could improve upon the Anabasis or the Commentaries?

No doubt the observation in Mr. Roebuck's preface is well founded, that the passions and prejudices arising from political opinions are far from being confined to the contemporary historian.

torian. But he mistakes if he supposes he has met the weightiest objection against the class of works in which his 'Whig Ministry' must be included. If Lord Brougham or Lord John Russell had told the story of the Reform Bill, we should have had to take into account the peculiar position and sentiments of the witness, but we should have had positive facts presented to us. Burnet is a very one-sided writer: but as he had access to the best sources of information, his 'History of his own Time' has obtained a permanent place in our literature. The works of Miss Martineau and Mr. Roebuck have no claim to similar consideration: they represent but a part—and the worst part—of contemporary history. They share in its partisanship, its errors, its animosities, but not in its clear and decisive knowledge. The spectators of a scene are often more agitated than the actors in it. The illusion of the stage is lost at the wings. There is something in the presence of realities, and of the trifling incidents which accompany them, inconsistent with the earnest mood which attends the distant contemplation or mere sentiment of great transactions. When England awaited in suspense the fate of Charles I., who could imagine the buffoonery of Henry Marten, inking Cromwell's face with the pen which he had just used to affix his signature to the King's death-warrant? Montrose fainted when the news of his master's death reached him, and a loyal adherent of Louis XVI. committed suicide when the poor monarch was led to the guillotine. It is doubtful whether any of those who bore a real part in the tragic solemnities were equally moved. Wilkes declared that he never was a Wilkite. We can believe that many a vestry orator was more zealous about the Reform Bill than Earl Grey or his Chancellor.

Since the Revolution of 1688 there have been very few examples of members of a Cabinet divulging its secrets. In some rare cases men have been provoked or tempted to such revelations; but the rest—including the best—who have served the Crown have respected its confidence, and have been content to submit to any amount of obloquy and misrepresentation rather than pronounce the words which would have silenced their opponents. They have not been without their reward. Time has done them justice, and the most self-denying have been best rewarded for their forbearance by the appreciation of posterity. But this honourable reserve is much against the value of contemporary history. Those who could pen it faithfully will not. We have to wait for the papers of one eminent man after another before the shades of error which gathered about them in their life can be dispersed; and, generally, their heirs are in no hurry to disclose the contents of their well-guarded repositories.

Mr. Roebuck confesses, or rather brags, that he has not scrupled to relate accounts which he found floating in society and which he believed to be accurate, more especially in relation to what passed 'in conversation or conference with the King, and with others in high office' (P.S. Pref.). We cannot imagine a more fruitful source of error. Clubs are convenient places of resort; but who would think of taking their gossip as the basis of historical record? The conversation in which political quidnuncs delight seldom contains more of truth than there was sense found in Gratiano's discourse: 'His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.' Sir Aubrey Vacant saunters to the Reform, and there has the good luck to meet with his restless friend Mr. Sharpset. When other topics are exhausted, they come to politics, of course. Sharpset has picked up a crumb from the table of some great man—in the shape of a jest, invented to get rid of his importunate questions. It is communicated to Vacant in confidence; to him it is a perfect godsend. Glad of something to tell, he spreads it abroad as an important political secret. In due time it comes back to its author's ears, who laughs at the success of his *ruse*, and is well pleased that it has diverted attention from some matter he was anxious to conceal. Mr. Roebuck has himself, in one notable passage, furnished us with a key to the value of 'anecdotes current in society':—

'I have often heard Lord Brougham relate a circumstance connected with this celebrated motion [for leave to bring in the Reform Bill], which vividly illustrates the ignorance of the Administration, even at the eleventh hour, as to the real feelings of the people. The members of the Cabinet who were not in the House of Commons dined that day with the Lord Chancellor, whose Secretary—Mr., now Sir Denis Le Marchant—sat under the gallery of the House of Commons, and sent half-hour bulletins to the noble Lord describing the progress of the debate. They ran thus: "Lord John has been up ten minutes; House very full; great interest and anxiety shown." Another came, describing the extraordinary sensation produced by the plan on both sides of the House. At last came one, saying, "Lord John is near the end of his speech—my next will tell you who follows him." "Now," said the noble host and narrator of the story, "we had often talked over and guessed at the probable course of the Opposition, and I always said—Were I in Peel's place, I would not condescend to argue the point, but would, as soon as Lord John Russell sat down, get up, and declare that I would not debate so mad a proposal, and would insist upon dividing upon it at once. If he does this, I used to say, we are dead beat; but if he allows himself to be drawn into a discussion we shall succeed." When Le Marchant's bulletin at length came which was to tell us the course adopted by the Opposition, I held the

note

note unopened in my hand, and, laughing, said, "Now this decides our fate; therefore let us take a glass of wine all round, in order that we may, with proper nerve, read the fatal missive." Having done so, I opened the note, and seeing the first line, which was, "Peel has been up twenty minutes," I flourished the note round my head, and shouted *Hurrah, hurrah! Victory, victory! Peel has been speaking twenty minutes!*—and so we took another glass to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune." Such is the anecdote, which proves, among other things, how *uncertain as guides are such anecdotes for history*. The events doubtless occurred much as Lord Brougham is accustomed to relate them, but Sir Robert Peel did not speak on that night's debate. Sir John Sebright seconded Lord John Russell's motion, and Sir Robert Inglis was the next succeeding speaker in vehement—nay, fierce—reply to Lord John. But I relate the story because it proves how little aware the Ministry was of the state of popular feeling; how little they knew of the intensity of that feeling when they believed that Sir Robert Peel *could* so have disposed of the proposed measure.'—Vol. ii., pp. 87, 88.

We may remark, in passing, that it is difficult to conceive how the Ministry could have known of any intensity of popular feeling in favour of a complicated scheme which was announced that evening for the first time. It is for Lord Brougham to settle the truth of this story with his friend the author as he pleases. We adduce it only to illustrate the historical weight of the 'oral testimony and floating evidence' on which Mr. Roebuck—in spite of this not overlooked warning—has confessedly grounded great part of his narrative, and which he has suffered to influence his estimate of the persons most conspicuous in it.

In the passionate strife of the Great Rebellion common rumour was urged by the Puritans as a ground for the indictment of Strafford, but that ill precedent has found little favour in better times. It was indignantly repudiated when attempted to be revived by the opponents of Walpole; and Chancellor Hardwicke, in a passage which should be in the memory of every constitutionalist, showed how repugnant was the allegation of common fame to every rule of law, and every sentiment of true justice. It is the more necessary to condemn Mr. Roebuck's revival of that *obsolete practice*, as we fear he too often modifies and colours his 'current reports.' He has recently informed us that he is never better pleased than when exposing 'a sham;' but the delight he feels in the chase of falsehood may have occasionally had some effect in blunting his perception of truth. He imagines that he can discover *sham* where no one else would ever think of looking for it. This disposition most frequently results from disappointed vanity acting on a splenetic temper. Not a few men have a natural talent for vituperation, which they pass off as



frankness and sincerity. Apemantus, for one, mingles his abuse of all Athens as knaves, fools, and baboons, with applause of his own honesty and plain-dealing. We do not forget that there are some who, in real scorn of hypocrisy and meanness, run into an opposite extreme, and choose to represent themselves as more cynical than they are. But Mr. Roebuck's spite is too plain and real for this mild interpretation. He scrambles up to the chair of history for apparently the one purpose of reviling every name that comes before him. Something more than the head must be in fault here. Whatever sentiments of liberality are on the lips, there must be bigotry deep seated in the heart, and that worst kind of bigotry, which, believing in the infallibility of its own ideas and judgments, has no respect for conscientious opinion when opposed to them, and is inaccessible not only to reasoning but to every humanising influence. This temper, if not held in restraint, would erect the scaffold or light the pile with the same satisfaction that it experiences in rending reputations.

Mr. Roebuck has occasion to mention our last three sovereigns—George III., George IV., and William IV. Their reigns occupy nearly eighty years—a long period and chequered with great misfortunes. In the course of it both people and governments had to sustain severe trials, and to make heroic efforts to maintain their ground; but contrasting the England of 1760 with the England of 1840, we know not in what age or country to look for an equal advance in social prosperity and national greatness. This in itself furnishes a strong presumption that the country has not been very unfortunate in its monarchs, yet Mr. Roebuck speaks of them as if he were characterizing the worst of the Cæsars. According to him George III. harboured in 'his confused and incapable brain' only the 'crotchety conceits of a madman' (i. 14). His successor is described as 'implacable in his resentments; a vain and pampered voluptuary, whose ears were daily filled with fulsome flattery and words of slavish submission';—and who 'must have shrunk as from a burning iron, when branded by the fiery indignation of the excited orator [Mr. Brougham] as a cruel and cowardly despot' (i. 245). Yet 'in the conduct of George IV. there is little which distinguishes him from the common herd of ordinary sovereigns' (i. 249);—and because the Duke of Wellington extolled his polished manners and knowledge of business, we are to believe that the Duke has 'doubtless had great experience of Kings, and by his speech shows that he has a very mean opinion of their courtesy and their intellect' (i. 253). This sort of speech is better fitted to the Marats of the last age than an English gentleman of 1852. William IV., the 'Sailor King,'  
fares

fares no better. Previously to the publication of 'this book we should have thought it next to impossible that there could be much difference of opinion as to him. In this case surely there were no mysteries to expound—no depths to sound. Frank, kindly, sincerely desiring the good of the country—somewhat credulous—of no great capacity, yet gifted with some natural shrewdness—he won respect for the manifest purity and benevolence of his intentions, even among those who dissented most strongly from his policy. His worst fault was that he was never so well pleased as when the shout of the mob rang in his ears. The Duke's ministry could never have possessed his confidence after they balked him of the tempestuous delights of a popular procession and a civic banquet. The foibles of such a character need not be concealed. But Mr. Roebuck will allow him no one good quality. He sets out, even in his preface, by declaring that the King was 'very weak and very false; a finished dissembler; bitterly hostile to the Whig Ministry and their great measure of Reform.' The author seems proud of this novel estimate of the unlucky Prince—for we find it in two places (*Pref.* ix.; vol. ii. 27). He acknowledges that he runs directly counter to the fixed opinion of his noble and learned patron—but of this discrepancy the explanation is easy:—

'The kindness and generosity of Lord Brougham's own nature make him give easy credence to kind professions in others. The off-hand hearty manner of the King, therefore, imposed upon his Chancellor. The very weakness of the King too gave him strength. His capacity was notoriously contemptible, and Lord Brougham could not for a moment believe himself the dupe of parts so inferior: and yet in truth was he deceived. The trained artifice of a mean spirit misled and cajoled the confiding generosity of a great and powerful mind; and to this hour, Lord Brougham asserts that the King was a sincere reformer, and earnest throughout the struggle which followed the introduction of the Reform Bill in his expressed desire to have that measure passed in all its integrity. My opinion as to this matter is fully stated in the history which I have given of all the transactions connected with it; and I am now only anxious to declare that in that opinion Lord Brougham does not coincide, and for it cannot be held responsible' (*Pref.* ix.).

Lord Brougham is, as all the world allows, a good-natured and charitable man; but here, we think, on the whole, the public have simply to decide between the probability of the Reform Chancellor's failing, through excessive generosity of spirit, to at all appreciate one whom he had ample means of studying, or of Mr. Roebuck's erring as to the views and feelings of a man never by possibility submitted to the scrutiny of his (however superior) acumen, through a confirmed habit of malignant construction.

Our

Our young readers have not forgotten the fable where the animals in council give their opinion of man. The monkey dislikes him for his propensity to mischief, the ass for his obstinacy, the viper for his venom, and the toad for his ugliness. Thersites is a council in himself. Of the venerable Lord Eldon we are told, that 'the closing scenes of this man's career were a wretched exhibition of *impotent spite*' (i. 71). Of Mr. Huskisson, after his separation from the Wellington ministry, it is said—'Under the thin disguise of a pretended moderation and exalted patriotism, *bitter personal spite* was seen to rankle, governing every thought, word, and deed' (i. 268); and even the poor defendants of the *Morning Journal* are denounced as 'mere mercenary traders in vulgar abuse,' who 'never prayed to God to keep their tongues from *evil speaking, lying, and slandering*' (i. 330).

Mr. Roebuck boldly solicits inquiry into the facts of his book, and challenges contradiction as to *them*. The language sounds fairly, but it amounts to nothing. In a compilation of this kind the opinions are usually of more importance than the facts. Conduct and character are more often disposed of in a few decided words than described in detail. Thus Lord John Russell is seldom mentioned here without some epithets significative of the 'tamest mediocrity.' Rash, factious, ambitious he may be, but certainly there is nothing of tame mediocrity in his nature. For all that appears on the face of this narrative, we allow the judgment may be well-founded; but that judgment stands alone, neither supported nor contradicted by facts, just as do the summary verdicts we have noticed above. A narrative may be essentially false in which every circumstance is substantially true. If Mr. Roebuck be really anxious to instruct generations to come, let him go carefully over the sentiments he has expressed, examine what grounds they rest on, and acquire, if he can, the temper, the impartiality, the predilection for truth and charity—they are seldom found apart—which must distinguish him to whom the world assigns ultimately the high title of HISTORIAN.

Notwithstanding the tenor of a previous extract it is somewhat ostentatiously announced that the author has been assisted by Lord Brougham—and has had access to his official papers. We do not question either the extent or the curiosity of that collection, but we very much doubt the worth of garbled citations from its stores. Contemporary writers who happen to possess the friendship of some great man, are very apt to make him the hero of their narrative; and, as in dramas framed with an eye to some particular performer, all other parts are quite subordinate to their principal. The occurrences in which he is more  
immediately

immediately concerned, however trivial in reality, are magnified to a momentous consequence. 'Points' are made for him on every possible occasion, and attention is emphatically bespoken for the lightest of his sayings or doings. Thus, in Walpole's Memoirs, Henry Conway is the centre about which a multitude of petty intrigues are continually revolving, and these are related with such anxious minuteness, and so mixed up with more important things, that we lose our way in a labyrinth of confused details—but are left with an impression that in some way or other Horace's dear cousin, in fact an exceedingly weak politician, exercised a most marking influence on the history of his time. Something of the same kind of perplexity attends the eternal recurrence of Lord Brougham's name in this book; it takes us backward and forward, and round, round, round; it is prominent in the Preface and in the Appendix; it detains us in places where we do not care to linger, and hurries us over others where we would willingly pause. In the little romance which is related here of the interview between Lords Grey and Brougham on the morning of the dissolution in 1831, the Premier is represented as dumb, while the Chancellor announces to the astonished Monarch that *he* has ordered the royal carriages, and that *he* has sent to the Horse Guards to have the troops in readiness. It is a pity that the author did not take as much pains to verify this anecdote as he did concerning the one which he heard from Lord Brougham's lips on the first debate in the Commons on the Reform Bill. Why did he not make some attempt to ascertain in what shape the successor of Bacon conveyed *his* order to the Horse Guards?

In Miss Martineau's ponderous volumes, considerable space is devoted to the period on which Mr. Roebuck concentrates his strength. Of the two narratives, so far as they run parallel, we prefer the lady's. She makes no pretence to exclusive information, but she shows complete mastery over materials, such as they may be, both in their disposition and treatment. Her style has some resemblance to that of the French Memoirists, being rapid and glancing rather than steady and methodical. She does not so much relate as indicate events, but this is done with so much animation, and such felicity of language and allusion, that the mind is kept continually attentive, even when the subjects themselves are far from inviting. We are happy in an opportunity to do this justice to her literary talents; we wish that she would or could more often do justice to them herself; but by one of those freaks of nature not uncommonly met with, she is subject to such wild fancies, presumptuous crotchets, and strange hallucinations,

as to render her at all times an unsafe, and, frequently, a most dangerous guide.

Her intellect, though extremely vivacious, is of that cast which can scarcely admit of doubt or reasoning upon any subject. Certain ideas, often amusingly fantastic, find their way—by a process we do not profess to understand—into her brain, and become thenceforth a part of her very nature. Sir Walter Raleigh defines *Incredulity* as *the wit of fools*; and in good sooth it requires more credulity to reject conclusions built on sufficient evidence than to receive them. Miss Martineau, unhappily indifferent to the truth of revelation, exercises the wildest flights of fancy in constructing something like a new scheme of theogony suitable to the ruins of Egypt. Pronouncing Moses an impostor, she gives implicit credit to that convicted charlatan, the ‘Magician’ of Cairo—nay, even at home, believes in the supernatural powers of a cunning servant-girl. Her History is more free from offensive matter in this line than many of her other productions—for example, the Narrative of her Eastern travels, but, above all, her late extraordinary Correspondence with Mr. Atkinson—for which perhaps we have to thank that party-spirit which keeps her mind in a state of tutelage. She even avoids, until her last page, all mention of those Malthusian doctrines of which she used to be so eloquent an expounder. Probably, amidst all the bewildering imbecilities of her Pantheism, she sees by this time that there are some arrangements at work superior to the theories and contrivances of economists, by which the harmony of Nature is secured; and provision made for the advancing numbers as well as civilization of mankind.

From her character, it may be supposed that she is on all points excessively positive—and occasionally her confidence is piquant. On the trial of the notorious St. John Long, she naively remarks, that—

‘the spirit of quackery did not die with him, nor the propensity to it in his admirers—the ignorant of the educated classes. The thing wanted evidently is such an advance of physiological and medical knowledge as shall exalt that knowledge into real science’ (ii. 181).

She has done her best to forward the desired end—but neither her own cure, nor even that of her favourite cow—given up by the veterinary faculty—has been able to convince the ‘ignorant of the educated classes’ that mesmerism in any of its shapes is more or less than a system of gross imposture.

She is qualified to decide on every one of the multifarious concerns of the world with the same authority as on medical science. When she speaks of Continental politics, her proper  
post

post seems the Foreign Office; but when she touches on religious matters, and disposes of Presbyterian schism and Tractarian mummary, we are at a loss to say whether she should have been Moderator of the General Assembly or Archbishop of Canterbury. Our perplexity lasts till she engages with bullion and currency, when there can be no doubt that she ought to be Governor of the Bank of England. Her qualifications for other offices, however, expand as she proceeds. The Board of Trade can never do well till she is at the head of it. The Royal Society will commence a new career of usefulness when she mounts to the chair of Rosse, and the army will at last be fitly managed when she realizes the step ascribed to Lord Chancellor Brougham, and sends her orders to the Horse Guards. In direct opposition to F.M., who never interferes with other people's business, Miss Martineau feels it her appointed duty to make the business of all other people her own.

In spite of this assumption and other amusing foibles, we think her book likely to survive the fleeting publications of the day. It is full of matter, and the information given is generally accurate, though almost invariably one-sided. The political opinions, if selected, would form a tolerably complete system of full-blown Liberal intolerance; but her tone is infinitely less offensive than that of Mr. Roebuck. She never errs through malice; on the contrary, she tries with all her heart to be considerate and charitable. She is very sorry indeed that Tories should be so shockingly blind, and, with honest kindness, exerts herself to enlighten them. Were a society to be got up for their conversion, we are sure she would cheerfully contribute some tracts to the good work.

Her quick temperament and wealth of words often enough hurry her into extravagance. She is tempted to take up a scene-painter's brush for her Academy picture. Perhaps the most glaring device is that of exalting events by investing them with an universal sympathy. This is a common trick—and the popularity of one historical writer of real genius will probably conduce to its cure, by the multiplication of feeble and feminine mimicries. Miss Martineau represents the people as sitting up all night when important debates are in progress. During the Queen's process—though the summer heat was so intense

‘that horses dropped dead on the roads, and labourers in the fields—yet along the line of mails crowds stood waiting in the burning sunshine for news of the trial, and horsemen galloped over hedge and ditch to carry the tidings. In London the parks and West-end streets were crowded every evening; and through the bright nights of July neighbours were visiting one another's houses to lend newspapers or compare rumours.

rumours. . . . Daily was the fervent "God bless her!" repeated from the nearest house-top to the farthest point of vision.'—(i. 257.)

On the death of Lord Londonderry we are told that—

'the relief to the multitude was so extraordinary and portentous, that little children who carried the news—as little children love to carry wonderful news without knowing what it means—were astonished at the effect of their tidings, and saw, by the clasped hands and glistening eyes of aliens in English towns, that there was a meaning in the tidings beyond their comprehension.'—(i. 287.)

When Canning announced that troops were on their way to Portugal, to resist the aggression of Spain:—

'The newspapers passed from hand to hand under the Spanish cloak; recitation of the Englishman's words went on in whispers under the bright Italian moon; and at Vienna and Warsaw men's hearts swelled, and their eyes shone, as phrases from this speech were detected in common intercourse, and forthwith formed a sort of freemasonry among those who understood.'—(i. 303.)

The account of the panic of 1825 (vol. i., pp. 359-365) is still more extravagant; and to indicate the drought of 1826, 'the richest people made presents to one another of little pitchers of fresh water.'

It is announced that Earl Grey has been sent for. Next day—

'The newspapers could not give the list of the ministry fast enough. In reading-rooms, and at the corners of the streets, merchants, bankers, and tradesmen took down their names, and carried them to their families, reading them to every one they met by the way; while poor men, who could not write, carried them well enough in their heads.'—(ii. 21.)

The Reform Bill is produced:—

'The very ground shook with the tread of multitudes, and the broad heaven echoed with their shouts, and the peers quaked in their houses, and the world seemed to the timid to be turned upside down.'—(ii. 34.)

The Reform ministers resign:—

'The mail-roads were sprinkled over for miles with people, who were on the watch for news from London; and the passengers on the tops of the coaches shouted the tidings. Then was there such mourning throughout England as had not been known for many years. Men forsook their business to meet and consult what they should do. In some places the bells tolled—in others they were muffled. In many places black crape was hung over the sign of the King's head; and there was talk of busts of Queen Adelaide being seen with a halter round the neck.'—(ii. 62.)

This style reminds one of Will Marvel's journey to Devonshire—'He has accustomed himself to sounding words and hyperbolical images, till he has lost the power of true description.' Far be it from us to justify those who venture on such empirical audacities as the Reform Bill, or to underrate the evil consequences

consequences for the hearts of their dupes. Nor do we forget the immediate tangible effects—among others, the sinking of the revenue. But we are not to adopt the high-flown rhapsodical caricatures of such pens as these. To take Miss Martineau or Mr. Roebuck as a guide, one would suppose that the nation only recovered from one political convulsion to fall into another; and that, with so many elements of discord at work, its existence could only have been preserved by miracle. But the truth is that the hubbub which, bad enough in itself, they swell into a hurricane, scarcely reached below the surface of English life. A certain amount of popular effervescence is inseparable from a representative system, from a free press, and from public meetings. The political opinion which exists among us thus finds ready expression, and may often be supposed, even by fair and candid observers, to be more general and influential than it is; but, except at particular periods, we very much doubt whether the Englishman interests himself so much in politics as many of the Continental nations, whose opinions find no ready mode of expression. If we look from political history into private life, we shall find that state affairs occupy but a very small part of any man's attention, compared with his proper business. There are trading politicians, who not unfrequently find their trade answer very well, and who are able to raise a certain degree of agitation at favourable seasons, but with these men the great body of the people have nothing in common.

Miss Martineau professes to review *Thirty Years of Peace*. We can now look back upon seven years more. The whole period has been distinguished by great social improvement, and by unparalleled fecundity of invention in all industrial arts. If our progress has been both more steady and more rapid than that of other countries, it has been because we have united to a higher degree of individual freedom a more perfect preservation of legal rule. This union, simple as it appears in theory, has not often been attained in practice; nor can it ever be attained without long previous discipline, and without great moderation on the part of those two powers which, with a common interest, are often, from the antagonistic spirit of free states, in opposition to each other—the people and the government.

The cessation of a war which had lasted almost uninterruptedly for more than twenty years, and had been carried forward on a scale of unexampled magnitude, was far from proving at first a relief to the government of the day, or even to the people. While a necessity existed for lavish expenditure the nation assented to it, and, voting the gross sum demanded, scarcely cared to look at the items which composed it. The struggle was for  
life



life or death; and safety could not be purchased at too high a price.

The same feeling has generally animated England throughout the severe contests in which she has been engaged. We have rarely had an economical war-minister. Chatham, with large, grand views, discarded questions of economy altogether from his consideration. His only aim was success; well knowing that success could not be bought too dearly, and that the bolder, the more extravagant even, the effort, the less might be the cost.

This ancient national policy was undoubtedly adopted throughout our long struggle with Napoleon—and, no less clearly, it was very open to attack while the event was in suspense. The Whigs were persevering in their advocacy of economy and submission. They denounced the supplies voted for the Peninsular army as a scandalous and shameful waste of the public money, and gleefully predicted, year after year, that the genius of the Emperor would assert itself, and the demolition of Wellington bring with it the utter prostration of Britain. Waterloo put an end to their sinister prophecies—but at the same time relieved them from a false political position. Spectators marvelled how it was that, while the country was yet in the full glow of rejoicing for its deliverance, the power of the ministry began to tremble. The explanation is not difficult. When the danger ceased the prudent and practical spirit of Parliament returned. Estimates were once more closely scrutinised; and the Commons judged for themselves of the necessity of retaining taxes, which only the urgency of the case had rendered tolerable. Their eagerness for relief was not surprising: the unguarded expression of Lord Castlereagh—‘an ignorant impatience of taxation’—was eagerly caught up and bruited abroad, to the no small injury of the government.

The attacks on the Peace were less successful. All our great treaties, however advantageous, have been violently assailed by the party in opposition, and generally been received with discontent by the public. The sentiment, that the aim of war should be to conquer peace, has never, we fear, obtained much credit with us; we seem rather to be of opinion that war should be waged for the aggrandisement of our trade, territory, and wealth. It is forgotten that that peace cannot, from its very nature, be lasting which greatly disturbs old settlements of power, and which forces an independent state to a bitter acknowledgment of defeat by humiliating concessions.

The opening chapters of this History of the Peace are by Mr. Charles Knight, who, if he had not devoted himself to the busier labours of publication, would certainly have attained distinction as a writer. He is as liberal in his politics as Miss Martineau, but he

he has the good sense to acknowledge the merits of those treaties which were so virulently assailed when their stipulations first became known:—

‘Napoleon at St. Helena said to O’Meara, “So silly a treaty as that made by your ministers for their own country was never known before. You give up everything, and gain nothing.” We can now answer that we gained everything when we gained thirty years of repose. We gained everything when, after twenty years of warfare, upon the most extravagant scale, the spirit of the people conducted that warfare to a triumphant end. The gains of a great nation are not to be reckoned only by its territorial acquisitions or its diplomatic influence. The war which England had waged, often single handed, against a colossal tyranny raised her to an eminence which amply compensated for the mistakes of her negotiations. It was something that they did not close the war in a huckstering spirit—that they did not squabble for this colony or that entrepôt! The fact of our greatness was not to be mistaken when we left to others the scramble for aggrandisement, content at last to be free to pursue our own course of consolidating our power by the arts of peace. There were years of exhaustion and discontent to follow those years of perilous conflict and final triumph. But security was won; we were safe from the giant aggressor. The people that had subdued Napoleon—for it was the act of the people—would do the work that remained to them.’—(i. 9.)

That character for magnanimity which England established by her moderation has since borne noble fruit, and in spite of occasional checks, here or elsewhere, will, we trust, continue to do so. We cannot forget the cordial assurances of support proffered to England when she was threatened on the side of France some ten years since; nor the kind and generous (perhaps somewhat repentant) visit of the greatest of the Continental sovereigns to our shores at the moment when a rupture appeared most imminent. The northern courts of Europe, singularly jealous of even a partial encroachment on the Turkish territory, placed the sword in our hand to drive the rebellious Pasha from Syria, and saw without alarm the important fortress of Acre garrisoned by a British force. No higher compliment could possibly be paid to national honour.

Graver difficulties than those arising from finance assailed our ministers after 1815. Contrary to the experience of most nations, war has been with us a period of prosperity—while peace has often brought our progress to a temporary pause. The cessation of enormous expenditure by government—the depression of trade, restored to its normal state after a long period of artificial encouragement—the sudden fall in the value of produce—contributed, with the enormous taxation still necessary, to create distress—and of course discontent. There was another cause  
more

more influential still to excite disaffection among the labouring classes. Machinery was continually encroaching on manual toil; and, as it seemed to the people who found themselves deprived of employment by the superior economy of this new agent, was depriving them and their families of daily bread. 'They had been taught,' says Mr. Knight, 'as some demagogues still continue to teach, that all the evils of civilization are political evils.' Nor was there wanting behind these agitators a party which, entirely opposed to their doctrines, threw its shelter over them, under pretence of maintaining the rights of public meeting and freedom of speech. So threatening did these symptoms of disorder appear to foreign observers that there were some who conceived that the knell of our dissolution had been sounded in the hour of our highest glory.

It was the duty of the Ministers at all hazards to preserve society; nor did they shrink from it. Looking back at this distance of time, it appears amazing that so much violent opposition should have been offered to measures of obvious necessity for the repression of tumult. They were described by the Whig leaders as the 'most detestable ever introduced into Parliament'—as though their express design had been to subvert public liberty, not to preserve it. Freedom has perished much oftener from the turbulence of the people than from the usurpation of governments. The spirit of Jacobinism, though restrained, had lingered in England through the whole period of the war, and now endeavoured to turn all existing elements of evil to its own account. There was little probability that its wild plots could succeed, but they were excessively mischievous; and in discussing the precautionary and exceptional measures of an administration, it is surely no valid objection to urge that they were directed against no greater dangers than the massacre of a cabinet or the firing of London.

The discovery of the Thistlewood conspiracy justified the vigilance of Government, and rallied moderate men round authority. The most sensible of the disaffected, finding how vain were their efforts against society, were led to the wholesome conviction that 'by virtue and knowledge alone can the people work out their own redemption.' (i. 152.)

The first five years after the peace were years of commercial distress or apprehension, of political disturbance, of social inquietude. With the accession of George IV. better influences prevailed. Tranquillity, seriously threatened, had been maintained; that was the great point. The industry and enterprise inherent in English nature did all else that was necessary to recall prosperity. The Government was secure in parliamentary majorities, and in the support of the most sober classes of the country.

country. The Whigs had well nigh lost heart and hope—when an unlooked-for incident came to revive their spirits.

It would appear that it is in the nature of political freedom to generate crises, more or less alarming: an element as variable as the ocean or the atmosphere, its ordinary state is gentle and wholesome activity, but subject at uncertain intervals to profound calm and violent tempest. When the horizon seemed most clear clouds began to gather. The Queen returned to England, and the question of her guilt or innocence furnished parties with a new ground for contest. The Ministers engaged in it with reluctance—of that there can be no doubt; the Opposition, with joy and alacrity. This time they were sure of popular sympathy: whatever might have been the errors of the Queen, it was impossible not to pity her position. The story of her trial is eloquently told by Miss Martineau—it occupies one of her most striking chapters. We have only to mark its political influence. Mr. Roebuck, speaking of the cabinet deliberations on her return, favours us with a noticeable *anecdote*:—

‘The Whig party are *said* to have acted with a magnanimity worthy of the highest encomium. They gave the Ministers to understand that, if office were offered to them (the Whigs) by the King, in consequence of the Ministers refusing to prosecute the Queen, they would refuse it, even though the King should dispense in their case with the unworthy compliance he demanded of his actual cabinet. If this intimation were given—and that it was so I have *the highest authority for stating*—the baseness of the ministerial acquiescence is immeasurably enhanced.—vol. i. p. 9, note.

If Mr. Roebuck's anecdote be true, the magnanimity of the Whigs was not over-heroic. The advantages resulting from such an invidious proposal would be entirely on the side of those who made it. No English cabinet could receive it without a sense of degradation; and so far from being likely to incline them against the prosecution, it was calculated to bias them the other way, as, had they refused compliance with the King's wishes, the Whigs would have taken all the credit of the refusal to themselves, and accused the Tories of having been moved by interest, and not by conscience.

This episode in our political history soon vanished. So sudden are the revulsions of vulgar sentiment that the Queen's popularity was on the wane even before her death; but the courage with which the popular leaders championed her cause had gained them a higher place in public respect than they previously filled. The death of Lord Londonderry still further improved their position.

He was one of those rare men of decided character who are in themselves

themselves a system of policy: so much is conceded by the hatred of his opponents. He was regarded by them with an intensity of bitterness—with an envenomed and personal antipathy—to which we know no parallel in modern days. Yet it is admitted, even by Miss Martineau, that he was ‘amiable, winning, and generous in the walk of his daily life.’ It was the force of his character which gained for him so much detestation. ‘This man was the screw by which England had riveted the chains of nations’ (*Mart.* i. 100): that is, he had established the peace of Europe on the firmest basis it had ever known, and discountenanced revolution in every shape, as the foe not only of governments but of humanity. The part assigned him as the representative of England at the Congress of Vienna was a tribute justly due to the sagacity and courage which had foreseen and realized the glorious termination of the contest. In his nature there was nothing showy; he was in the cabinet what Wellington was in the field. A supreme sense of duty filled his mind, and rendered him indifferent to popularity. He was eminently fitted for the part he had to sustain—for carrying out, that is, with resolute energy, grand conceptions of true statesmanship. The test of greatness is the influence it exercises on the future. The peace he founded subsists to this day; its principles are still recognized as the code of European policy, and, as we learn from recent accounts, are exercising a restraining and salutary influence on the councils of the Tuileries, waving, like a sword of flame, the French usurper from his ambitious projects. Posterity will assuredly do justice to the greatness of his character, and pay homage to the lofty triumphs of his statesmanship.

With his successor was inaugurated at the Foreign Office that liberal system which, pursued and developed by the Whigs, had the result of estranging us from the great Conservative powers of the Continent, and of leaving us at a most critical time without one cordial ally. Mr. Canning, we are told by Miss Martineau, entered ‘manfully on his task of liberating nations.’ Where are the substantial benefits of his policy? In what country has it borne good fruit? In Portugal? In Spain? In Italy? In Germany? In that New World which the intoxicated orator boasted of having ‘called into existence to redress the balance of the old’? Alas! the wars of the South American States present the most sanguinary and dismal page in modern history.

It is a principle held by Liberal politicians with so much constancy as almost to induce a belief that there must be some foundation for it, that nations may be endowed with freedom by *Constitutions* as easily as children are pleased with toys and  
sweetmeats.

sweetmeats. As the witty waiting-girl in the *Malade Imaginaire* refers every complaint of her master to '*le pounon*,' their sole response to every grievance that reaches them from abroad is '*Constitution—Constitution—Constitution.*' The remedy has been tried, Heaven knows, often enough since it was first announced. The world has been deluged with constitutions of late, but without any remarkable advance in the freedom or happiness of the nations most richly favoured with them. If constitutionalism alone could have benefited any country, France ought to be the most blessed under the sun. We leave her most eminent citizens to decide whether she is so. We are not ignorant of the theory of our brilliant essayist—that the disorders of liberty are to be cured by more liberty. This is much like the doctrine of the quack, who, accused of killing a man by his pills, replies that the patient died not by taking so many, but through not taking more. As the wise and sober Whig Mackintosh—the most accomplished and worst-used of modern Whigs—has so honestly pronounced, and so elegantly illustrated, free constitutions cannot suddenly be rooted in the mind of any people. They must grow up there to be abiding, and must be in perfect accordance with their nature, their instincts, their habitudes. To us constitutional rule appears natural and easy (though it can hardly appear simple); but we have been fitted for it by the education of a thousand years.

The career of Canning, though, perhaps, to the end his name was wormwood among the body of the Whigs, had been *most* substantially serviceable to them by breaking up the exclusiveness of parties. When the Duke of Wellington was summoned to form a Ministry, he had no longer the compact phalanx to depend on which formed the strength of Lord Liverpool's government. Of all achievements that of successful statesmanship in a free country is certainly the most difficult. Marlborough could boast that he never besieged a place he did not take, nor fought a battle he did not win. Our own great captain can point to a longer and still more brilliant career of heroic triumph;—but what statesman has ever achieved success equally uninterrupted? The life of the most distinguished among them has been signally chequered, and those who have held power the longest have usually in the end experienced the most grievous defeats.

The instability of the preceding Ministries had been a general complaint when the Duke became Premier. A strong government was desired, and it was thought he would form one; his great practical sagacity, his firmness of will, and splendid reputation throughout the world, all justified the anticipation. We do not often agree with Mr. Roebuck—but some of his remarks

on this occasion seem creditable to his judgment, and afford a pleasing exception to the general acidity of his style :—

‘No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth and fostered by the business of war than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius ; yet because of the habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing ; while the soldier, whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of State. The training of the Duke of Wellington was, however, of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen, or soldiers, or lawyers can hope to enjoy. In India, and Spain, and Portugal he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law and administration—all had to be understood, weighed, watched, and applied, while he led the armies of England, and, in fact, governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed for his great campaigns made him familiar with every operation of government ; and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal and their various rulers called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters.’—i. 41, 42.

Mr. Roebuck has evidently studied *Gurwood* with diligence, and closed the invaluable book with a clear and honest conviction. So have thinking men of all parties—all countries—nowhere more decidedly than in France. Yet the fact remains—account for it as we may—that the Duke’s ministerial, in singular contrast to his military, career has been almost uniformly disastrous. From the first his Cabinet had not a strong look. Catholic emancipation, as in Canning’s government, was left an open question ; this encouraged the audacity of O’Connell and gave spirit to the Whigs. In the Commons Lord John carried his Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. This success indicated that the Whigs were rapidly gaining ground, and, from the readiness with which the Duke adopted the measure in the Lords, experienced politicians began to think that it was only a question of time when Emancipation would be brought forward as a Government measure.

It was every way unfortunate that throughout the session of 1828 the Duke in one House and Mr. Peel in the other opposed the Catholic claims as emphatically as they had ever done ; their declarations gave confidence to the high Protestants, and led them to suppose that no change was contemplated ; on that supposition

sition they spoke and acted. There is a pride in conviction which revolts from sudden change. Sincere men may be persuaded out of their sentiments, but will never surrender them at the word of command. Though suspicions were abroad, there was not the slightest authority for the rumour that the Government intended to give way until the King's speech, on opening the session of 1829, announced the fact.

The measure originated with the Duke: he honestly believed that the time for concession had come. The principle of emancipation had been sanctioned by the Commons on Sir Francis Burdett's motion, by a majority of six; and, to increase the difficulty of resistance, O'Connell had been returned for Clare. We can fancy the Duke, with his clear, straightforward, practical sense, putting the case that emancipation must be conceded; and that the only question was whether the measure should be carried by his Government, or by a Government forced on the King against his will. The conversion of Mr. Peel to the Duke's view is commonly believed among people better informed than our authors to have been *very sudden*. We have some reasons for doubting the fact; but, were it established on clear evidence, we should see little difficulty in reconciling it with the marking features of his disposition. Opinion is usually of slow growth. An influence often unknown to ourselves—as early associations, or any accidental cause—may give the mind a bias in the first instance, and then it instinctively seizes on those circumstances and ideas which are best calculated to confirm its prepossession. In this respect its action resembles that of some of the testaceous tribes, which suffer the tide of ocean to flow through their open shell, but close it to grasp any trivial substance which they feel to be their proper food. There are men so constituted that their sentiments, being in perfect conformity with their temperament and character, remain unchanged from youth to age, and present the same being through all the varied stages of existence. Others are so exquisitely susceptible, so open to impression, that their whole mental life is continual oscillation. The representatives of great principles should be chosen from the former class; the latter are, we humbly think, out of their place on the summits of public life. Sir Robert Peel was extremely susceptible, and, like most persons of that constitution, he concealed the warmth, and even irritability of his feelings, under a cold and reserved exterior. But those who knew him best understood how easily he could be moved, and observed that tears would start to his eyes when his sympathies were strongly excited. It is said that he would faint from the slightest shock to his nervous system, or from a trifling degree of bodily pain. It



was this acute sensibility which contributed to his death. No examination of his injuries could be made, as it was certain that he would sink under the operation. It is an illustration of the axiom 'extremes meet,' that genius and weakness are often allied in the tenderness of their physical organization. Opinion in persons of this stamp, however elaborately built up, is liable to sudden destruction when once unsettled. The new light, or fancied light, bursts on the mind at once, and there is scarcely an interval between doubt and renunciation. We are to consider, too, that in state affairs men are often called on to decide between courses of action rather than to resolve political problems. Necessity is in itself a potent ruler of opinion; even firm men soon find good reasons for acts which they believe to be inevitable; but we think we may assert that at least a year before the Duke proposed the Emancipation, Sir Robert had signified in private his conviction that such a measure could not be much longer deferred. We by no means desire to convey that he at that time contemplated his own part in carrying it.

It is said by one of our great divines that every act is attended by so long a train of consequences, as that no man can possibly foresee them to the end. This is especially true of political acts; and it furnishes the strongest possible argument against the slightest deviation from the strict straight path of truth and right. It must have seemed even to the Duke a strange circumstance, bearing the character of retribution, when seventeen years later the pupil retorted on the master the lesson he had been taught. In 1845 it was Sir Robert Peel who called his Cabinet together to announce a necessity for repealing the Corn Laws. His Grace could not see the necessity then, and he perhaps experienced a feeling, approaching mortification, at finding his tactics turned against himself. The plea availed in one case as in the other—and this time it was the great commander who had to mould his convictions and rule his conduct by an exigency not perceived till a junior announced it.

In theory it appears quite natural that a public man, who has always resisted a particular course of policy, and gathered a party about him on that understanding, should refuse to inaugurate it even when he perceives its necessity. It would seem more generous, more fair, to resign his power into the hands of his opponents, and allow them to carry out their own principles, rather than to adopt them and deprive their real owners of the fame, for good or ill, of placing their measures on the statute-book, after they had virtually secured their triumph.

The question is assuredly not so simple—for it may be urged that

that it is the duty of a minister to set the interests of the crown and country above all other considerations, and to carry those measures most essential to the public good without much caring for the punctilios of party. On the supposition that he believes the necessity for a measure to exist, what must he do if he resign? Plainly support the measure by whomsoever introduced. May he not then do that as a minister which he, in honesty and honour, must do as a legislator?

It may seem to him that, while he is at accord with the rival Party on one particular question, he is opposed to the general scheme of their policy. The Duke had good reason for distrusting the Whigs—and George IV. believed he could not receive them without positive degradation. Was the Premier, because he found one measure indispensable, which they had partially made their own, to give them power to carry others of which he, on all possible grounds, disapproved? In—every change of ministry occasions some inconvenience, and when changes are frequent they weaken the power of the State both at home and abroad, and disturb that regularity and order which the public interests require to be preserved. Still again—a Government is composed of many members and many dependents. It has great patronage. A Premier may himself be perfectly indifferent to the loaves and fishes of office, but it is not permitted him, to wholly overlook his friends, and retainers. There is a bond between them of service and reward, which serves very materially to keep parties together. Napoleon, it has been observed, was well served, because whoever adhered to him faithfully was sure of remembrance. A political leader, who lightly resigned office, would soon be without a following.

We may suppose that these various reasons had weight with the Duke—of all selfish motives it would be insolence to acquit him—and yet we still feel satisfied that the greatest of living men committed a grave error. Bossuet loftily says that the mind of the historian should be above the caprices of events and of fortune. To some extent this is true. But the wisdom of a policy must be judged by its consequences. The common sense of mankind recognizes no other rule—and in a vast majority of cases it must be right. The immediate effect of the Duke's course was to produce a bitter feeling of exasperation in a great part of the people—to weaken the confidence of the general mind in the good faith and declarations of public men—to directly encourage agitation by promising it success when sufficiently active—to break up his party—to bring his government to an unpitied end—and to throw such absolute power into the hands of the Whigs

Whigs as enabled them to revolutionize the constitution of the country. A course which had such results could not have been politic—could scarcely have been just.

It is to mistake the position of a minister in a free country to suppose that his chief duty is to serve the Crown in the sense of carrying on the routine business of Government. This could be done without the costly complexity of a constitutional system. To represent him as exclusively the servant of the Sovereign is a fiction, which, if acted on, might well lead the sagest mind into error. It is in the nature of free institutions to elicit a full disclosure of sentiments. Every leading public man is the representative of principles of policy. He is not indeed expected to act the part of a mere delegate, but his declarations are understood to convey his real opinions, and according to their character he is trusted and supported, or distrusted and opposed. Hence parties are formed, and the contests with each other—whatever evils may attend them—constitute the healthy action of a representative system. The line which divides these parties is usually broad and distinct—those important questions which test their relative strength are the key-stone to a whole political system. This was certainly the case with Catholic Emancipation, and as certainly with the Corn Laws.

That statesmen should modify their views with the progress of events, is natural; nor can it be expected or desired that they should be guilty of the hypocrisy of concealing their altered sentiments. But the minister who, without concert or explanation with his followers, suddenly takes up with his opponents' principles, and employs the power he received on the faith of the sincerity of his professions, to carry by a *coup d'état* the measures which he had professed the firmest resolution to resist, does unquestionably take the most effectual means of wholly breaking up his party and rendering it powerless. And this is so great an evil—so momentous in its results as effecting a total change in the condition of parties in the State—so deplorable as not only leading to distrust of the most solemn declarations and assurances of public characters, but exciting dissatisfaction with the Constitution itself—that no considerations of attendant good-can, in our opinion, make amends for it.

It is mere sophistry to allege difficulties in the way of a directer course. That party which has long advocated a particular course of policy is certainly the best calculated to carry it into effect. Its natural authors can afford to be moderate, and even magnanimous, in success. They can make concessions, to meet the fears or protect the interests of opponents, which cannot be afforded by ministers

ministers who take up with their policy on compulsion—and who, acting in the face of an unbroken party, must in prudence avoid giving it any new ground of exasperation. Had the Whigs, as a government, carried Catholic Emancipation and Corn Law Repeal, it is probable that we should have had stronger provisions against Romanist Aggression in the one case, and against undue depression of the Agricultural Interest in the other, than we actually obtained; and, at all events, neither the Protestant party nor the Country party would have been rendered so powerless as both in turn were by the desertion of the force on which they had most implicitly relied.

We recommend those who have an absolute faith in party tactics, and who believe that an Opposition can be routed by stealing its principles, to mark what has been the actual result of their ingenious system—how surely it has recoiled upon themselves. When the principles of a party have been acknowledged to be just and salutary, and have been adopted by the legislature, that party acquires such distinction and credit in the country as to ensure its accession to office at no distant date. Measures and men—whatever may be said to the contrary—are inseparably united in the public mind; nor will any specious reasoning ever lead to the conclusion that one party in the State should enjoy all the honours and emoluments of office, while the other should be content with the empty triumph of dictating principles of policy. This separation of pudding from praise can never suit *John Bull's* ideas—fair play is his jewel.

The ministry, after the success of its Catholic Bill, fell into universal discredit. The Whigs, who had cordially supported it during the struggle, and who, tired of barren patriotism, would gladly have listened to any overtures from the Duke for their accession, became furious when they found they were to be neglected. The schoolboy lesson, 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' never received a better illustration than in their applause of the Duke while he was forwarding their ends and breaking up his own party. A government is usually in a false position which receives the cheers of the opposition benches. We have learned to consider such plaudits as about the unhappiest of omens.

The Duke might have met the enmity of the Whigs, but there was no contending against the division in his own ranks. Many of the most high-principled of the Tory party, indignant at the manœuvre by which they had been defeated, and at the outrage offered to the religious feeling of the country, expressed themselves favourable to a reform in the representation of the people, and

and their declarations, acting on the sentiment out-of-doors, that the opinions of the people had been contemptuously overlooked, had, it is not to be doubted, considerable influence in fixing the public mind on that subject.

The ministry endeavoured to regain the ground they had lost by the usefulness of their administration. Improvements were introduced in the law; retrenchment was carried out with an unsparing hand; taxes were repealed to a large amount. All would not do. The country could not be coaxed into approval. The strong ministry of the Duke became perhaps the weakest and the most unpopular known under the house of Brunswick. The elections on the death of George IV. brought out this fact in a striking manner:—

‘Two brothers and a brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel were thrown out. Mr. Hume came in for the county of Middlesex. While the Duke of Newcastle was causing the return of members hostile to the ministry, their faithful friend, the Duke of Rutland, could not carry the county of Cambridge; and Lord Ebrington was returned for Devonshire. *No cabinet minister obtained a seat by anything like open and popular election.* Of the eighty-two county members only twenty-eight were avowedly on the ministerial side, while forty-seven were avowedly on the other side. Of the twenty-eight members representing the greatest cities three were ministerialists, and twenty-four liberals.’—*Martineau*, ii. 6.

The ‘glorious days of July’ came at the right moment to swell the tide. *Harry Brougham*, decorated with his tri-color watch-ribbon, was triumphantly returned for Yorkshire; and from the general character of the elections it appeared plain that the concession of the Catholic claims—so far from keeping out the Whigs—as the ministerial movers anticipated—was to have the direct effect of bringing them in.

Liberal writers are accustomed to assert that it was the Duke of Wellington’s declaration against Reform at the opening of the new parliament which annihilated his Cabinet. ‘The Prime Minister,’ says Miss Martineau, ‘settled everything—the fate of his government and the course of public affairs for years to come—by a few sentences in the opening debate.’ (ii. 16.) Mr. Roebuck follows in the same strain:—‘The anger of the people out-of-doors, roused by the Duke’s impolitic avowal, forced the Whigs onward; and the Duke retired, not before the parliamentary forces of the Whig opposition, but in deference to the overwhelming force of that public opinion which he had most unwisely roused and offended.’ (i. 371.) Parliament met in November. Before it was a fortnight old ministers were defeated in the Commons—only, it is true, by a majority of 29 in a house of 437—but that majority included some of the most influential

fluent Tories. This vote dissolved the Tory government. Eighteen months had elapsed since the passing of the Catholic Bill; and for so long it had been in the humiliating position of existing by the sufferance of its various enemies—old and new. To other sources of mortification was added that of seeing agitation more rampant in Ireland than ever. O'Connell, coarsely exulting in his success, declared for Repeal of the Union, and defied the Duke. His Grace's Irish Secretary, Sir H. Hardinge, was 'a paltry, contemptible little English soldier;'—'and at this time,' writes Miss Martineau, 'we find first recorded that expression of O'Connell's, which he used with the utmost freedom of application for the rest of his life—the administration was "base, bloody, and brutal." (ii. 8.) This was the grateful recognition by the Romish faction of the great boon which was to pacify Ireland and disarm her agitators.

For sixty years—save a few short intervals—the Whigs had been condemned to battle in opposition, without even popular sympathy to console them. Parties have had a long reign with us. For nearly sixty years previous, the Tories had suffered a still more complete and harsh exclusion. With the epoch of 1830 the turn of the Whigs came round again. The accession of George I. secured their rule by a new dynasty; and through the Reform Bill they sought to perpetuate it by a new representative system.

The long experience and opposition tactics of the Whigs were now recalled and pondered. Though it was evident that the ministry was broken up by the Emancipation Bill—though the elections had rendered it certain that a change was imminent—yet there was little expectation of a pure Whig government being formed. We can perfectly recollect that many of the warmest supporters of Grey, and Hobhouse, and Brougham shook their heads at the idea of the Empire being intrusted to them. They were regarded as very useful in their old line; excellent guards to blow the horn, and watch over the mail-bags with loaded blunderbuss—but hardly staid or skilful enough to be intrusted with the reins on the box. It would seem as if they shared in this feeling themselves; for the great hitch in the constitution of a new Cabinet arose from an apprehension that it could not last.

Not the least curious portion of Mr. Roebuck's work relates to the difficulty experienced in satisfying Mr. Brougham's expectations. Though intimately allied with Earl Grey for years past, he distrusted the aristocratic exclusiveness of his party, and seems to have entertained a suspicion that he should not be treated with that deference by the new government to which his abilities and his

his place in popular estimation entitled him. To be frank, it was no easy matter to satisfy him. He desired high judicial station for life, and to retain at the same time his full influence in the Legislature. To be Master of the Rolls, member for Yorkshire, and perhaps leader of the Commons, would suit his convenience, gratify his ambition, and afford scope for his activity. On the afternoon of the 16th November, Lord Grey had his first interview with the King. On the same day Mr. Brougham was offered the post of Attorney-General—and peremptorily refused it. That same evening he entered the House of Commons, and showed that he ‘was not in a mood which made neglect of him and his pretensions either safe or politic.’ (i. 434.) His motion for Reform stood for that evening; and in reply to Lord Althorp, who urged him to postpone it, he said that he would do so against his own opinion, and only in deference to the wishes of the house. ‘And further, as no change that can take place in the administration can by any possibility affect me, I beg it to be understood that in putting off the motion I will put it off till the 26th of this month, and no longer.’ (i. 435.) He regarded the offer made him as an insult; and, according to Mr. Roebuck, ‘must have felt what all the world believed, that the wish of the Whig leaders was, if possible, to form an administration without him.’ (i. 434.)—It might occur to cool bystanders—if such there were—that an office which since the Revolution had been filled by Somers, and Yorke, and Murray, and Thurlow, and Scott was not altogether so inadequate to his pretensions as he was pleased to consider it.

The confusion of *contemporary history* is apparent in the various versions given by Mr. Roebuck of the transactions which took place in reference to the appointment of Master of the Rolls, so much desired by Mr. Brougham. Lord Grey was well-informed of his learned friend's wishes. According to one statement, the King peremptorily negatived the appointment when submitted to him by Lord Grey; and, according to another, his Lordship never mentioned the appointment to the King at all (i. 472.) One account asserts that the Duke of Wellington, on taking leave of the King, warned his Majesty ‘not to consent to Mr. Brougham being made Master of the Rolls, because at that time he deemed Mr. Brougham the most dangerous person in Parliament; and thought that his powers for mischief would be indefinitely increased, if he were made entirely independent, as he would have been if Master of the Rolls, and allowed to hold, as he then would, a seat in the House of Commons’ (i. 471). Another asserts that ‘the Whigs were resolved that he should not have

have that office,' and that, if the King were prompted on the occasion, the prompting was by the Whigs, not by the Duke of Wellington. (i. 473, 4.)

It is not our part to reconcile these contradictions. Mr. Roebuck adds :—

'It has been said that the notion of Mr. Brougham's being Master of the Rolls never entered the head of anybody except that of Mr. Brougham, and that either Lord Grey never gave the reason supposed to have been assigned to Mr. Brougham by him, or that, if he did so, it was a device to escape from a difficulty.'—i. 472.

The principle of uniting judicial office with parliamentary influence and party objects is so universally condemned, that we can very well understand how reluctant the new premier must have been to sanction it, and with what good reason the King might have peremptorily refused it without being prompted either by the Duke or Lord Grey. Mr. Roebuck conceives that his friend was injuriously treated, and thinks that 'a wary man would have hesitated, under such circumstances, to put himself into the power of those who could thus act;' but Lord Brougham himself, we imagine, would now, on a calm retrospect, confess it to have been a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Brougham's wishes were not gratified.

From the 14th to the 18th of November he received no further communication from Lord Grey. On the latter day the first council of the new cabinet was held, and Lord Grey announced that he had the King's sanction for offering the Great Seal to Mr. Brougham. The Cabinet unanimously concurred; but Mr. Brougham 'refused the Seal—giving as his reason the *great uncertainty of the continuance of the ministry*, and the great sacrifice, therefore, which acceptance would entail on him.' However, after an interview with Lord Althorp and Lord Sefton, in which they appealed to his patriotism, and stated that, without his acceptance, Lord Grey must resign his mission, he withdrew his refusal. 'That the man who had won the battle was to be passed over in the division of the spoil,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'does indeed seem strange, and plainly proves that some powerful influence was at work against him.'—(i. 475.) That he won the battle may be questioned; that he was passed over in the division of the spoil seems a strange assertion—more especially when the retiring pension of Chancellor was soon after raised from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* a-year—we suppose, in consequence of the 'great uncertainty' of the ministry's duration.

How to secure their permanence became now the first object of anxiety. There is a noble passage in the *Iliad*, where Hector, reaching



reaching the Grecian ships, finds all the toil of years repaid by that hour of victory, and calls for fire to complete the destruction of the enemy. Lord Grey must have experienced a similar feeling of exultation when the power of government was placed in his hands. But thoughts of vengeance mingled with his glow of triumph. The foe was routed, not annihilated; he cried with the Trojan hero, 'bring fire,' that the struggle might be final and the victory assured. He determined on Reform. Four members of the Government, Lord Durham, Lord Duncannon, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, were formed into a committee, 'to prepare the outline of a measure large enough to satisfy at once the public opinion and to prevent any further change.'—(*Roebuck*, ii. 29.) Their deliberations resulted in the celebrated Bill.

It is superfluous to say in 1852 that this measure was dictated purely by party considerations. Lord John Russell had, only in the previous session, fully stated his views on Reform: 'Regarding our representative system as an aggregate, he was opposed to any material change in it.'—He would take one member from each of sixty small boroughs and give them to large towns and counties, and would compensate the boroughs for the loss of their members by a fixed sum to be granted by Parliament.—'This was the furthest limit of what he considered to be safe Reform. It was the ludicrous contrast between his plan of 1830 and his Bill of 1831, that drew shouts of laughter from the house when he complacently announced its provisions. Lord Grey, who ~~of~~ all members of the Government had been on that question the most consistent in his views, candidly acknowledged that his first disposition was to limit the Reform within a much narrower compass than he afterwards found would satisfy his supporters; while the Lord Chancellor, according to the 'report,' which Mr. Roebuck chronicles, 'was among the most timid, and was the least inclined to spontaneously grant those changes which the people so ardently desired.'—(ii. 26.)

According to Mr. Roebuck, King William wished the whole subject to be postponed until the next Session; and certainly this would have been no unnatural desire when we consider, with the recentness of his own accession, the revolutionary excitement of the Continent, and its reflection on the English mind. But to Mr. Roebuck it is a convincing proof of the Monarch's insincerity. While, however, announcing his opinions *ex cathedra*, he is candid enough to acknowledge that the materials for a true judgment are not yet before the public:—

'The secret history of this period is to be found in the letters of the ministers of that day, and in their correspondence with the King, through

through Sir Herbert Taylor ; the time may come when these letters may see the light ; now, however, we can only obtain some furtive glimpses of the facts as they occurred.'—*ji.* 27.

If the King were really so much opposed to all reform as Mr. Roebuck represents—and if such had been the fact, it would certainly be no impeachment of his good sense—how came he to sanction the Bill before it was introduced into Parliament—when it was submitted to him by Lord Grey, and discussed with him from point to point ? It was not until a later day that conviction of its danger was forced on the King's mind by the revolutionary spirit and frightful outrages it excited. But then regret was vain—it was too late to retract. The first Parliament of William IV. was only five months old when the Bill was laid before it. The Government perfectly well knew that in that Parliament it could not pass ; while preparing their measure they anticipated the necessity of a dissolution. There are obvious reasons why the power should be vested in the Crown of making an appeal to the country as emergencies arise—but there can be no doubt that to dissolve a Parliament recently and fairly elected, for the express purpose of obtaining a majority on a particular measure in a time of great party excitement, is directly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, and immediately tends to degrade representation into mere delegation. So it proved in this memorable instance. When the new elections took place, a majority of the members were returned under formal and servile pledges to support the Bill.

Among the changes it has made in the Constitution not the least dangerous are those which are supplied by its precedents. A ministry seeks a dissolution only for its own purposes ; and it will hereafter be impossible to resist its demands when it has raised a great excitement on account of a particular measure, however perilous the Legislature and the Sovereign may deem it. Nor will the Lords be able to oppose an effectual barrier to democratic agitation. To the voice of the people, clearly pronounced, whatever arts may have been used to delude and inflame it, yield they must.

With a decisive majority in the new House of Commons there was yet, in those days, a great difficulty in view : it was known that the bill would be lost in the Lords. How was this obstacle to be overcome ? Two projects were broached—to swamp the Peers by a large creation, or to intimidate them by urging the people to the very brink of revolution. Lord Grey was jealous of his Order, and his Government decided on the latter course.

It was with this view that Lord Grey addressed the Peers in the language of menace ; warning them against provoking civil war.

war, and insolently telling the Bishops ‘to put their house in order.’ The mob understood this language, and—as Miss Martineau reports—‘for many months—till some time after the Reform Bill became the law of the land—it was not safe for any Bishop to appear in public in any article of sacerdotal dress. Insults followed if hat or apron showed themselves in the streets.’ (ii. 44.) The Birmingham Political Union met to the number, it was said, of 150,000 men. A resolution was passed to pay no taxes, should the Bill be thrown out; and Lord John Russell, replying in set phrase of gratitude and compliment to the meeting, wrote it was ‘impossible that the whisper of a faction could prevail against the voice of a nation.’ (*Roeb.* ii. 219.) When the bill was lost by a majority of forty-one, ‘the only means left to the Reformers was terror.’ (*Ibid.* 230.) This agency had been at work for some time past. At the elections serious riots had occurred. Then it was—to our lasting disgrace—that Apsley House had to be defended by ball-proof shutters. After the Edinburgh election—Lord Advocate Jeffrey being the Reform candidate and defeated—the Lord Provost was attacked on the North Bridge, and with difficulty rescued by the military. (*Mart.* ii. 41.) These outrages increased after the vote of the Lords. ‘At Derby the gaol was carried by the mob, the prisoners released, and several lives lost after the arrival of the military. At Nottingham the castle was burnt, avowedly because it was the property of the Duke of Newcastle.’ (*Ib.* 46.) The riots at Bristol were more serious:—

‘The mob declared openly what they were going to do, and they went to work unchecked—armed with staves and bludgeons from the quays, and with iron palisades from the Mansion-house—to break open and burn the bridewell, the gaol, the Bishop’s Palace—[Lord Grey’s *text* was remembered]—the Custom-house, and Queen-square. They gave half an hour’s notice to the inhabitants of each house in the square, which they then set fire to in regular succession, till two sides, each measuring 550 feet, lay in smoking ruins. The bodies of the drunken [Reformers] were seen roasting in the fire.’—*Martineau*, ii. 48.

From the bosom of the Political Unions sprang Chartism, which now openly reared its front, ‘declaring all distinction of ranks to be unnatural and vicious, and inviting the working men throughout the country to come up to their grand meeting at White Conduit-house, on the 7th of November.’ (*Ib.* ii. 51.) The Whig ministers looked on with complacency. The Duke of Wellington communicated his thoughts to his Majesty on the necessity of suppressing the Political Unions. Our readers may like to see Mr. Roebuck’s account of the King’s conduct at this crisis:—

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‘Every one now understood that the great Whig aristocracy had set their fortune on a cast, and that they were determined to stand the hazard of the die. *No wonder that the King should in such a state of things be alarmed and indignant.* He daily, nay hourly, called upon his ministers to check this dangerous outbreak of the popular indignation, to apply palliatives, and not stimulants, to the already too excited feelings of the people; and *he composed an elaborate paper upon the dangers resulting to the kingdom from the existence of political unions*, and desired that his law officers should advise him as to the means afforded by the present law for the suppression of these associations, and what could be done, if the law, as it stood, was not sufficient. *We shall quickly see that his Majesty had good cause for alarm.*’—*Roebuck*, ii. 219, 220.

What evidence is there here of ‘contemptible capacity’ or of ‘finished dissembling?’ Is it not admitted that the King’s distrust of his ministers was well founded? Must he be accused of insincerity on the Reform question because he could not agree with Lord John Russell in applauding the refusal of the political unions to pay taxes? ‘*The Republican radicals*,’ Mr. Roebuck continues, ‘*were ready to adopt measures directly leading to civil war* :’—was the King to remain quiescent until those measures could be matured? His Ministry yielded to his remonstrances so far as to issue a proclamation against Political Unions—but their leaders—having some close connexion with the Home Office—laughed at the prohibition, and continued their agitation more actively than ever. ‘The National Union immediately put out its assertion that the proclamation did not apply to it, nor to the great majority of Unions then in existence.’ (*Martineau*, ii. 53.)

Parliament met again on the 6th of December. In the last paragraph of his speech, the King said:—

‘I know I shall not appeal in vain to my faithful subjects to second my determined resolution to repress all illegal proceedings by which the peace and security of my dominions may be endangered.’

Mr. Roebuck asserts that this sentence was suggested by the King himself, who dreaded the combinations of the people which could alone carry the Reform Bill (ii. 232). Are we to suppose from this that the King was wrong in his determination to maintain the ascendancy of law and order, and that he ought to have abdicated in favour of the political unions? The author contradicts himself when he speaks of the hatred of the King to the Reform Bill, for a few pages previously (222) we read that ‘the King and his immediate and intimate advisers were alike terrified by the violence and fierce language of the press and the people, and ready to adopt any feasible means by which the Bill might be

be passed into a law.' Mr. Roebuck often writes at random when a malignant interpretation is to be put upon conduct. He does not seem to consider whether his version will bear even a gloss of probability.

The Bill was introduced into the Commons by Lord John Russell for the third time. In the Upper House the second reading was carried by nine, but on the first division in committee ministers were defeated by thirty-five. The question now was, whether a sufficient number of peers should be created to give the Government a majority. The point had been debated in several meetings of the Cabinet. We know not how far Mr. Roebuck's statements are to be depended on.

'The ministry looked almost entirely to the Chancellor for advice and support. Lord Grey saw all the dangers and difficulties of his position, and trembled before them.' He was kept at his post and his courage was sustained by the more active and resolute mind of his colleague.—ii. 225.

According to our historian's detail of facts, a large majority of the Cabinet at first declared against a creation; but 'on the 1st of January, 1832, the majority reluctantly, and at first only partially, gave up their own opinions in favour of those of the Chancellor and Lord Durham' (ii. 226). The King, as an earnest of his determination to have the Bill carried, was asked to create ten peers; but his Majesty 'preferred, he said, doing what was necessary at once to proceeding by dribblets, and offered to create twenty-one new peers, which he somewhat hastily assumed that Lord Grey could warrant was sufficient to carry the Bill.' The subject was postponed until it was seen what the decision of the Lords would be. The ministerial defeat on a mere matter of detail in committee did not seem to the King of sufficient importance to justify the creation of *fifty or sixty peers*—and he received the resignation of the Ministers.

On the devotion of the Duke the King knew he could depend. He was summoned to the royal councils—but the situation was hopeless. Sir Robert Peel stood prudently aloof. The Commons, by an overwhelming majority, were pledged to the Bill. A dissolution at that time would have been madness—and how could the Government be carried on in the face of a hostile House of Commons and an exasperated people? The Duke could answer for the peace of the country, but for no more. He was again checkmated; his loyalty had no other effect than to give circulation to a host of calumnious stories representing him as eager for an occasion of letting loose his red-coats upon the people. Miss Martineau  
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duly parades the old Radical tales of the Scotch Greys being employed through the Sunday 'rough-sharpening their swords, to make them inflict a ragged wound' (*Mart.*, ii. 65). That some preparations against an outbreak were necessary was shown by the attitude of the Birmingham Union, 'now 200,000 strong, which was to encamp on Hampstead Heath, or perhaps Penenden Heath, in order to incorporate with it bodies coming from the south' (*Mart.*, ii. 63). The detail is worthy of a housekeeper's tea-table.

This agitation was the more criminal as it was wholly unnecessary. Throughout these books it is assumed that the Bill was carried by intimidation; that it was forced upon the King and the Lords by 'popular influence;' and that without the Unions and their gatherings it must have been lost. The assumption is wholly groundless; we contest it from first to last; and we dwell on it for a moment here, because it has often been extolled as a politic movement, and because some leading public men were certainly at the bottom of it—or why the *hint* to Sir W. Napier about taking the command of the Unionists?

With a hostile House of Commons no Government can be carried on ; the body can no more live when the heart has ceased to beat, than the State can fulfil its functions when the Commons refuse their co-operation. It was not the mob-meetings nor the threatening language used at them, nor the silly placarding 'run for gold' which checked the Duke. They must know little of his character who think so ; it was the knowledge that the Commons were irreconcilably opposed to him, and that he could not hope for a favourable change by a Dissolution. This was a constitutional obstacle not to be overcome, and the Duke bowed to it, and retired.

The agitation was indeed so far from forwarding the Bill that it had a directly contrary effect. It was the frenzy excited by the Bill, and the boasting insolence of vulgar demagogues—the threats of violence, and the revolutionary organization—which embittered the objections of the steady Tories, and at last arrayed against it that body of moderate opinion which, commonly silent in this country, has always great weight when circumstances force it to declare itself. The King came to regard it with dislike and fear when he saw the dark influences embattled on its side, and even the majority in the Commons declined as the violence out of doors went on increasing. The Reform majority on Lord Ebrington's motion for an address to the Crown sank to 80, and the party, by Mr. Roebuck's own admission, was kept together only by indefatigable exertion.

Had the Birmingham Union made their threatened movement,  
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there would from that instant have been an end to Reform. The action of ‘physical force,’ on which some of the Whig leaders were so senseless as to rely, would of necessity have suspended the proceedings of the Legislature, and thrown for the time all power into the hands of the Executive. In the march of an immense multitude to London, collision at some point with the authorities charged to preserve the peace must occur; and what can it be supposed that a mass of undisciplined artisans, however vast, could have effected against the army united under its illustrious chief? The miserable timidity which has twice betrayed the throne in France would not have paralyzed here the soldier’s arm. The dispersion of the Manchester multitude by three troops of hussars would have been a lesson not lost on either party. Had the Duke been driven to draw the sword, his sense of duty would have forced him to keep it unsheathed until tranquillity was restored. Order is not only the first condition of government, but the foundation on which all law and all society are built up. In spite of his memorable declaration—which has done him scarcely less honour than his immortal victories—that he would lay down his life to preserve his country from civil war—he would have felt himself compelled to act with decision on the instant that *insurrection* declared itself. There can be no doubt what the result would have been. But when would the angry passions excited by the contest have died away? Revolution would have commenced where physical resistance ended. A return to legal and constitutional rule would have been impossible; and whether civil liberty had perished by the sword maintaining its ascendancy, or by the disorders which would inevitably have broken forth when it was laid aside, the British Constitution would have been equally lost.

With the resignation of the Duke the struggle ended. He withdrew from the Lords until the Bill passed, and most of the opposition peers followed his example. Why the ministry shrank so long from a large creation of peers, has never been satisfactorily explained. According to Lord Brougham in his *Political Philosophy*, it is exceedingly doubtful, after all, whether either he or Earl Grey would ever have screwed up their courage to insist on such a measure. The passage we allude to is, certainly, the most extraordinary one as yet published in reference to the interior history of that time; but our sincere respect for Lord Brougham forbids a formal discussion of his avowed narration at the tail of an article on Mr. Roebuck and Miss Martineau.

The *final* character of the Reform Bill was, as Mr. Roebuck records, one of the reasons most insisted on by its authors in excuse of its extensive changes. Twenty years have passed,  
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and the statesman who conducted that bill through the Commons comes forward with a new representative scheme. We are duly thankful for its failure—but let us not forget that it dropped still-born only because it did not go nearly far enough to meet the views of the noble lord's supporters. The more radical combination with which we are threatened as a Government, should the country afford support to its pretensions, would undoubtedly bring in a bill of a more comprehensive character, and all the dreary work of agitation would have to be gone through once again, to be followed, at a still shorter interval, by other more sweeping measures yet—until our legislature resembled the worst of French Assemblies or Conventions.

Miss Martineau seems to anticipate that the next great agitation we are doomed to undergo will be *social*. In a passage written very shortly before the great outbreak of Socialism in Paris, and when the labour workshops and other fooleries of Louis Blanc were in full blow, she tells us that 'the great question of the *Rights of Labour* cannot be neglected under lighter penalty than ruin to all;' and that its 'solution may be the central fact of the next period of British history.' We have better hope than that Socialism, in any of its monstrous shapes, will ever be permitted to gain ground amongst us. It is impossible that the view of the revolutions and troubles of the Continent, and more especially of France—attended with so many and so great evils to all the best interests of mankind, and especially to freedom—can be wholly lost on our people. If political experience can exercise any, the slightest, influence over opinion, we may rationally hope that the Conservative element in this country will be greatly strengthened by the evidence still passing before our eyes of the immeasurable evils which follow from the adoption of rash theories, and attend on the excesses of popular agitation. The practical sense of England, strong as we admit it to be, is liable to sudden aberrations, both commercial and political. Bubbles are mistaken for realities in both cases; but there is this difference between them, that while the evils of commercial panic can rarely be more than temporary, those of political convulsion may be permanent and final. Robust as the English Constitution is, we doubt—like Jeffrey in his sobered judicial age—if it could survive another Reform crisis.

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ART. VII.—*Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon, illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery.* By Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. 8vo., 1852.

IT may seem singular that neither Dr. Waagen nor Mrs. Jameson should have noticed, in their comprehensive accounts of the works of art near London, the remarkable collection formed by the great Chancellor Clarendon, which is preserved at the Grove, in Hertfordshire, within twenty miles of the metropolis. This omission may be ascribed to the oblivious veil thrown over the very existence of these heir-looms by the retiring habits, for nearly half a century, of the two last noble inmates; and rarely has shy and reserved scholar or world-weary statesman retreated to hermitage more peaceful and self-sufficing. Neither when the present distinguished Peer came into possession, and these authors were busy collecting materials, could acquaintance with this gallery well become more general. The portals of the Grove were closed alike on them and on the owner, occupied with high offices abroad and away—and gems rich and rare were yet a while longer doomed to blush unseen and undescribed. This is a casualty to which such collections are more exposed here than on the continent. There they are concentrated in city museums, open to the public, illustrated by professional directors, and fostered by paternal governments, who, treating their subjects as children, provide them with hornbooks and leading-strings. In England, which wealth and security of property have made emphatically the paradise of collectors, our *laissez-aller* governments either care for none of these things, or leaving their full-grown countrymen to shift for themselves, trust to the chapter of accidents and individual exertions—or, if they do interfere in such delicate departments, provide laughing-stocks to foreigners, who manage these matters better. Be that as it may—ever since sage Montesquieu attributed the psychological formation of national character to the terrestrial zones and skyey influences, our lively neighbours have connected these and sundry other Boetianisms of Great Britain with its fogs. Of a truth, a catch-cold climate and coal-beds inexhaustible suggest the comforts of home, which, as there is no place like it, we pretty generally decorate to our best with private gatherings and garnish: these—good or bad according to personal taste—are the flowerets which lure from the dry high-roads of daily duty and drudgery—and are surely not ungracefully offered to the household gods. Again, a hatred of London blacks which efface the lines where beauty lingers, and a love for the country, the second nature of an Englishman, draft these domesticated hobbies to air more conservative, and  
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to habitations in which forefathers have lived and descendants may guard them. Hence the number of fine 'things that are withdrawn every year by a pardonable egotism from the beaten paths of men: left thus to private caprice and ignorance—for brain cannot be entailed like land—too many are forgotten and lost, until some indefatigable German doctor, or enthusiastic virtuosa, digs up the soul of Pedro Garcia.

All who have had the good fortune to visit the Grove, happily no longer hermetically sealed, will admit that Lady Theresa Lewis has peculiar claims to form a catalogue of the gallery and illustrate its worthies. Sister of the founder's representative, who also has well breasted storms of state, and bred up herself amid such home associations, the *religio loci* must have grown with her growth, until forms and faces of the dead, living in her mind's eye, would become familiar as those of existing kindred and friends. We must all have felt the mysterious influence which life-sized portraits exercise on the imagination when, conscious of presence, they are mused on at night-fall; nor can it be difficult to understand with what silent eloquence these shadowy figures, starting as it were from their frames, must have appealed to one so near and dear, to chronicle deeds done in the flesh, and fill up a record which an accident had too long left a blank. We may, however, compliment Lady Theresa Lewis not only on the filial piety which suggested and inspired her work, but on the diligence, accuracy, and ability of its execution. Her essay may not, perchance, tally with the preconceptions of those who have anticipated from fair hands some delicacy penned with crowquill on gilt-edged paper, and hovering between confectionary Books of Beauty and ladybird Queen-Biographies, which do the ephemeral business of the boudoir and die: but, dealing with a civil chaos, the crash of crowns and altars, her written exponent reflects the serious tone of the theme and time, and will be welcomed by all whose appetite, braced by intellectual exercise, demands and digests the substantial and nutritious.

It was no easy task to book something new on the general bearing of this eventful subject; the great landmarks and principal actors have been fixed by the founder of the gallery—enshrined and illustrated in his History; and Clarendon drew with his pen the minds of his contemporaries no less masterly than Vandyke sketched their features with his pencil. In our times, moreover, we have seen the court and camp of Charles and Cromwell invaded by plummy paladins and awe-inspiring amazons in hosts; the late *Mr. D'Israeli* with his gossiping  
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but always amusing Commentaries; *M. Guizot* with his over-rated Restoration, where the English past was warmed up for a present French purpose; *Carlyle*, quaintly coxcombical—but picturesque, dramatic, an honest zealot—a brave thinker—with more genius than a hundred *sham* poets and *stump-orators*;—*Foster*, philosophical, suggestive, and masculine;—*Warburton*, smart and sparkling, but ignorant and inconclusive. No end either of royal chamber-women: we have *Miss Benger*, who so watered the whisky of Chalmers, and disturbed his deathbed by plagiarisms; worthy prosy *Lucy Aikin*; the clever and painstaking but ultra-bigoted and ultra-sentimental *Agnes Strickland*; all busy alike—scrap-stitching, tidying and misplacing, book and bed making; and last, not least, *Mrs. Sutherland*, with her *Clarendon Catalogue*, printed in two colossal quartos of some 700 pages each, and sold at the moderate price of six guineas—*percant male qui ante nos nostra direrint*. In a field so well gleaned, Lady Theresa could only fall back on the over-looked or the inadequately treated—and hope, by separating the man from the mass, to enlist sympathy for *him*—and peradventure furnish new materials for future history, which distils and concentrates the essence. Biography paints in miniature, and occasionally too minutely—*L'auteur se tue à alonger ce que le lecteur se tue à abrégé*—and details are run into which destroy breadth and interest; yet the compilation of a mere catalogue is a labour to which real talent has no right to be condemned, and may well be left to the auctioneer and Academy. A *catalogue raisonné* is of a higher order, and less easy to do well than is imagined; for, while short notices of pictures convey nothing definite, long disquisitions weary. Pithy and pregnant, indeed, must be the sentences that express in a few lines both the character of the art and the person, and give alike the gist of the painter and the portrayed; and this, we must say, Lady Theresa has gone far to accomplish in the descriptive catalogue with which her volumes are concluded, and which was all she had originally intended, in order to fill up the blank left by her predecessors. Her author appetite grew, however, on what it fed, until sketches expanded into full-lengths—for she has spared no labour in reconciling conflicting statements of a period when party spirit ran high, when events, actions, and characters were misrepresented. Dissatisfied with stereotyped sources of information, she has not disdained to search, amid museums and muniment-rooms, for all original matter that bore upon this Clarendon collection—which the period and circumstances—above all the definite, specific purpose

purpose of its foundation—as also its subsequent strange chances, have invested with no common interest.

In a former number (cxxxviii.) we treated Lord Clarendon in his public character as chancellor, minister, and historian; and now propose to consider him in his private relations, and to deal with his solaces and relaxations rather than with his labours and duties. We profess no predilections for Chancery, and are agreeably surprised to connect anything pleasurable with a locality which all who enter bid hope farewell. The violets that grow under the shadow of the woolsack are too few and far between to be passed ungathered. Charles I., the master Lord Clarendon so truly loved and so faithfully served, and in many respects his model, was cast on troubled times. Accident thrust crowns upon one who, like good old René of Anjou, would have bartered care-lined ermine away for a *dolce far niente* existence, devoted to the pursuits of literature and art—or certainly have relished and adorned the quiet dignities and duties of Lambeth, had his elder brother Henry lived to make him what he playfully proposed. We cannot agree with certain mighty Whigs that all public interest in him is based in his mustachios and lace collar;—but when we gaze on that high-bred pensive expression—so prescient of calamity—as embalmed by Vandyke, the errors of the monarch may well be forgotten in pity for the man. It would seem that the blessings of liberty, civil and religious, can only be secured at prices commensurately costly; nor are either of these blessings essential to the full development of the imitative arts, which, ancient and modern, culminated, like poetry, where mind and body have been most enslaved, whether under tyranny democratic as at Athens, or the despot tiara of Rome.

To leave disputable points—one fact must be dwelt upon for a moment—his visit to Madrid; by which, in our opinion, the character as well as the taste of Charles I. was much influenced; which enhanced and instructed his love of art—but also deepened a hereditary jealousy of constitutional systems. He was only twenty-three when—having ridden post with Buckingham, masking his royalty under the incognito of *Smith*—an odd anticipation of a less picturesque personage—he threw himself at the feet of the Infanta. This act of chivalry and romance captivated the Castiles, Old and New, and certainly would have cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy, and tied that of Hymen, had either England or Spain been earnest in regard to the match. Who can pass without reluctance the goodly array of contemporary tracts from the ‘*True Relation and Journal of the Arrival*,’ down to the ‘*Joyfull Returne?*’ Suffice it that the ‘high and mighty prince’

prince' was welcomed with all the circumstance of Spanish pomp and punctilio. Madrid, where he resided from the 7th of March to the 9th of September, was then—what the Spaniards still boast it to be—the 'only court,' and as far in advance of London as it now is in arrear. The pleasure-loving Philip IV., who inherited the æsthetics of Philip II. without his ascetics, was the patron of the arts, and his capital a school and pattern to nations, of which Spain, fallen from her pride of place, is now a pale copy. Philip handed over the helm to Olivares, and, reckless of his country's decay, let youth glide gently on, while he listened to the plays of Lope de Vega, or watched the pencil of Velazquez. His princely guest chimed in readily with these pursuits, so congenial to his idiosyncracies, and the pupil was gratified to the top of his bent; Howell, Pacheco, and Carducho have detailed his pleasures and occupations—the pictures that were given him, and the painters he employed. If the progress he made in the affections of the Infanta was slow, his advance in other accomplishments had been rapid. Soon as, but two short years afterwards, he himself became a king, the seeds sown at Madrid revealed their blossom. Buckingham was made his Olivares; Inigo Jones raised, and Rubens decorated, a banqueting-house—his *Buen Retiro*; he hoarded in his bedroom his better Lope—a Shakespeare—and the identical folio still exists;—he collected art far and wide, and commissioned Rubens to secure the Cartoons of Raphael, as Philip had sent Velazquez to procure the landscapes of Claude Lorraine; he conferred his knighthood on Vandyke, as Philip IV. had drawn the cross of Santiago on the breast of Velazquez's own portrait; both employed their favoured artists as ambassadors; each, in a word, was a true and generous Augustus to his country. To dwell on less fortunate analogies would be out of place here, and little to our tastes anywhere; a common retribution awaited both; soon their unsubstantial pageants and crystal palaces passed away. Philip lived to witness, sorrowing with grey hairs to his grave, the dismemberment of Spain; Charles died on the scaffold at Whitehall itself—for Nemesis, in bitter irony, willed that his crown with every pearl should be rolled in the foulest swine-gutter in front of his 'grandeur's most magnificent saloon.' Thus the first and fairest chance of national taste-tendencies and art-development this country ever had, was nipped in the bud by the cold blast of popular ignorance and violence; his halls of state were beslimed with the 'mark of the beast,' and his cherished pictures sold for 'what they would fetch' by the Martens and the Mammon-worshipping reformers of that day.

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The sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and our Niobes in calico, all tears, yet mourn over rococo designs and colours, and contemplate 'looming in the future'—as still more needful blessings are promised to their betters—such schools as Charles, if allowed to please himself, would undoubtedly have founded.

No faith, we know, is kept in love or politics—as little in collecting books or pictures. Philip IV. bought largely at this sale of our martyr-king. On hearing that eighteen mules, laden with his purchases, were approaching Madrid, *El Rey* directed that Lord Cottington and Clarendon, then Mr. Hyde, residing there as agents of Charles II., should leave the capital—alleging as a reason his unwillingness to give offence to Cromwell, who had just defeated Argyll; but Clarendon (Ch. xiii.) refers the real cause of this sudden dismissal to Philip's eagerness to see his new acquisitions, and to a feeling of shame at this profiting by the misfortunes of a brother monarch, once a friend. Clarendon, in spite of the penury, privations, and neglect endured in Madrid, and recorded by him, always recurred to the 'grandeur and dignity' of a city which suited well his grave and ostentatious disposition, and acknowledged how much he had 'learned during the time he was there,' when he devoted himself to the fine arts and letters, and the 'society and countenance of eminent men, which he ever prized and sought.' Studious by choice and habit, he counted as the 'happiest epochs of his life' his three 'retreats or vacations'—'his acquiescences to the decrees of fate:'—the flight to Jersey in 1646, where he began his History; his residence at Madrid in 1649, when his love for art arose; and his final banishment to France, during which he put the finish to his works. Like Horace, he trusted to his books as faithful companions, whether the sunshine or shadow passed over his career, and, bending to them with singlehearted earnestness, reaped his reward in occupation, happiness, and fame.

During his residence at Madrid, more as an exile than an envoy, how many thoughts must have crowded on him! How many castles in the air, *châteaux en Espagne*, must he have raised, as with hope deferred he paced the corridors of the Escorial and the ante-chambers of the Alcazar—which architecture and art had indeed made homes fit for the proudest of sovereigns! How must he have gazed upon the masterpieces of Titian and Velazquez in all their purity and freshness! Never were walls tapestried with nobler types of form and mind, with more perfect transcripts of senatorial dignity and intellectual splendour.

splendour. Here, when he beheld Philip IV. surrounded by his contemporaries, the friends and former companions of his own murdered master, the first idea must have struck him of the interest to himself, and importance to posterity, of a collection of portraits founded on such principles ;—and no sooner had the Restoration in 1660 raised him to the pinnacle of power, than he proceeded to realize these visions. In 1664 he laid the foundations of a palace, ‘costly far beyond his means and expectation ;’ ‘the great debt that broke him’—‘the thorn of his life’—the, alas ! wholly perished glory of Piccadilly. He revelled in the delights of brick and mortar—having trusted in an evil hour to the estimate of his architect, than which no mirage was, is, or will be more fallacious ;

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us.

The sumptuous fabric rose at an ill-timed moment, when the nation was soured by thick-coming calamities—the great plague, the great fire of London, the Dutch fleet in the Thames. The people, when they beheld the merry monarch wallowing in his harem, commented on the ‘brave things done by Cromwell.’ Then the Chancellor’s building became a standing scandal, a mark for the finger of scorn. ‘Dunkirk House’ was a theme for lampoons—the visible type of a prosperity contrasting with the public misery. Soon the indolent king, who mingled his royalty with carping fools, that laughed when his ‘buffoons and misses’ mimicked the austere magistrate by whose presence and prudence they were reprov’d—ever ready to forgive enemies and forget friends—not sorry to free himself from a master and a mentor—sacrificed the old and faithful servant of his father and himself ; and Clarendon, made a scapegoat to popular prejudices, fell like Wolsey, never to rise again.

Evelyn and Pepys have told us the visits they paid to the Chancellor during the building of ‘this glorious house,’ and have noticed the ‘very brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility, especially of his own time and acquaintance—as well as most poets, philosophers—famous and learned Englishmen ;’ for ‘foreigners who do not concern the glory of our country’ were excluded by the protectionist Chancellor. Thus he was the first among us to collect with a specific object ; to preserve a particular period in its very form and garb—for costume is a document in the record. The idea has since been frequently repeated and varied—at Florence, the Walhalla, Windsor, Versailles, and Drayton.

The manner in which Clarendon formed this gallery has been  
imputed

imputed to him as an offence by the late Lord Dover in his 'Historical Inquiries,' on the strength of a note written by a certain Lord Dartmouth in his copy of Burnet. This note is to the effect that the Chancellor undertook the protection of many who had suffered in the civil war, who acknowledged it in the way he expected, and thus his house was furnished 'chiefly with cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession.' No accusation of this kind was made by any of his many libellers during the life of the Chancellor, whose public career was closed five years before this Lord Dartmouth was born. The calumny rests on the unsupported *ipse dixit* of a splenetic inaccurate man, whose loose and private impressions lay buried for a century in his desk, unquestioned by any contemporaries, as Lord Dover admits. Lord Dover's own many blunders, which the slightest research might have obviated, are neatly exposed by Lady Theresa. That agreeable and elegant member of society was neither a Hallam nor a Mahon—and it was not in his most fortunate hour that, ambitioning to rival his idol Walpole's 'Doubts,' he made the great Clarendon a peg for cuttings out of court-guides and genealogies gleaned from Collins.

The period of the Restoration was, however, most favourable for the formation of such a gallery, and Evelyn, who furnished the Chancellor with lists of persons whose portraits he ought to possess, remarks how 'soon, when the design was known, everybody who had pictures of his own, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by these presents.' It was precisely thus that Charles I. and Philip IV. had swelled their collections. Never, when such objects are pleasing to the disposers of honour and place, will tribute-offerers be rare;—no more than ready sellers when a Beckford or a D'Angenstein is known to be on the outlook, purse in hand. Civil war shatters the fortunes and scatters the collections of the better classes. The armed spoiler hastens to dispose of his pillage; the impoverished and fined proprietor parts with his preserved remnant to live. It was by the piecemeal sale of their galleries that the Buckinghams and Arundels managed to exist. Where sellers are many and purchasers few the supply exceeds the demand, and pictures—portraits especially—become dog-cheap. This we have seen exemplified in our times, when war, civil and foreign, has denuded the fairest palaces of France, Spain, and Italy, and filled England with portraits of the best and noblest of *their* past. Those painted by great masters must always be dearly paid for as works of high art; but mere likenesses are deemed drugs, and sold for a song, as furniture.

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The very walls within which these portraits were housed were infected with the untoward fate that pursued the Chancellor and his generation until extinct in the male line.—In 1675, only six years after his death, and but ten from the completion of that 'Piccadilly Paradise,' his heirs sold the 'goodly pile' to the Duke of *Albemarle*, from whom it was soon purchased by Sir Thomas *Bond*. Thus the Aladdin palace rose and disappeared, like a fairy fabric, and the memory of the great founder survives only on the site in the name (and, it is *said*, some small actual fragments) of a *hotel* admired for its cookery—*magni nominis umbra*.

Lady Theresa traces, for the first time, the changes and chances of this gallery. The pictures, when the London palace was sold, were removed to Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, a seat of the Chancellor, whose son and grandson offer melancholy, though not very exceptional instances, of the utter degeneracy of the immediate descendants of great men—*inter alios* of great lawyers. Henry, the second Earl, parted for 1200*l.* with '58 pictures, 17 of which were full-length portraits.' By and bye 6350 books and 20 more pictures were seized in execution for a debt of 800*l.* Cornbury-house went next; but it was bought, with the remaining pictures, by Henry's brother, Lawrence Earl of Rochester. When Edward, third Earl of Clarendon and this Henry's son, died in 1723, in disgrace and obscurity, the Clarendon title passed to his cousin Henry, second Earl of Rochester, who thus united both coronets, but did no credit to either. He in 1749, after infinite waste, conveyed by a deed-poll his whole property, real and personal, to his son, Lord Hyde, who, still pursued by the evil family destiny, re-sold Cornbury, and contemplated parting with the remaining pictures. Eventually, however, having no children, he bequeathed his real estates to his eldest niece, Lady Charlotte Capell, daughter of Lord Essex and his eldest sister; directing that the pictures and MSS. of the Chancellor should accompany the estates, as heirlooms, and be carefully kept together in a house to be purchased on purpose in London. In 1752 Lady Charlotte married Thomas Villiers, second son of the Earl of Jersey. In 1753 her uncle, Lord Hyde, died; his father dying soon after, the male line of the Chancellor ended; and the title of Clarendon was revived in 1776, in favour of Mr. Villiers, who had married the eldest female representative. Meanwhile the second sister of Lord Hyde, the eccentric, self-willed Duchess of Queensberry (the famous Kitty), took offence at her uncle's will; and, lo! after ten years' litigation in the Court of Chancery, the deed-poll of 1749 was pronounced void as regarded the personality—a partition of the pictures took place, in compliance with the killing

killing letter of the law, and in defiance of the well-known wishes of the testator. The duchess died in 1778, making no sign of repentance; and her duke, as if to bar the possibility of an equitable restitution, tied her share up as heir-looms in different successive branches of *his own* family. In consequence, that portion of the pictures at last passed, in 1810, to Archibald Lord Douglas, the gainer of the 'Douglas cause,' and was removed to Bothwell Castle on the Clyde. In that beautiful but remote position they are not often inspected by æsthetical eyes—even Lady Theresa has never seen them. Nay, some, we learn from her (iii. 260), were sold in 1812, and among them the portraits of the Earl of Rochester and Lord Falkland! Such, says Lady Theresa, is the history of

'a collection which circumstances have invested with an interest to which as a private gallery or family portraits they never could pretend. Their original selection was illustrative of the characteristic tastes of their collector. In later times their possession has been made the subject of reflection upon his conduct. Their diminution, partition, and the final separation of one-half of the residue from all connexion with his descendants, afford a striking example of the vicissitudes of human possessions.'—i. 58.

Before noticing the moiety still preserved at the Grove, we may mention the chances to which the Chancellor's papers were exposed. Henry, the second and picture-selling earl, owed some debts to a Mr. Richards, which Edward the third earl cancelled by handing over 'a vast collection of these papers and some thousand letters;' next many more were parted with to 'Mr. Joseph Radcliffe of Lyon's Inn, gent.,' a denizen of the Alsatia of Mr. Thurtell's respectable and murdered chum Mr. Weare; soon another portion fell into the possession of 'a Lady,' of whose residence and respectability there is no record; others were burnt by an accidental fire; at last Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, purchased some of these dispersed papers for the trustees of Dr. Radcliffe at Oxford—to which University Lord Hyde left the residue, directing that the trustees should print and publish what was proper, and out of the proceeds of the sale support 'a manege or academy for riding and other useful exercise;' the neglect of which educational proviso has no doubt given much uneasiness to the recent Commission of Inquiry.

Lady Theresa has divided her work into three parts: she first details the history of the gallery and MSS. of the Chancellor—then proceeds to the hitherto neglected biographies of his dearest and nearest friends, Lords Falkland, Capell, and Hertford—concluding, when her readers have been thus introduced to the chief actors,

actors, with a descriptive catalogue of their and other portraits now preserved at the Grove.

Precedence is given to Lord Falkland. As *the* Clarendon had said, 'If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues for the imitation of posterity, be one of the principal ends and duties of history—the loss of *one* must be recorded, which no time will suffer to be forgotten and no success or good fortune will repair, a loss sufficient to brand the civil war as infamous.' Lady Theresa, successful otherwise in filling up her ancestor's outline, explains, we may say, for the first time, the real causes of Lord Falkland's early imprisonment;—but for these and other details we must refer to her careful pages. Lucius Carey, born in 1610, and educated at Dublin and Oxford, was a ripe scholar, and resided in high happiness and hospitality at Great Tew, Oxfordshire, until summoned by Charles for the ill-judged Scotch expedition to suppress the Covenanters and enforce Liturgical conformity. He departed to the dismay of the Dons and Blues of Oxford, who, missing his dinners, said and sang that he was 'too good for war.' In 1640 he became a member of the Long Parliament, and was at first a conscientious reformer; but he soon separated from the Hampdens and Co. on perceiving the lengths to which pressure from without was inevitably driving the popular leaders; some of whom then, as in all times, thought, with the conceit of their craft, that they could ride the wild spirits they let loose, giving their Franksteins credit for a philosophy equal to their own; while others of them with fixed and deliberate malice urged on their tools to the destruction of Church and Crown. Falkland, a loyal subject but indifferent courtier, embraced the cause of order and the constitution, and, pressed by the king, accepted office as a duty and a danger, throwing himself into the gap, in the hopes to be an organ of truth. The fatal attempt to arrest the five members, made without his privity, soon convinced him that Charles was not to be saved or served; yet neither this nor a scarcely less doubtful anticipation of his own ruin could affect his action. The scabbard was soon cast away, and the royal standard hoisted, which many fatal influences—among others nepotism, uxoriousness, but, above all (however to be palliated and pardoned), an adoption of Spanish and Jesuitical licence in the framing of declarations and documents—contributed to humble in the dust.

Falkland in vain strove to effect an amicable compromise with the Parliament, which the impetuous Rupert alone must have been sufficient to prevent. After the affair at Edgehill, where the day would have been won had the advice of Falkland been followed,  
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